

Why FRANCES LANGFORD MARRIED TWICE in Five Weeks

Radio **MIRROR**

OBER

10¢
A MACFADDEN
PUBLICATION



THE OZZIE NELSONS

BEGINNING THE GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE By S. S. VAN DINE
Thrilling and Hilarious new PHILO VANCE Mystery—Fiction Hit of the Year

If you have

A THIRST for Travel

If far and strange places call you—no need to yearn for travel in foreign lands! Every type of natural wonder, historic treasure, great city, or gay resort the world offers awaits you here in America—and all are reached by Greyhound.



AN URGE for Saving

No other kind of transportation costs so little—offers so much. Greyhound fares are less than a third of driving cost—with none of the strain or bother, you can relax completely while a safe and expert driver handles the wheel.



AN EYE for Comfort

These new Greyhound Super-Coaches have revolutionized travel! They are brilliantly designed for riding ease—with deeply-cushioned, four-position reclining chairs, every modern feature of comfort.

then it's Greyhound for You!

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CHICAGO, ILL. 12th and Wabash
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WASHINGTON, D. C. 1403 New York Ave., N. W.
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ST. LOUIS, MO. Broadway and Delmar Blvd.
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Pine and Battery Streets
FT. WORTH, TEX. 905 Commerce Street
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NEW ORLEANS, LA. 400 N. Rampart Street
LEXINGTON, KY. 801 North Limestone
CINCINNATI, OHIO 630 Walnut Street
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THIS BRINGS FREE BOOKLET ON WONDERS OF AMERICA

Would you like the fascinating little booklet "THIS AMAZING AMERICA" with 140 pictures and stories of the most thrilling and surprising places known? Just clip and mail this coupon to nearest information office listed above. If you have any special trip in mind, jot down the place you want to visit, on line below—we will send rates and suggested routes.

Information on trip to _____

Name _____

Address _____

**"This explains it—
I'm letting 'Pink Tooth Brush' spoil my smile!"**

**Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer
and your teeth sparkling with**

IPANA AND MASSAGE

*Ashamed of yourself, quite
ashamed, aren't you? You
knew about "pink tooth
brush." Your dentist had
warned you. But you
wouldn't follow good ad-
vice. You thought you were*

*different—that you'd get by! What a shock
to find you didn't! You're regretful now!
How miserable to feel that your own careless-
ness has put your smile in danger.*

*But now you're wiser! Now you're going
straight back to your dentist! And this time
when he stresses special care for your gums as
well as for your teeth you're going to listen.
And if he again suggests the healthy stimu-
lation of Ipana and massage—you're going to
follow his advice.*

No Wise Person

Ignores "Pink Tooth Brush"

IF you've seen that tinge of "pink" on your
tooth brush—see your dentist. Let him de-
cide. Usually, however, he will tell you that
yours is a case of gums grown lazy and ten-
der—gums deprived of hard, vigorous chew-
ing by our modern soft, creamy foods. He'll
probably suggest that your gums need more
work and exercise—and, like so many den-
tists today, he may suggest "the healthful
stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only
to clean teeth but with massage to help the
health of your gums as well. Massage a little
extra Ipana into your gums every time you
clean your teeth. Circulation in the gums is
aroused—lazy gums awaken—gums tend to
become firmer, healthier—more resistant.

Get an economical tube of Ipana at your
drug store today. Adopt Ipana and massage
as one helpful way to healthier gums,
brighter teeth—a brilliant smile that wins
admiring attention.



TRY THE D. D. DOUBLE DUTY TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and more
thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for
the D. D. Double Duty Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



**TROPIC
BEAUTY**

for your
FINGER TIPS

From the Tropics, where Nature's loveliest colors are found, fashion experts bring the perfect shades for your nails. See how exquisitely Glazo captures their subtle beauty... select your own flattering shade today!

FAMOUS STARS CHOOSE TROPIC

Hollywood—The favorite nail polish shade for fall and winter is Glazo's smoky ash-pink TROPIC. "I love it," says Joan Bennett; "it's fascinating!" Like all Glazo colors, TROPIC gives you days longer wear.

PARK AVENUE GOES CONGO

New York—The deep, luscious orchid-rose of Glazo's CONGO is seen at the smarter places. Every Glazo shade gleams with rich non-fading brilliant lustre.



PALM SPRINGS TAKES CABAÑA

Palm Springs—At this style-making resort, the popular polish shade is CABAÑA—Glazo's gay rusty-red color. Glazo nail polish goes on easily and evenly; does not streak or run; and dries quickly.

IN BERMUDA IT'S SPICE

Bermuda—The tempting exotic burgundy color of Glazo's SPICE is the vogue. Get the becoming new Glazo shades at all drug counters.



Other Glazo fashion-shades: Old Rose; Thistle; Rust; Russet; Shell. All shades, extra large size . . . **25¢**

Glazo's NAIL-COTE guards nails against splitting and breaking; gives added gloss; makes your polish last longer. Only 25¢.



GLAZO
NEW TROPIC SHADES

OCTOBER, 1938

VOL. 10 NO. 6

Radio Mirror

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

FRED R. SAMMIS
Editor

BELLE LANDESMAN, ASSISTANT EDITOR

Special features

The Gracie Allen Murder Case.....	S. S. Van Dine	10
Radio Mirror's Scoop! Fiction hit of the year		
Why Frances Langford Married Twice in Five Weeks.....	Mignon Bushel	14
Would you do what she did for such a cause?		
It's No Tragedy to be Fat.....	Adele Whitely Fletcher	16
The most honest interview a star ever gave		
Yet's Meet Kay Kyser.....	Norton Russell	18
The topsy turvey truth about radio's new sensation		
This Marriage Business.....	Genevieve Parkhurst	20
How to take the gamble out of a wedding		
The Upswing.....	Jerry Devine	22
When you're down on your luck, take a ferris wheel ride		
Child Welfare Is Your Welfare.....	Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt	24
A challenge to the women of America		
Radio's Photo-Mirror		
Jack Benny		25
The Miracle		26
Rivals Cut a Cake—and Some Capers.....		28
"True or False"		30
"Stand By"—Radio's First Cooperative Camp.....		32
How Women Can Fight Crime.....	Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf	34
Help now to wipe out our second biggest industry		
The Story of Music.....	Rose Heylbut	35
Here's your key to golden wealth		
Betty and Bob.....	Lynn Burr	36
A compelling serial reaches its surging climax		
Let's Play Games.....	Jane Martin	38
Hot weather special!		
Hollywood Radio Whispers.....	George Fischer	40
Intimate news from our new ace reporter		
We Canadian Listeners.....	Horace Brown	63

Added attractions

Prof. Quiz' Twenty Questions.....	3
What Do You Want To Say?.....	4
What's New From Coast to Coast.....	6
Radio Mirror Almanac.....	41
Facing The Music.....	50
About Face to Beauty.....	81
Why Get in a Jam Over Jellies?.....	83
What Do You Want To Know?.....	84

ON THE COVER—THE OZZIE NELSONS—By Robert Reid
Photo by Hyman Fink

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PROFESSOR QUIZ

TWENTY QUESTIONS

The Professor Quiz program is sponsored by Nash Motors every Saturday night over the CBS network. Play the game of radio knowledge with him on the air and on this page.

1. What band leader who has been consistently for sweet music recently led a swing band?
2. In what program are the participants unaware of the exact time they go on the air?
3. What figure from the Broadway stage acts, writes and directs his own radio show?
4. Whose European vacation was interrupted by an operation for appendicitis this summer?
5. What famous radio star takes her vacation at Lake Placid?
6. Some of the stars of what Saturday-night program recently made a cross-country trip on horseback?
7. What famous band leader wouldn't even take his musical instrument with him on his European vacation?
8. When was the first radio drama ever broadcast from a hospital?
9. What radio star is famous for playing all the parts on his show himself?
10. A violinist playing comedian is taking music lessons at the Juilliard School. Who is he?
11. Who addresses his radio audience as "Mr. and Mrs. America?"
12. What new air comedian has a last name which describes his appearance?
13. Who are known as "Mr. and Mrs. Swing?"
14. What former glamour girl is now giving advice to farm women?
15. What radio program features pickups from all parts of the world?
16. What island in the Pacific has been in the news this summer because of its short-wave station?
17. What popular radio serial is now being shown in movie houses in serial form?
18. Name 3 radio programs whose titles contain the word "family."
19. What famous piano team once split up are now together again?
20. Who was the first man to make bell-ringing a fine art?

(You'll find the answers on page 64)

"THERE'S ONE GIRL I'LL NEVER DANCE WITH AGAIN!"



But there's plenty of dates and partners for the girl who uses MUM

"NEVER again for me, Tom! Janet's a peach of a girl and a swell dancer, but some things get a man down. Too bad somebody doesn't tip her off. Other girls know how to avoid underarm odor."

Other girls! Janet thinks about them, too. Wonders why other girls have partners dance after dance—why men so often dance with her just *once*. But no *man*—or girl—likes to come straight out and say, "Janet, you need Mum."

It's so easy to offend—and never know it! That's why, nowadays, no wise girl trusts a bath alone to keep her fresh all evening long. Baths remove *past* perspi-

ration, but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Mum is the quick, pleasant, unfailing way to safeguard your charm for men!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm, under that—in 30 seconds you're *done*!

MUM IS SAFE! Even after underarm shaving, Mum is soothing to your skin. Mum is harmless to fabrics—convenient to use *after* you're dressed!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops odor for a full day or evening. Remember, men avoid girls who offend! Get Mum at your druggist's today—be sure *you're* always sweet!

AFTER-BATH FRESHNESS SOON FADES WITHOUT MUM



For Sanitary Napkins — Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's safe, sure. Use Mum this way.



MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

The reason Lanny Ross has been off the air—he just finished his second picture, "Lady Lawyer," with Gloria Stuart.



Columbia Pictures

What do you want to say?

FIRST PRIZE

SHUSH! DON'T WAKE THE NEIGHBORS!

I HAD already listened to the Benny and Allen feud over the radio—but when I saw it again in the July RADIO MIRROR, I just had to go through it once more. And if anyone could have seen me, they'd be perfectly sure I'd gone wacky!

Just picture this! Two o'clock in the morning (I couldn't get to sleep) and I'm reading Benny and Allen's feud—and laughing to myself so that at times I had to drop the magazine for fear that I'd wake somebody!

They can say what they like about Benny and Allen, but when even reading their comical cracks at 2 a.m. makes me feel like laughing, I'll cast my vote for those two gentlemen anytime!

T. F. DONOVAN, Lewiston, Maine

SECOND PRIZE

IT'S "ORCHIDS" AGAIN

I cannot, with a clear conscience, purchase another issue of RADIO MIRROR without first sending a bouquet of justly deserved orchids to a really fine publication.

First to me are the articles that ring so true of the American spirit. I feel that there should be a law passed re-

quiring every person to read and digest just what real Americanism means.

I have just read Boake Carter's article and there is never an issue that does not carry one just like it and many other features, that if the people would read and appreciate what they really hold, they would

wake up to the realization that the United States is the finest country on the globe.

There are so many fine writers, I could not begin to mention them all; Emil Ludwig, Channing Pollack, Kathleen Norris, Dorothy Thompson, Eddie Cantor, and many others—all ring so true of the real American character.

MAE S. SMITH, New York, N. Y.

THIS IS YOUR PAGE!

YOUR LETTERS OF OPINION WIN

— — P R I Z E S — —

First Prize \$10.00

Second Prize \$5.00

Five Prizes of \$1.00

Address your letter to the Editor, RADIO MIRROR, 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., and mail it not later than September 24, 1938.

THIRD PRIZE

WE STAND CORRECTED

Like Miss Reisburg from Grassy Grounds, N. J., in her letter in the July issue, I affirm the fact that small towns are proud of their celebrity sons and daughters. Therefore, I wish to correct Marian Rhea's statement in her story that Edgar Bergen came from Decatur, Illinois. It was Decatur, Michigan. I know because I also came from there.

M. H. J., South Bend, Indiana

FOURTH PRIZE

TO ALL AMERICANS

I don't believe that there was ever a time more fitting than the present for such an article as Boake Carter's "Why I Became an American Citizen."

(Continued on page 80)



THE NEW LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

WITH *Luster-foam* GIVES
($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$)

Unbelievable Cleanliness! Luster that Dazzles!

At touch of saliva and brush, Luster-Foam detergent foams into an aromatic "bubble bath" of almost unbelievable penetrating power . . . consequently it surges into and cleanses hundreds of tiny pits, cracks, and fissures seldom before reached . . . the very areas where, many authorities say, from 75% to 98% of decay starts.

When thousands upon thousands of women and men gladly lay aside their old favorites to use the New Listerine Tooth Paste, there must be a reason. That reason is Luster-Foam detergent ($C_{14}H_{27}O_5SNa$), the strange, gentle, almost magical ingredient that cleans teeth in a new, safe, delightful way.

You owe it to yourself to try the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam. Some high authorities call it one of the really great improvements in dentifrices in the last hundred years.

Luster-Foam lies inert in this dainty tooth paste until saliva and brush energize it into an aromatic "bubble bath." This "bubble bath" freshens, cleans

and polishes in a way you didn't believe possible.

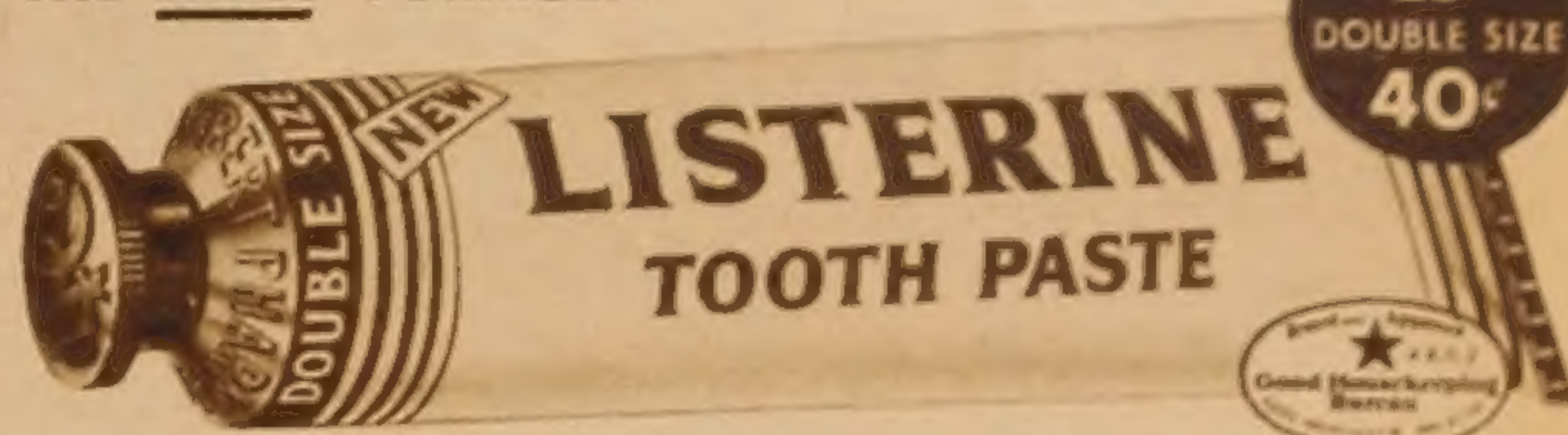
The secret of Luster-Foam detergent is its exceptional penetrating power. It actually foams into and cleanses the hundreds of pits, cracks, and fissures that ordinary dentifrices and even water seldom enter . . . the very areas where, many authorities say, 75% to 98% of decay starts.

As the Luster-Foam "bubble bath" surges over the gums and teeth, here is what it does:

1. Sweeps away food deposits.
2. Obliterates dull, stained film.
3. Combats dangerous acid ferments.
4. Reduces the number of decay germs.

What other tooth paste so thoroughly fights decay these four ways? Get the New Listerine Tooth Paste with Luster-Foam, now! Regular size, 25¢. Double size, 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

THE NEW FORMULA



DIRECTOR: Barry, you've got to do something about your breath! It's got you off to a bad start with Gloria—and others have complained. If you want to get ahead on this lot better use Listerine every day!



BARRY: My big opportunity and I nearly muffed it! Wish the director had suggested Listerine sooner!



DIRECTOR: What a scene! Look at Gloria go to town! And the kid's a wow! Star material if I ever saw it!

SCRIPT GIRL: You said it—and he owes most of it to you—and Listerine Antiseptic!



GLORIA: Sure the scene was lifeless! Sure there'll be retakes! But it's not *my* fault. Tell your Juvenile to take care of his terrible breath and maybe I'll be able to kiss him with feeling!

Does she turn her cheek when you kiss her goodnight?

Don't let halitosis (bad breath) ruin romance, cool friendships, endanger your job! Almost everyone offends at some time or other—usually without knowing it. Don't run this foolish risk. Use Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. Use Listerine morning and night. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

What's New from Coast to Coast

By DAN SENSENEY

AFTER all, you won't hear Guy Lombardo on two programs this winter. It had been hoped, when he replaced Wayne King on the Lady Esther show, that he could continue doing his Sunday-afternoon chore for the Bond Bread people. But Lady Esther decided she wanted the Lombardo music exclusively, so that's the way it'll be after October 4.

* * *

There are harder ways of catching yourself a free trout dinner than actually going on a fishing trip. Bing Crosby knows. Every week Bing receives a quota of piscatorial delicacies (Crosby-ese for fish) from Paul Taylor, choral director on the Kraft show. Paul catches them by the basket-full on his trips into the mountains. Also, whenever Bob Burns goes on a deep-sea jaunt, finny trophies grace the festive Crosby board. But, in return, Bing has to listen to interminable Taylor-Burns debates over which one caught or "almost caught" the biggest fish. . . . Bing thinks he may go on a fishless diet one of these days.

* * *

Morton Downey, still flirting coyly with sponsors, is now being talked about as a partner of Eddy Duchin on a fall commercial. . . . Meanwhile, he'll put in his time during September warbling at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

* * *

The Helen Hayes signature has just gone down on a nice fat contract calling for three consecutive broadcasts on the Silver Theater. William Powell is the star on the Silver Theater's opening bill in October; Helen will star on three shows during November.

* * *

The reason you heard Spencer Tracy doing "Five Star Final" on the Chase and Sanborn show a few weeks ago was that Spence wanted to make sure of getting a favorable review in the newspaper published by his eleven-year-old son, John. John, being a newspaper man himself, likes newspaper stories, and Spence knows enough about the acting business to keep in good with the press. The Chase and Sanborn show was a special event, too, because on account of Spence's illness and vacation, John hasn't had a chance to review one of his performances since "Test Pilot" was released three months ago.

Spence revealed unsuspected talents when he tangled with the McCarthy. For one thing, he's an excellent comedy writer, and contributed several of the best gags in his interview with Charlie—particularly the gags which were pointed most sharply at himself. The one about how careless the Academy was in passing out awards was Spence's, for instance.

For another thing, Spence turned out to be more than a fairly good McCarthy impersonator. At rehearsal, he recited part of an idea for a comedy routine into the microphone, using both his own and Charlie's voice—and the crew in the control room wasn't aware until he'd finished that they hadn't been hearing Charlie.



Fink



What are the radio plans of Helen Hayes who parties with Fredric March, Norma Shearer, James Stewart? How did Spence Tracy steal Charlie McCarthy's thunder? *Right:* cowboy star Stuart Hamblin.



Looks as if the 1938-1939 season will be a record-breaker for radio. There'll be so many shows on the air that dial-twirlers will go dizzy trying to hear them all. Even as early as the middle of July, so much time had been bought on the networks that prospective sponsors were being offered the choice of spots competing with such stalwarts as Charlie Mc-

Carthy and Fred Allen, or on Saturday nights. All the other good times were already spoken for, sorry. In some cases the mad rush for air time has led sponsors to earmark a network spot without even the faintest idea of what they were going to put into it.

* * *

You won't be hearing W. C. Fields

again on the Chase and Sanborn program, which brought him to radio fame. Instead, he's talking to another sponsor about a different show entirely—a new one. Wonder how easy it will be for him to garner laughs without his little pal Charlie McCarthy to insult?

* * *

Hal Raynor, who writes those original comedy songs Joe Penner sang on his CBS program—and will no doubt sing on his new one when it begins in September—is very happy these days. He's just finished a historical novel called "Inescapable Empires," on which he's been at work for the past eight years, and the book is in the process of being sent to the printer by a big New York publisher.

* * *

Maybe you've wondered where John Nesbitt gets all those swell human interest stories he has been dishing out on his Passing Parade program. John has seventy representatives in all parts of the world to supply him with yarns. Most of these contacts work on newspapers, and the minute an unusual story comes in they pass it on to their radio friend.

* * *

Orson Welles, the "Boy Genius of Broadway," who is on CBS these summer Monday nights with his First Person Singular program, is a genius even to his wife. The other day he was at CBS rehearsing his program. His wife, Virginia, a frail, blonde little person, dropped in to watch proceedings. Soon, however, she got hungry and began to think of lunch—but on looking into her purse, she discovered she didn't have a nickel. Your wife or my wife would have interrupted whatever we were doing and made a touch. But Mrs. Welles asked Orson's friend, John Houseman, for a temporary loan. "I wouldn't dream of disturbing Orson while he's working," she explained; and with a respectful glance at the control-booth, stole quietly away to lunch. . . . If Orson ever needs a little ready cash, he might try auctioning off his secret to the highest bidder.

* * *

Prediction for the fall: Milton Berle will be on the air again, doing a show from New York and at the same time working in a Broadway musical comedy. The Raymond Scott Quintet will be on Milton's air program, if all the wisest dopesters turn out to be correct.

* * *

It was the baby network, Mutual, that scooped both CBS and NBC on the Howard Hughes world flight by being the only network to broadcast the flier's arrival and landing in Minneapolis. It was a comedy of errors which put Mutual out on top, however. At the last minute, Mutual received word that Hughes and his men were to land in Winnipeg, not Minneapolis. The news threw everybody into a dither, and in the bustle no one thought to cancel the wire and microphone crew in Minneapolis—with the result that the Minnesotans got the show on the air after all. What's still more amusing is that the NBC-KSTP lads missed the fliers because they decided to go to lunch just five minutes before Hughes arrived. CBS, too, failed to broadcast the arrival, but redeemed itself later by being first to report Hughes' arrival at Floyd Bennett Field.

She succeeded in Business



...but Failed as a Wife!



*Pretty smart . . . But she didn't know how important
"Lysol" is in Feminine Hygiene*

SHE thought it was jealousy of her success in business that had made her husband more and more indifferent. She didn't realize that she herself had been at fault . . . in a matter of feminine hygiene. "Lysol" would have helped save the happiness of her marriage.

If you are in doubt regarding a wholesome method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many doctors and nurses, used in many hospitals and clinics.

Some of the more important reasons why "Lysol" is especially valuable in feminine hygiene are—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful germicide, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually search out germs.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

What Every Woman Should Know

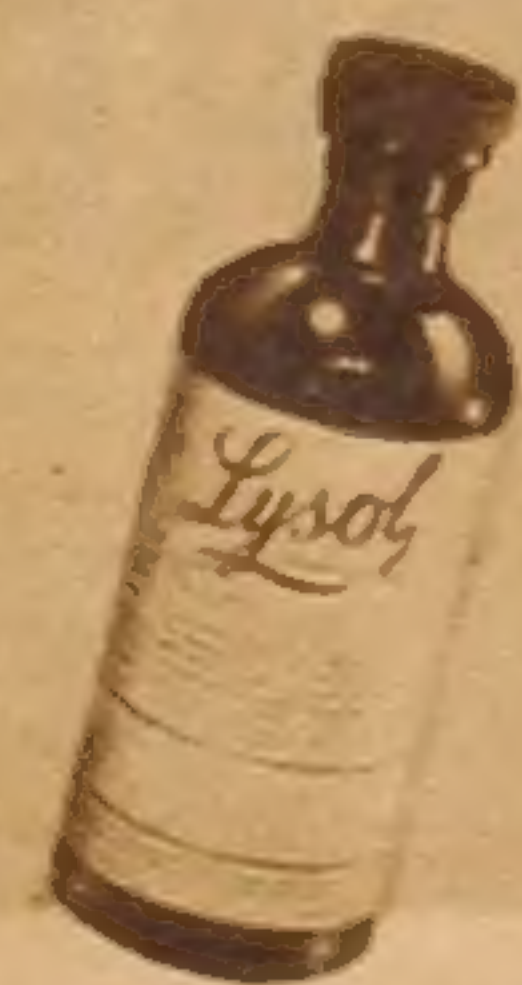
SEND THIS COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Dept. 10-Ra. M., Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet, "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright 1938 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.



Lysol
Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

"NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK"

**Sept. 1 to Sept. 10
in**

**ALL THE DRUG STORES
THROUGHOUT THE U.S.A.**

A nationwide movement to remind you of your druggist, the man who serves you night and day, and who puts the stamp of his professional approval on all the necessities you buy from him.

●

Most of the products featured in this campaign are regularly advertised in this magazine. And your druggist is celebrating "Nationally Advertised Brands Week" by special promotion of the familiar items you use in your home daily. Stock up on them.

●

VISIT YOUR DRUG STORE
Sept. 1 to Sept. 10

CINCINNATI—Life has been mostly singing for Franklin Merrill, tenor on WLW's Musical Camera program. He's been singing since he was a small boy, and he'll probably continue to sing as long as he has the breath to do it with.

Merrill made his radio debut in 1930 over NBC in New York, winning the National Atwater-Kent auditions. Later he joined KQW in San Jose, California, and still later sang with Horace Heidt and the Brigadiers! He stayed with Heidt until 1936, when he left to become a member of the WLW staff. Cincinnati folks hear him on several different programs, and if his popularity is any indication, he'll be on WLW for a good long time to come.

* * *

If the Pickens sisters have their way, radio has lost them—at least for a while. All three of them are shopping for parts in stage plays this fall—the result of a reunion last month in a summer stock company, where all three girls did straight dramatic roles and no singing. Just stage-struck.

* * *

THE What's New department listens to the radio too, and often hears something that ought to be snatched out of the air and put into type. Here's a few words that Frank Luther spoke on his NBC Person to Person program the other day that we think you'll be interested in:

"I want to tell you what I did Saturday. I went up to sing at the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation School. We drove up along that beautiful parkway to the old mansion high on a hill overlooking the broad sweep of the Hudson—the most perfect spot for kids I ever saw. And there were eighty of the most perfect kids I ever saw. I talked and sang to them and then they put on a show for us.

"And I fell in love. She must be about six, and she had her picture taken with me, and well, if I ever have a daughter I hope she'll be just like that. What a sweet baby!

"Fern Matson, who's the principal, showed us through the dormitory while the kids were downstairs having a mid-afternoon glass of milk. You should see those babies run and dance and play in the sun, over the grass and under the trees, with a wonderful group of people to care for them. What a paradise for children! Bernarr Macfadden has spent his life preaching physical health and beauty, but I never really realized what he's driving at until I saw those babies and the wonderful home he's established for them."

* * *

Donald Novis is preparing for a fall come-back on a commercial program to come from Hollywood. . . . Claire Trevor (Mrs. Clark Andrews now) is an accomplished pianist and always entertains at informal parties in her new Westwood Hills home. . . . Joe Penner, under the influence of "Robin Hood," no doubt, has taken up archery. He's studying with a Hollywood expert and has had an archery range built at his home. . . . Clarence Stroud, who does most of the talking for himself and brother Claude on the Chase and Sanborn show, is the silent member of the family off the air. He is always listening to Claude when they're away from the mike. . . . Don't be surprised if Mark Warnow's Blue Velvet music stays on CBS as a sustaining feature even after the summer nights have given way to frost.

It's one of the most potent mail-pullers CBS has ever had. . . . When Eddie Cantor returns on October 3, he'll have the same gang that was with him at his sign-off this spring. . . . Martha Raye tossed a surprise birthday party the other night for her current heart-interest, Dave Rose—who is also her musical arranger. . . . It will be Ray Noble who gets the coveted musical spot in the new Burns and Allen show, due on CBS in October. . . . Raymond Paige, Hollywood Hotel's music-maestro, predicts that there'll be a revival of interest in yesterday's forgotten tunes this fall—so he spent his vacation browsing around ancient music shops in New York, hunting for old-time melodies which would lend themselves to novel arrangements. . . . Frank Parker's been squiring movie-actress June Knight recently. . . . John Nesbitt's pet hobby is collecting the favorite recipes of famous men. He has more than five hundred recipes—and has tried them all. . . . Benay Venuta uses her cruiser to go to town in—moors it at the doorstep of her Riverside Drive apartment, hops in, cruises to somewhere in the Manhattan Forties or Fifties, hops out, and steps into her car, in which her chauffeur has been trailing her.

* * *

LOS ANGELES—Unless you live in Southern California, you've never heard Stuart Hamblin, except perhaps through electrical transcriptions. Yet he and his cowboy entertainers, the Covered Wagon Jubilee, have more actual broadcasting hours to their credit than any other stars in radio. Even Amos 'n' Andy would have to broadcast every day, fifteen

minutes a day, for about eighteen years, in order to beat Stu's record.

It's a record that's still being added to at a great rate. Right now, Stuart and the Jubilee are heard over KFI, KEHE, and KFVD—all three being Los Angeles stations. One of their most popular programs is the Sunday-afternoon Cowboy Church, on KEHE.

Stuart is a real cowboy, as well as the holder of a Bachelor of Arts degree which he has never used. He was born in Texas, in 1908 and grew up learning how to bust broncos and bull-dog steers. If you attend a rodeo in or near Los Angeles the chances are you'll find his name in the list of contestants.

After his graduation from McMurray College, he went to California and immediately found work on one of the local stations, singing cowboy ditties. He knew so many of these melodies that his sponsor promised a prize to any listener who could send in the name of one Stuart couldn't sing. It was a safe enough offer—only a few prizes were ever claimed.

From one solo program it didn't take Stuart long to work up to broadcasting over several stations and being head man in a whole troupe of singing cowboys. At first he broadcast from scripts, but for the past few years every show he and his boys have put on the air has been entirely impromptu, creating an informality which Stuart believes is largely responsible for his popularity.

Stuart's married, to the girl who's known as Sunshine on his program, and they have two baby daughters.

* * *

The reports that Jack Fulton's go-

ing to desert radio for a screen career in Hollywood are around again, but Jack says they aren't true. The tenor star of the Sunday night CBS show almost signed with Warner Brothers last fall, but the Messrs. Wrigley offered him more money to work for them on the air. Then the new Wrigley show with Billy House came along, and Jack was offered another large stack of green paper to take it. So as long as he can make more money in radio, he'll stick to it.

* * *

OAKLAND, California—A couple of bright young newcomers to radio are doing things out here at KLS, the Warner Brothers studio. Their names are Niles Kenny and Bill Wood, and between them they've turned the RADIO MIRROR gossip program into a Merry Mix-Up. That's what they call it, anyway.

On the air every Friday at 8:45, Niles and Bill broadcast a lively program which consists of the RADIO MIRROR news and gossip, late hit tunes from moving pictures, and the Merry Mix-Ups themselves, which are titles of pictures taken from theater marquees that sound ridiculous when they're read together.

Bill Wood entered radio straight from college, where he studied foreign languages, and Niles Kenny comes from a band-leading career which lasted five years.

Their hardest job in getting Merry Mix-Ups on the air was recording the sound-effect they wanted to introduce the quarter-hour. It's the sound of a bowling ball rolling down the alley and crashing into the pins. This produces a Merry Mix-Up—add Niles and Bill, "We hope."

Petal Smooth Skin MAKES A HIT EVERY TIME



EASY TO SMOOTH ROUGHNESSES AWAY.... FOR POWDER

IT ALWAYS WAS EASY TO SMOOTH AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—WITH ONE APPLICATION OF POND'S VANISHING CREAM

8:30 P.M.—LOOKS A BEAUTY FOR THE DANCE

..NOW SMOOTH IN EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN," TOO!*

Now Pond's Vanishing Cream supplies extra beauty care. It contains Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin." When skin lacks this necessary vitamin, it becomes rough and dry. When "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps skin become smooth again. Now every time you use Pond's, you are smoothing some of this necessary vitamin into your skin! Same jars. Same labels. Same prices.

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*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

BETTINA BELMONT, Society Deb,
SAYS: "GRAND FOR OVERNIGHT, TOO"

I'M OUTDOORS A LOT—THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS USED POND'S VANISHING CREAM—IT SMOOTHS AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES—HOLDS POWDER, AND IT'S A GRAND OVERNIGHT CREAM. NOW I USE IT TO HELP PROVIDE AGAINST POSSIBLE LOSS OF "SKIN-VITAMIN" FROM MY SKIN, TOO



Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P.M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

The GRACIE ALLEN





MURDER CASE

An exciting and hilarious new Philo

Vance story—this year's mystery hit—

Radio Mirror's greatest editorial scoop!

by
S.S. VAN DINE

Illustrations by Tesar

A BUZZARD ESCAPES

PHILO VANCE, curiously enough, always liked the Gracie Allen murder case more than any of the others in which he participated.

The case was, perhaps, not as serious as some of the others—although, on second thought, I am not so sure that this is strictly true. Indeed, it was fraught with many ominous potentialities; and its basic elements (as I look back now) were, in fact, intensely dramatic and sinister, despite its almost constant leaven of humor.

I have often asked Vance why he felt so keen a fondness for this case, and he has always airily retorted with a brief explanation that it constituted his one patent failure as an investigator of the many crimes presented to him by District Attorney John F.-X. Markham.

"No—oh, no, Van; it was not *my* case at all, don't y'know," Vance drawled, as we sat before his grate fire one wintry evening, long after the events. "Really, y'know, I deserve none of the credit. I would have been utterly baffled and helpless had it not been for the charming Gracie Allen who always popped up at just the crucial moment to save me from disaster!"

It was an almost unbelievable case from many angles, exceedingly unorthodox and unpredictable. The mystery and enchantment of perfume permeated the entire picture. The magic of fortune-telling and commercial haruspicy in general were intimately involved in its deciphering. And there was a human romantic element which lent it an unusual roseate color.

To start with, it was spring—the 17th day of May—and the weather was unusually mild. Vance and Markham and I had dined on the spacious veranda of the Bellwood Country Club, overlooking the Hudson.

We had finished our coffee and were sipping our *char-treuse* when Sergeant Heath, looking grim and bewildered, appeared at the door leading from the main dining-room to the veranda, and strode quickly to our table.

"Hello, Mr. Vance." His tone was hurried. "... Howdy,

Vance leaped from the wall behind her; plaster tore the sleeve of his coat. The young woman turned inquisitively alert.

A strange perfume and a baffling

wood-nymph, more than the inexplic-

able murder itself, were the puzzles

Philo Vance found hardest to solve

Chief. Sorry to bother you, but this came into the office half an hour after you left and, knowing where you were, I thought it best to bring it to you *pronto*." He drew a folded yellow paper from his pocket and, opening it out, placed it emphatically before the District Attorney.

MARKHAM read it carefully, shrugged his shoulders, and handed the paper back to Heath.

"I can't see," he said without emotion, "why this routine information should necessitate a trip up here."

Vance's eyebrows rose in curiosity.

"I'm sorry, Vance." Markham apologized for his failure to explain. "It's really of no importance—just a routine telegraphic announcement of a rather commonplace jailbreak at Nomenica. Three men under long sentences staged the exodus, and two of them were shot by the guards. . . ."

"I'm not botherin' about the guys who was shot," Heath cut in. "It's the other one—the guy that got away safe—that's set me to thinkin'—"

"And who might this stimulator of thought be, Sergeant?" Vance asked.

"Benny the Buzzard!" whispered Heath.

"Ah!" Vance smiled. "Maybe he flew away to freedom. . . ."

"It's no laughing matter, Mr. Vance." Heath became even more serious. "Benny the Buzzard—or Benny Pellinzi, to give him his honest moniker—is plenty tough, in spite of looking like a bloodless, pretty-faced boy. Only a few years back, he was strutting around telling anybody who'd listen, that he was Public Enemy Number One. That type of guy. But he was only small change, except for his toughness and meanness—actually nothing but a dumb, stupid rat—"

"And only three years ago," continued Heath, "Mr. Markham got him up for a twenty-year stretch. And he pulls a jail-break just this afternoon and gets away with it. Sweet, ain't it?"

"You must've read what this guy pulled in court when he was sentenced. The judge hadn't hardly finished slipping him the twenty years when he blew off his gauge. He pointed at Mr. Markham and, at the top of his voice, swore some kind of cockeyed oath that he'd come back and get him if it was the last thing he ever did. And he sounded like he meant it. He was so sore and steamed up that it took two man-eating bailiffs to drag him out of the court-room. Generally it's the judge who gets the threats; but this guy elected to take it out on the D. A. And that somehow made more sense."

Vance nodded slowly.

"Yes, quite—quite."

"And why I really came here tonight," Heath went on, "was to tell Mr. Markham what I intended doing."

"I'm not taking any chances on The Buzzard—especially since we've got a pretty good line on his old

cronies in this burg."

"Just what line do you refer to, Sergeant?"

"Mirche, and the *Domdaniel* café, and Benny's old sweetie that sings there—the Del Marr jane. And if the Buzzard *should* sneak back to New York, I've got a hunch he'd go straight to Mirche for help."

Markham asked: "What course do you intend to pursue, Sergeant?"

Heath leaned across the table.

"I figure it this way, Chief. If the Buzzard *does* plan to return to his old hunting-grounds, he'll be smart about it. He'll do it quick and sudden-like, figurin' we haven't got set. So beginning tomorrow morning, I plan to have Hennessey in the old rooming-house across from the *Domdaniel*, covering the little door leading into Mirche's private office. An' Burke and Snitkin will be with Hennessey in case the bird does show up."

"Aren't you a bit optimistic, Sergeant?" asked Vance. Three years in prison can work many changes in a man's appearance, especially if the victim is still young and not too robust.

"Your liberty-lovin' Buzzard may deem it wiser to steal in by the rear door, don't y'know."

"There ain't no rear door," explained Heath. "And there ain't no side door, either. A strictly private room with only one entrance facing the street. That's the wide-open and aboveboard set-up of this guy Mirche—everything on the up-and-up. Slick as they come."

"Is this sanctum a separate structure?" asked Vance. "Or is it an annex to the café? I don't seem to recall it."

"No. And you wouldn't notice it, if you weren't looking for it. It's like an end room that's been cut off in the corner of the building—the way they cut off a doctor's office, or a small shop, in a big apartment-house. But if you wanta see Mirche that's where you'll most likely find him. The place looks as innocent as an old ladies' home. And yet, plenty goes on in that little room. If I could ever get a dictaphone planted there, the D. A.'s office would have enough underworld trials on its hands to keep it busy from now on."

"Your idea can't do any harm, Sergeant," Markham remarked without enthusiasm. "But I still think it would be a waste of time and energy."

"Maybe so," Heath answered. "But I feel I gotta follow my hunch, just the same."

A RUSTIC INTERLUDE

THE next day, shortly after noon, we met Markham in his dingy private office overlooking the Tombs.

"I'm deuced sorry, don't y'know," said Vance, "that you must slave on an afternoon like this. I was hoping you might be persuaded to come for a drive over the countryside."

"I find myself actually longin' for the spell of an Ogygian isle with citron scent and cedar-sawn—"

"And perhaps a wood-nymph like Calypso."

"My dear Markham! Really, now!" Vance pretended indignation. "No—oh, no. I merely plan a bit of gambolin' in the Bronx greenery."

(I particularly remember this bit of classic reference which certainly would not have found its way into this record, had it not been that it proved curiously prophetic, even to the scent of citron.)

"But tell me, Markham," Vance said, "how goes it with the zealous Sergeant and his premonitions?"

"Oh, I suppose he's gone ahead with his useless arrangements."

"Stout fella, Heath." Vance studied the ash on his cigarette with a hesitant smile. "Fact is, I intend to partake of Mirche's hospitality tonight myself."

"You too! . . . You're actually going to the Domdaniel tonight?"

"Not in the hope of encounterin' your friend the Buzzard," replied Vance. "But Heath has stirred my curiosity. I should like to take a closer look at the incredible Mr. Mirche. I've seen him before, of course, at his hospice, but I've never really paid attention to his features. And I could bear a peep—from the outside only, of course—at this mysterious office which has so fretted the Sergeant's imagination. . . . And there's always the chance a little excitement may ensue when the early portentous shadows of the mysterious night——"

MARKHAM snorted, and the talk shifted to a discussion of other matters.

After a brief lunch we drove Markham back to his office, and then headed uptown to Vance's apartment. Here Vance changed his suit for the old disreputable tweed, and put on heavier boots and a soft well-worn Homburg hat. Then we went out again to his Hispano-Suiza, and in an hour's time we were driving leisurely along Palisade Avenue in the Riverdale section of the Bronx.

At the top of a slight incline, just where the road swung inland, Vance turned off the roadway, and brought the car to a gentle stop.

Except for a fence on the river side, and a stone wall, perhaps five feet high, along the inner border of the road, we were, to all appearances, on a lonely country road. Vance crossed the broad and shaded grassy strip that stretched like a runner of green carpet between the roadway and the wall. He clambered up the stone enclosure, beckoning to me to do likewise as he disappeared in the lush rustic foliage on the further side.

For over an hour we trudged back and forth through the woods, and then, as we suddenly came face to face with the stone enclosure again, Vance reluctantly looked at his watch.

"Almost five," he said. "We better be staggerin' home, Van."

I preceded him to the roadway, and started slowly back toward the car. A large automobile, running almost noiselessly, suddenly came round the turn. I stopped as it sped by, and watched it disappear over the edge of the hill. Then I continued in the direction of our own car.

After a few steps, I became aware of a young woman standing near the wall, well back from the roadway, in a secluded grassy bower. She was shaking the front of her skirt nervously and with marked agitation,

and was stamping one foot in the soft loam. She looked perturbed and displeased, and as I drew nearer I saw that on the front of her flimsy summer frock there was an inch-wide burnt hole.

As a vexed exclamation escaped her, Vance leaped from the wall behind her, and as he strove to regain his balance, a sharp projection of the plaster tore the sleeve of his coat. The unexpected commotion startled the young woman anew, and she turned, inquisitively alert.

She was a petite creature, and gracefully animated, with a piquant oval face and regular, sensitive features. Her eyes were large and brown, with extremely long lashes curling over them. A straight and slender nose lent dignity and character to a mouth made for smiling. She was slim and supple, and seemed to fit in perfectly with her pastoral surroundings.

"My word!" murmured Vance, looking down at her. "That wasn't a very graceful entry into your arbor. Please forgive me if I frightened you."

The girl continued to stare at him distrustfully. He was quite disheveled; his shoes and trousers were generously spattered with mud; his hat was crushed and grotesquely awry; and his torn coat-sleeve looked like that of some roving mendicant.

In a moment the girl smiled.

"Oh, I'm not frightened," she assured him in a musical voice which had a very youthful engaging timbre. "I'm just angry. Terribly angry. Were you ever angry? . . . But I'm not angry with you, for I don't even know you. . . . Maybe I would be angry with you if I knew you."

Vance laughed and removed his hat: "And I'm sure you'd be entirely justified, too. . . . By the by, may I sit down?"

The girl looked quickly up the road, and then seated herself rather abruptly.

"That would be wonderful. I'll read your palm. Have you ever had your palm read? I'm very good at it. Delpha taught me all the lines. Delpha knows all about the hands, and the stars, and lucky numbers: she's a fortune-teller. And she's psychic, too. Just like me. I'm psychic. Are you psychic?"

"Oh, yes." Vance smiled indulgently. "But won't you tell me at whom you were so angry?"

"I don't know now," she answered with slight confusion. At first I thought it was somebody in a big car that just went by——"

"And what were you angry about?"

"Oh, that . . . Well, look at the front of my new dress here." She spread the skirt about her. "Do you see that big burnt hole? It's just ruined. And I simply adore this dress. There was (Continued on page 55)



■ A cigarette for Philo Vance—a cigar for Sergeant Heath—and a baffling mystery for the readers of RADIO MIRROR.

WHY FRANCES LANGFORD

Married Twice in Five Weeks



BY *Mignon Bushel*

The Jon Halls—one girl
in a million would do
what she did, one man in
a million would applaud.

Fink

**With more courage than you'd think her tiny body possessed,
she faced misunderstanding and ridicule to help a great cause**

THERE was no mystery about it when Frances Langford married handsome Jon Hall the first time. She married for love. Any girl would do that. But the inside story of why she went through the same ceremony again a month later—well, that's a different matter. That second time, she married out of principle . . . to help a great cause. And one girl in a million does that. In fact, no girl has ever done it before.

Offhand, to look at Frances, you'd think she was built along the wrong lines for a champion of Causes. Mostly they're big and hefty; she's little and petite. Mostly they're sour-faced and homely; she's pretty as a McClelland Barclay drawing. Mostly they're harsh and loud of voice; hers is sweet and plaintive and tender.

Offhand, to look at Frances, you might even think she'd never thought about anything more unpleasant than the absence of the blue dress at the cleaner's the night she wanted to wear it to a party.

Well, you'd be wrong.

Frances doesn't brood; she's not a sombre, misanthropic person. She loves life, and fun, and gaiety. She loves singing, and dancing, and laughter. But

she knows, too, there are other sides of life. She knows there is disillusion—and tragedy. She knows there are dread diseases, too dread even to be mentioned in "nice" circles till the last few years, sweeping the country like a scourge, taking a hideous toll of human health and happiness, wrecking love and marriages and homes. She knows these things exist and that there will never be pride and confidence and decent security until they have been wiped off the face of the earth.

When Frances Langford married Jon Hall the second time, it was her way of enlisting in the great crusade against *saphilis*.

Their first marriage would have suited the most romantic Hoyle. It followed a swell whirlwind courtship—we'll tell you all about that later. They eloped to Prescott, Arizona, on June 4th and were wedded as firmly and thoroughly as either love or law could wish.

They couldn't take a honeymoon right away, though. You know how it is with movie stars. Frances had this personal appearance tour booked in the East. So they got on a train and headed for New York.

But perhaps it would be better to let Frances tell it (Continued on page 66)

It's No

KATE SMITH is famous because she is fat. For, unquestionably, it was when Kate began to compensate, as the psychologists term it, for lacking the small hips and shy young bosom and long slim legs by which modern American girls proclaim their desirability that she began also to reach for fame. Just as Beethoven, to make up for his deafness, composed immortal music. Just as Gonnelli, to make up for the blindness which overtook him at twenty, became a great sculptor.

Kate must have realized that the theater was the field in which it would be most difficult for her to succeed; in spite of



Who said fat girls were clumsy? Look at that golf shot! Above, Kate in her CBS dressing room. Below, in her speedboat.



Tragedy TO BE FAT

By ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

her voice. For when she and her mother came to New York our national worship of the boyish form was at its zenith. However, almost always when anyone compensates they choose to do the last thing in the world that it would seem reasonable for them to do. It's as if they had to prove to themselves, if to no one else, that the defect that urges them on was of no importance whatever.

Kate was a skinny kid. It was when she turned adolescent that she began to grow fat. She ate the same food she always had eaten and she ate the same quantity of it and she continued to put on weight. Her glands, which previously had been the efficient policeman that glands are meant to be in supervising the activities of a body, no longer were functioning properly.

Such a state of affairs never makes life any easier. Furthermore, Kate was at the very age when it's important to look pretty in pretty dresses, to lie on a beach cloaked with more self-confidence than a bathing-suit, and to move (Continued on page 64)

In the most honest interview a star ever gave, Kate Smith tells why overweight can't rob you of your right to happiness

On her Lake Placid estate, Kate goes in for all the sports. Being overweight has never kept her from doing the things many women needlessly deny themselves, such as playing tennis, swimming, badminton or driving.





Above, zany Ish Kabibble, the trumpeter of the band and hill-billy deluxe; right, Virginia (Ginny) Simms, Kay's pretty California vocalist; and below, Harry Babbitt, tenor soloist.



Above, our candid cameraman of prize shot of Kay as he happily around the stage. Below, down more serious business, Kay is his class exams to a young student.



Yet's Meet

KAY KYSER

By NORTON RUSSELL

Southern accent and all, he's radio's new sensation, Dean of Wednesday nights' Musical Class—the quiz program extraordinary

HE lets the men in the band do all the-music making. He tried learning the clarinet once, but it didn't work out very well so now he doesn't play any instrument at all. But music is his passion and his livelihood—a very good livelihood, as it's worked out, though it took twelve years before he could be really sure.

He's the man whose Musical Class lightens the burden of breathless summer Wednesdays. He's Kay Kyser whose North Carolina accent you couldn't cut with a buzz saw and who's responsible for the currently most popular hour on the air. Who himself is probably the summer season's highest riding new personality.

It irritates him only slightly to think that he's been doing the same thing for twelve years and had to wait until last fall for anybody to pay real attention to him and his band. In spite of its being hackneyed, it's still better late than never; so now he gets while the getting's good.

Besides, for consolation that he kicked around so long waiting, there's Ben Bernie of seven years ago who told Kay the orchestra business was the worst in the world, who said "I'm through. They don't like me any more." Five minutes later Ben had a telegram booking him into the College Inn, Chicago. Five months later, Ben had one of the most popular bands in the country. Ben couldn't explain what miraculous change had taken place. It just had.

Kay remembered about Ben last fall when he returned to Chicago's Blackhawk Restaurant with a new idea in entertainment and saw the idea catch like wildfire. He had the very good sense to remember that if you begin climbing fast, the skid back can be just that much faster. With which knowledge tucked firmly in the back of his head, he began riding his new success as honestly hard as he knew how.

He refuses to live extravagantly, refuses to believe that the flattery and the attention have come because he is suddenly great, and clings to his one room, with bath, at the New York hotel where he's playing to a packed roof every night. All of which leaves Kay one of the pleasantest guys in the world to work for or talk to.

He won't even take his rightful share of the credit for the Kollege of Musical Knowledge idea which, aided by those unexplainable "breaks," is responsible for his present eminence. Only partially responsible, because without the engaging Kyser charm the Kollege almost certainly wouldn't amount to much.

The Kollege came into existence at Chicago's Black-

hawk Restaurant last October. Kay had been playing at the Blackhawk the year before, and had made quite a success of weekly "Celebrity Nights," when visiting big-wigs in the entertainment world would drop in after their own shows were finished, have a good time, and end up by giving impromptu—and free—performances. But the local Musicians' Union passed a ruling that no member could give free performances, even in the name of good clean fun, and the Celebrity Nights had to stop.

Kay went away for the summer and returned in the fall with several ideas, including the Kollege, for stunts to take the place of the Celebrity Nights.

"I told the manager a coupla ideas I had," is the way Kay puts it, "and he said okay, we could try the Kollege one for a while. We had a lot of fun with it, right from the first." Leaving you, somehow, with the impression that although it was Kay's idea, it was just a crazy notion for a way to have a good time, not the answer to a sponsor's prayer for something new.

THE particular sponsor who happened to be praying just then was Lucky Strike, who lost no time in grabbing Kay and the Kollege—changing the name of the show, incidentally, to Kay Kyser's Musical Class.

Lucky Strike gave the program an eight-week try-out on the Mutual network, then brought it to New York, NBC, and instant success.

"Why, heck," Kay explains, "I act the same way now I've always acted. I've always said, 'Evenin', folks—how y'all?' Ev'body down home jest natchelly says, 'Evenin', folks'—nobody says 'Good evenin'.' Jest the way ev'body says 'Yet's dance,' or 'Yet's take a walk,' or 'Yet's do somethin' else.' You jest natchelly don't sound the L, down in No'th Ca'lina. But all of a sudden people find out it's cute and funny. I do' know. . . ."

In twelve years of leading a band he has taught himself, by careful concentration and hard work, to read a score, continue reading it while it is played a couple of times, and then remember it; but his main job is to keep the band together, attend to its business affairs, think up questions for the class and keep others busy thinking them up too.

At the Pennsylvania Roof in New York, the band starts work every night about six-thirty. Kay usually arrives an hour or so later. Everything goes along all right without him—musically, that is. He's needed on the stand for the fun and informality which are such an essential part of any (Continued on page 61)

THIS *Marriage Business*

As broadcast by Genevieve Parkhurst in an interview with June Hynd on NBC's Let's Talk It Over program.

Use your head as well as your heart in choosing your mate, says this well-known writer—and take the risk out of marriage!



ALL over the country scientists are at work in an effort to take risk out of marriage. And they are now able to predict with some degree of certainty what marriages are likely to succeed and what are likely to fail.

Everyone knows what the Intelligence Quotient has done for better education, and the day is not far distant when there will be a Compatibility Quotient which will serve the same purpose for better marriage.

This doesn't mean that all the warm spontaneity of love is to be frozen in the ice pack of scientific calculations. Love is, of course, the big reason for marriage. But, what is often mistaken for love is not love at all.

The only love on which an enduring marriage can be built is one that is strong and deep enough to support a rich and lasting companionship. This kind of love involves mutual loyalty, respect, and faith.

What, then, of marriages based on "love at first sight?" Many marriages are, we know. But also, many of these "love at first sight" marriages never work out successfully or happily, not because love blossomed at first meeting but because the courtships have not been long enough. Whirlwind courtships are romantic—and we all need a little romance in our lives—but it takes

time for two people to know each other well enough to know whether or not they are likely to get along together. And when what seems like "love" is tested, it is often found to be only passion, which wears itself out, leaving no foundation on which to build a happy future.

No two human beings, no matter how deep and constant their feeling for each other or how well-suited to each other they may be, can enter into so close and continuous a relationship as marriage without some clouds in the sky.

But if a marriage is founded on mutual affection, understanding and respect, the couple will adjust their differences and weather their trials without hurting their love; and, by creating an atmosphere of harmony, they will be able to express and develop their personalities as their companionship grows stronger.

In working out such a conclusion, scientists have talked with hundreds of married couples, and they have found the majority fairly happy. The percentage of happy couples is sixty-seven per cent, or more, and they are so for simple reasons. Their personalities are not in conflict. They have a number of interests in



common. Their tastes and ideals harmonize.

One young couple I know have been married for less than a year and yet I see their marriage already going on the rocks. Each is a charming and capable individual—perhaps too much of an individual, for each one has a number of strong likes and prejudices, about which they never agree. They are constantly at odds because the wife likes to dance when the husband wants to stay home and read; or he goes off to the country alone on Sunday to play golf because she doesn't enjoy it—which means she has to remain in the city by herself.

The most contented couples are those who do the most things together outside the home as well as inside. Whatever it is—whether playing golf, tennis, dancing, swimming—they must be good companions. A couple's inability to find satisfaction in each other's interests is often responsible for the breaking-up of a marriage before it is fairly started.

Two people should be companionable enough to want to spend their spare time together. It seems to me that so few husbands and wives realize that in the actual count of hours they have little time together.

They are away from each other most of the day, and their leisure is their proving ground. Couples who can laugh and enjoy life together will not find it difficult to settle their differences amicably.

THERE is an old saying that "opposites attract each other." And they sometimes do so. But they do not always hold. A little difference is the spice of marriage. Too much makes it unpalatable. But two unlikes in temperament who are alike in tastes may be very good matrimonial risks.

For instance, if one of the couple is thrifty and the other a spender, they may be perfect complements. But if one is a waster and the other a miser there is only a remote chance of adjustment between them. Or if one is amiable and unselfish, and the other temperamental, they may be good team mates. Other things being equal, a girl and a man who are both serene and self-contained are also good marriage bets.

Many people ask me about the role parents play in marriage. They wonder if parents should try to help the young married couple or leave them alone to solve their own problems. My (Continued on page 62)

THE

Upswing



When you're down on your luck, get someone like Bill to spend a dime for a ride on the ferris wheel. You might even find love up there in the clouds. At least Mary Jane did

Fictionized from the radio play by Jerry Devine, originally broadcast on Kate Smith's CBS variety program, sponsored by Swansdown Flour and Calumet Baking Powder.

IT was one of those New York parties—but except that it was being held in a penthouse instead of a pseudo-Spanish hacienda, and that the guests were mostly pale instead of sun-tanned, it was all not so different from the standard Hollywood brand of to-do. It was certainly, Mary Jane Walker thought, every bit as boring.

A roomful of people in expensive clothes, screaming at the tops of their voices. Slightly scornful-looking servants, passing around drinks endlessly. An unseen loudspeaker, blaring out dance music from a hidden phonograph—every twelve records you heard the same piece over again, and got the sudden sickening feeling that you yourself were living in circles.

There was a rumor that the apartment belonged to one Bill Sayres, that he was the host; but if he was around, nobody paid any attention to him.

Mary Jane set her cocktail down upon a block of glass masquerading as an end table, and looked about for Tommy Burden, who had brought her here in the first place. She was not surprised when she failed to see him anywhere. Tommy was Mary Jane's agent, and she knew well enough that he no longer owed her any deference. Waning stars were not Tommy's specialty; they embarrassed him. And Mary Jane was aware that, having escorted her to the party, he considered the rest of it to be strictly up to her.

But she was too tired to play up. Too tired to be pleasant to these people she didn't know and almost certainly wouldn't like; to be the glamorous Mary Jane Walker from Hollywood; to hint mysteriously at non-existent future plans.

Through! There was a black magic about the word that sapped the life from your veins. It took all the fight from you, just when you needed it most. At twenty-seven, it was fantastic to be facing the blank wall of: "What shall I do to earn my food?" Fantastic, ridiculous. But there it was.

She turned abruptly and went through French doors to the terrace. It overhung the East River, satiny gray in the early summer twilight. Lights pricked the haze on the Queens shore: as she watched, several huge electric signs bloomed into life, publishing their urgent messages to a careless world.

Mary Jane Walker yawned.

"Pretty dull, isn't it?" agreed a masculine voice behind her.

"Oh . . ." She turned, to see a tall figure stretched out on a deck chair in the shadows to the left of the French windows.

"That's all right," he said, with a brief flash of white teeth. "I've been yawning for the past half hour myself. Why don't you sit down?—then we can yawn at one another."

Mary laughed. "That's the best suggestion I've heard all evening," she said. For a minute they occupied themselves in yawning whole-heartedly.

"Feel better?" he asked.

"Um!"

"If your feet hurt, take your shoes off."

"You know—I believe I will."

"Go ahead—I've got mine off already."

Lazily, without bending down, she pried off her right pump with the toe of her left, then reversed the process and sighed happily. "This is one way to have a good time at a party like this," she observed. "You make yourself right at home, don't you?"

"Sure. Why not? I live here."

"Oh—I'm sorry—that is, I—"

He had a nice laugh, low and warm, with a suggestion of intimacy, as if the joke were one which only the two of them would find amusing. "Don't apologize. It is a dull party—that's the reason we both came out here, isn't it?"

She looked at him more carefully now, saw a long, loose-limbed body, a face that was strong, sharply modeled, humorous—and yet, somehow, strained and tense. "You're Bill Sayres," she said flatly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Tommy—Tommy Burden, you know—looked for you when we came in. I'm—"

"Mary Jane Walker," he supplied instantly.

"Why, yes. Have we ever met before?"

"Only by proxy," he said. "Do you remember, some years ago, you posed for an ad—a toothpaste ad?"

"Do I! It was the first job I ever had in New York."

"You probably also remember that your picture was made into a big electric sign in Times Square."

"Yes, I used to stand and watch myself flashing off and on—it made me feel better (*Continued on page 52*)

Illustration by B. Rieger



CHILD WELFARE

IS YOUR WELFARE

■

**A nation's security
depends on the health
of its children—are
you doing your share?**



by Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

*As broadcast over CBS under the sponsorship of
the U. S. Department of Labor on Child Health Day*

WE all know that unless we have children that are growing up healthily and happily, well cared for in our nation, our civilization is not going on successfully. Therefore, we are all of us, whether we have children of our own or not, interested in the children of the nation.

Having that interest, we find that our first concern is to discover what are the factors that affect the health of the child; and immediately we recognize that it is the general condition of the people of the communities as a whole. The economic condition of our people is important to the life of the child. The housing of the people is important to the health of the child. The sanitation of the communities, the education, the recreation—everything that forms the life of the community touches somewhere the child. And therefore, when we begin to attack specific problems, we find that we have to attack all the problems that concern the

people of the community.

Now, we cannot take up, of course, the conditions that lie back of the reasons for our very low standing in the care of our mothers and babies, but we all know that the reason is really that as a whole we citizens of this country have never given as much time and thought as we should to the conditions of our individual communities.

No amount of trained workers, no amount of money, even, if it is not spent in the cause of the interest of the individual citizens in their own community, is going to achieve the maximum results for the children of the country!

Of course, we must begin when we consider child health with the health of the mother—the right of the child to come into the world without handicap. We are waking up to the fact that there are many things which contribute to the handicapping of a child, and I'm glad to say that we're facing those things today—young and old alike—and I think it will mean a great deal to future generations.

But we must not stop in our communities with that problem alone. We must study our own community and we must decide where we are able to do the best work. We must decide where our particular gifts may be used and use them. I sometimes think that the parable of the gentleman who (Continued on page 82)

RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

■ "Buck Benny Rides Again."
Your Sunday night radio comedian
is a two-gun totin' cowboy in
Paramount's "Artists and Models
Abroad." And he's got lovely
Gwen Kenyon to back him up, too.



Above, Miriam Hopkins and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., played the leading parts.



Outside CBS' Hollywood Playhouse, Paul Muni, Joe E. Brown and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

The Miracle

WITH THE YEAR'S MOST BRILLIANT PROGRAM, RADIO BRINGS TO LIFE A WORLD-RENOWNED PANTOMIME

THE scene: the new CBS Hollywood Playhouse, on a Sunday evening in June. The reason: the inauguration of Max Reinhardt's dramatic workshop, dedicated to the discovery of new talent for stage, screen and radio and the establishment of a permanent annual Hollywood

Festival modeled after the famous Salzburg Festival which Reinhardt helped found. An array of Hollywood stars joined in an hour program of celebration during which Reinhardt's pantomime "The Miracle" was given voice.

Below, Miriam Hopkins takes a lesson in her part as the Nun from the great Max Reinhardt.



Left, the Saint Brendon's Choir Boys were gathered together for the Cathedral background.



Right, hands and hair belong to Bill Bacher, producer of the show.



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR



Between scenes, Doug, Jr., Ed Robinson, Master of Ceremonies, and the Paul Munis.



Olivia de Havilland played the Madonna, Constance Collier, the Abbess, and Doug, Bellidore.

Photos by Fink

A prize candid photo of Paul Muni as he scans Igor Gorin's song for the musical background.





Photos by Fink

RIVALS CUT A CAKE—AND SOME

Above, the swimming pool was boarded over for a dancefloor. Ginger Rogers, with finger raised, led the "Big Apple." Below, serious Jack Benny and serious George Burns solo.

Capers



RADIO'S
PHOTO-
MIRROR

Hollywood's still laughing! The Burnses finally top the Bennys with a party to celebrate Mary Livingstone's birthday



Their faces tell the story—Mrs. Don Ameche, Robert Young and one of the Ritz Brothers.



The birthday gal and her husband. Note the ring, brooch and bracelet, presents from Jack.



Above, the cake Mary cut was a model of the new Benny mansion. Bob Young, George, Fannie Brice, Jack and hostess Gracie Allen help carry on. Below, Mrs. Joe E. Brown, Mary, Joe and Jack swing it.



Above, just looking on, Frank Parker, Andy Devine, Sally Haines and Al Jolson. Below, left, Jack Oakie whirls Ginger while Gracie wows 'em with a song, with proud husband George doing the accompaniment.

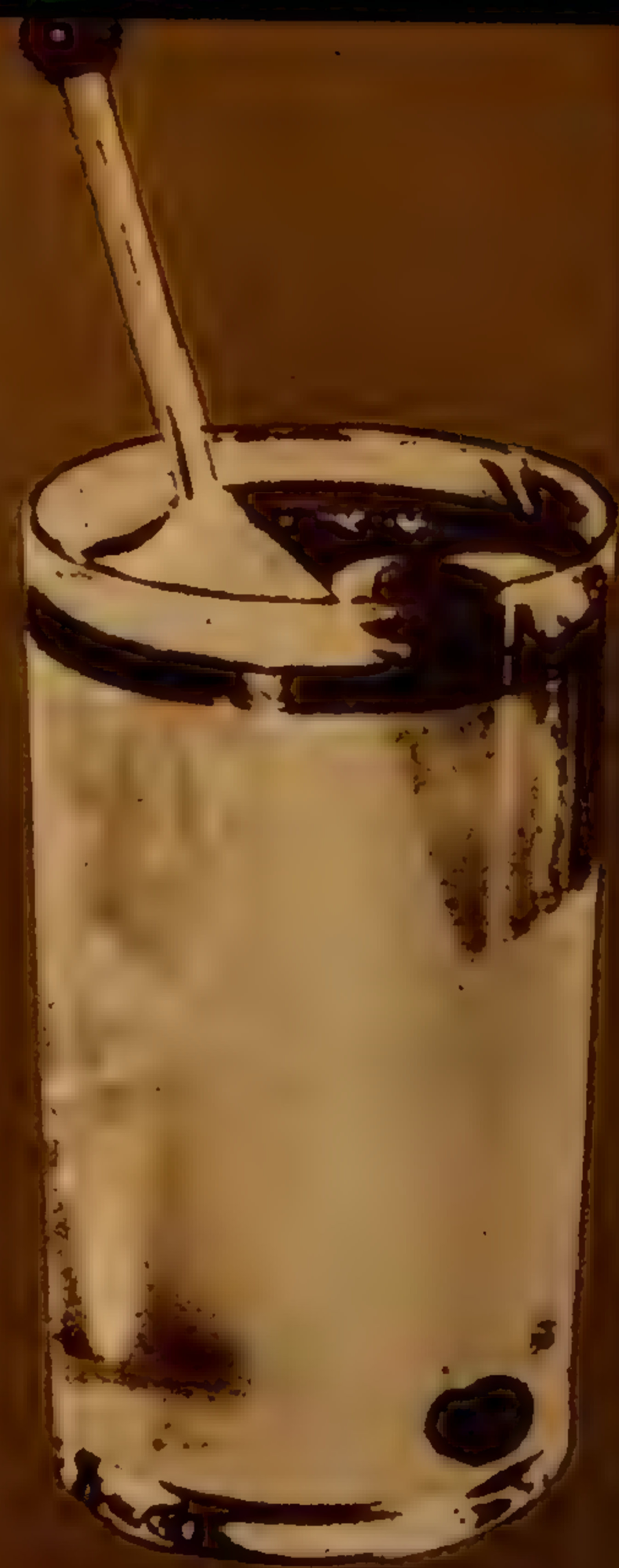


"TRUE OR FALSE"

Think you're smart? Then let your brain
tussle with these knotty problems from a
top radio show—and you may think again

HERE'S another in RADIO MIRROR's series of pictorial True or False problems, suggested by Dr. Harry Hagan, high chief questioner of the True or False radio program on NBC's Blue network every Monday night at 10:00 E.D.S.T. Take a look at the pictures, and then decide whether the statements below them are right or wrong. But don't depend on the pictures themselves to give you a hint, because sometimes they'll only confuse

the issue. And here's another suggestion—you can play the True or False game with a party of friends if you have each contestant write his answer on a slip of paper instead of using the space beneath the pictures. The correct answers will be found on page 66 of this issue. If you like to tease your brain you're sure to love the radio program itself. RADIO MIRROR thanks the sponsors, the J. B. Williams Co., for permission to publish this feature.



2 A jin-ricksha is a popular beverage, particularly in summer.
True ☐ False ☐



1 Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in the 15th Century.
True ☐ False ☐



3 A tartan is one of the traditional Scottish plaids.
True ☐ False ☐

4 The pith helmet Gary Cooper is wearing is a topee.
True ☐ False ☐





5 An Orang-Outang is a citrous fruit found in semi-tropical countries.
True ☐ False ☐



6 A quart of cream is heavier than a quart of milk.
True ☐ False ☐



7 The Hope diamond is the most famous of all Great Britain's Crown Jewels.
True ☐ False ☐

Courtesy of Borden's

Courtesy of Cartier



8 Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.
True ☐ False ☐

9 The Mason and Dixon line is an old American railroad.
True ☐ False ☐



10 The hair ornament Marlene Dietrich wears is a catcomb.
True ☐ False ☐

"STAND BY" — *Radio's*



Photographed exclusively for Radio Mirror by Bert Lawson

RADIO MIRROR takes you exclusively to spend a day at "Standby," radio's first cooperative summer camp, founded by Columbia's staff of announcers, engineers and producers. The rustic 14-room house with private grounds, boathouse complete to a 25-foot launch, is situated on picturesque Lake

Betty Tuthill of CBS' Adult Education programs, is enjoying her ride on the aquaplane—but look what happened on the opposite page. Below, mealtime, most popular event of the day.



Below, with their backs to the camera, Bert Parks and Betty head toward the boathouse. Right, swing session, with dress optional, starring emcee Mel Allen and Gwen Jones.



First Cooperative Camp



Hopatcong in New Jersey, and was rented for \$800 a season. A single share costs \$40 and for couples the ante is boosted to \$75. The cost for feeding the hungry mob is shared equally; cooking is done by the wives and some of the boys who have shown notable culinary feats; members and guests pitch in with the housework.



Too bad, Betty, and you were sailing along so smoothly, too. Above, center, members of CBS' co-op radio summer rendezvous standing in the entrance to their vacation haven.



Above, Bert and Betty getting a suntan. Below, Art Millet takes Helen his wife, Bert Parks and Betty riding in his speedboat.



Above, the gang gathers for cokes and jokes at the "Madhouse." Below, Paul LaPorte and Betty take bridge seriously while Mrs. John Wolf fixes a cool drink and Hal Davis rests.



HOW WOMEN CAN

Fight Crime

By COL. H. NORMAN SCHWARZKOPF



Former head of New Jersey's State Police, nationally known for his work in the Lindbergh kidnapping case and a renowned consulting criminologist, Colonel Schwarzkopf conducts the CBS Gang Busters program every Wednesday night at 8:00, EDST.

ONE of the major problems confronting our nation today is the problem of crime. Statistics from Washington show that the second largest industry in the United States is crime, involving annually in excess of \$15,000,000,000. And what makes it a more serious problem, and one of even greater importance to the women of our nation, is the further fact that more than 20% of the known and recorded criminals are not yet of voting age. Think of it, more

**YOU are best equipped for the job
that must be done now—wiping out
America's second biggest industry**

than one-fifth of our criminals are found among our American youth, and realize what a reflection this is upon our youth, and what a terrible reflection it is upon our adults.

So often I am asked the question by responsible citizens, "What can I do to assist in the Crusade Against Crime?" There is really so much that each individual can do, and the effect of every decent citizen doing his part would be so far-reaching, that it makes it a worth-while endeavor to point out to those of our citizenry who want to be decent, and who want to do their part in an honest and sincere manner, just what they can do. I feel it not only a privilege but I look upon it as a widespread National influence to have this opportunity to address the women of our Nation on this subject.

Frequently one hears the comment, "If the police were doing their duty we would have less crime," and I feel constrained, in the interest of public information, to point out that, probably of all phases of governmental activity, the greatest advance that has been made in the last century has been made in the field of enforcement. A hundred years ago the only enforcement agency existing in this country was the Watch and Ward, a group of men having regular occupations during the day-time, who were appointed to these positions of public trust for political patronage purposes, and who found in their public office a fine opportunity to be paid for sleeping. Rules and regulations, tradition, records, continuity of work, recognition of merit, incentive to accomplishment, protection in office, coordination of activity, and intelligent investigation and enforcement were unknown, and to be perfectly frank, unexpected.

We need only cast a brief glance at our modern police system, in which every small hamlet has its regularly organized police department, large cities have highly organized and (Continued on page 76)

THE STORY OF MUSIC



Beethoven in the forest—
portrait by Julius Schmid.

By ROSE HEYLBUT

You'll find the key to today's storehouse of melodic riches in the heartaches and triumphs of the geniuses who gave us such a golden wealth of music

THE Romantic Age! A new desire for freedom was in the air. The rights of the common man began to supersede those

servient to the rich nobles, Beethoven snubbed them. Independent, stubborn, full of faith in himself, he broke off the most in-

fluential connections when they ceased to please him.

Soon it became an honor if Beethoven would play for the nobility! Before he was thirty, he became afflicted with deafness, which grew worse until he could no longer hear even his beloved music. More and more, he withdrew into himself, a tragic, lonely figure. At a performance of his sublime Ninth Symphony, Beethoven could not hear the applause, and someone turned him around to face the audience and see the people's enthusiasm. He fell in love with a young Countess and let the romance become wrecked when the democrat within him couldn't tolerate the



Schubert, the lyricist, whose life was full of pathos.

of the privileged classes. Seven giants (together with a host of smaller men) built the glory of Romantic music. The lives of most of them overlapped, and several knew and aided each other. They developed practically no new forms, but used the forms in hand to express the new throb of freedom that pulsed in the air. This new stress on individualism makes it helpful to know something of the personal lives of the composers. So, let's have a look at these seven giants, singling out their special contributions to music, all of which were different yet all of which unite to form Romanticism.

Ludwig van Beethoven, the greatest of them all, lived through tragedy, and gave music the loftiest grandeur of human compassion. His father was a drunkard, and his mother a hard-worked cook. As a child, he was beaten into practicing more than twelve hours a day, so that he could learn new pieces and make money for the family by playing them in public. Later, he was sent to Vienna to study, where he scandalized Haydn with his revolutionary ideas. Where other musicians were sub-



An artistic impression of Heine, the poet (chin in hand), Mendelssohn (arms folded) and George Sand, listening to Frederic Chopin at the piano.

difference their social positions created between them. Beethoven never married.

Beethoven's contribution to music is the individual splendor of his thoughts and emotions, best expressed in his symphonies and piano sonatas (though these were by no means all he wrote). Except for introducing the Scherzo movement into the sonata form, he invented nothing new. But he opened new gateways of emotional freedom. The *Pathétique* and *Moonlight* sonatas (for piano), the towering
(Continued on page 70)

INSPIRED BY THE RADIO TRIUMPHS OF ARTURO TOSCANINI

**A surging climax to a
compelling story
brings love and un-
derstanding to heal
the scars left by a
too modern marriage**

Betty

Illustration by
Edgar McGraw



The story thus far:

WHEN Bob Drake asked his wife, Betty, to divorce him, she consented, though she was sure he still loved her. Not until too late did she learn that Bob had been victimized by Countess Velvaine, who had tricked Bob into thinking he'd committed murder and was demanding that he marry her as the price of her silence. On the day of Bob's divorce, Velvaine's plot caught up with her when the witness to the real murderer shot Velvaine. Bob, exhausted from the days when he thought he was a murderer, collapsed, and Betty was forced to open a dress shop. In this she was helped by an older man, Harvey Drew, who expressed his deep and sincere love for her in kindness and friendship. While Bob slowly fought his way out of collapse, Betty began

wondering whom she really loved, irresponsible Bob, or the older, more dependable Harvey. Through Harvey's influence, Betty was able to get the services of famous Dr. Forman, who brought Bob back from his world of shadows. But when Bob learned of Betty's dress shop, he relapsed and became better only when Betty promised to remarry him once he was well again. Recuperating in the country, Bob met Pamela Talmadge, a debutante who fell in love with him at first sight. Learning about Betty and Bob, she determined to fight for him, and on meeting Betty, boldly threatened to win Bob's love by any means in her power, but Betty was still not able to decide whether she wanted to surrender Bob and marry Harvey.

and

Bob



• Somehow it seemed so natural, Bob and Bobby on the floor once more . . . laughter and love after so much pain.

A FICTIONIZATION BY LYNN BURR OF THE POPULAR RADIO PROGRAM OF THE SAME NAME

(Copyright 1938 by General Mills, Inc.)

CONCLUSION

BOB felt strange, being invited out to the cottage for dinner. It seemed funny, knocking on the door of his own home, the little home he and Betty had shared for so many happy years together, waiting to be admitted, as a guest.

It was Gardenia who answered his knock, and seeing him, she flung the door open wide. "Mr. Bob! I does declare. Come in."

"Hello Gardenia."

"Mr. Bob. Oh, I prayed for you all the time you wus in the hospital. How's you feelin'?"

"Just fine, Gardenia. I've been up in the mountains for over a month, and I'm feeling my old self again."

He looked around the room. "Where's Mrs. Drake?"

"She hasn't come home from business."

Hadn't come home from business? Bob felt a queer sensation surge thru him. That wasn't right. Oh, his world seemed to have been turned topsy turvy. But then his face lighted up with joy as his son came running into the room to greet him. Thank God for one thing, thank God for Bobby.

"Daddy!" He threw himself in Bob's arms, held him tight. "Oh, Daddy, I'm so glad you came back."

Bob's eyes dimmed with tears as he held Bobby close. "Son, I'm glad to be back. Have you been a good boy?"

"Yes. But I've got a mean old cold again."

"That'll go away soon, son." (Continued on page 72)

LET'S PLAY

GAMES

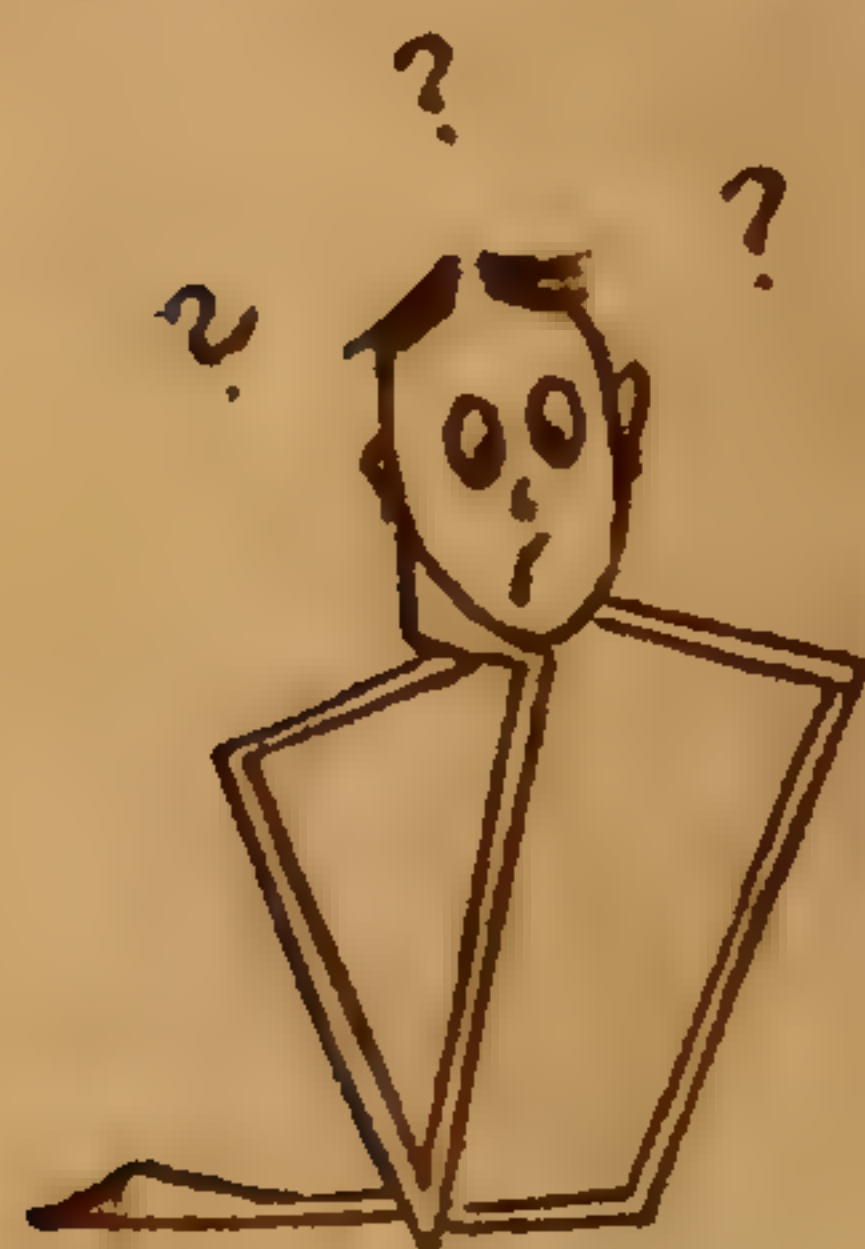
If you've been within one hundred feet of a radio in the past few weeks of hot weather, you know it's games and more games that are making the best listening. So RADIO MIRROR, to stay in the swim, has persuaded radio's newest game expert to bring its readers a special game hunt of their own—Jane Martin, whose games you play every Wednesday on the Town Hall Tonight program.

Now, all you have to do is pick out a soft spot under a shady apple tree (a hammock will do or even your favorite easy chair in the house), tuck a pencil behind your ear, grip RADIO MIRROR firmly in both hands, and begin. It's guaranteed to help you forget that the thermometer has reached ninety.

While these games are designed first for your individual pleasure, the next time your friends gather, complaining about the heat, whip out RADIO MIRROR and open it to these pages. Watch the frowns turn to beams!

Let's start with a game that looks easier than it is. Miss Martin has furnished you with the first word but the rest is strictly up to you.

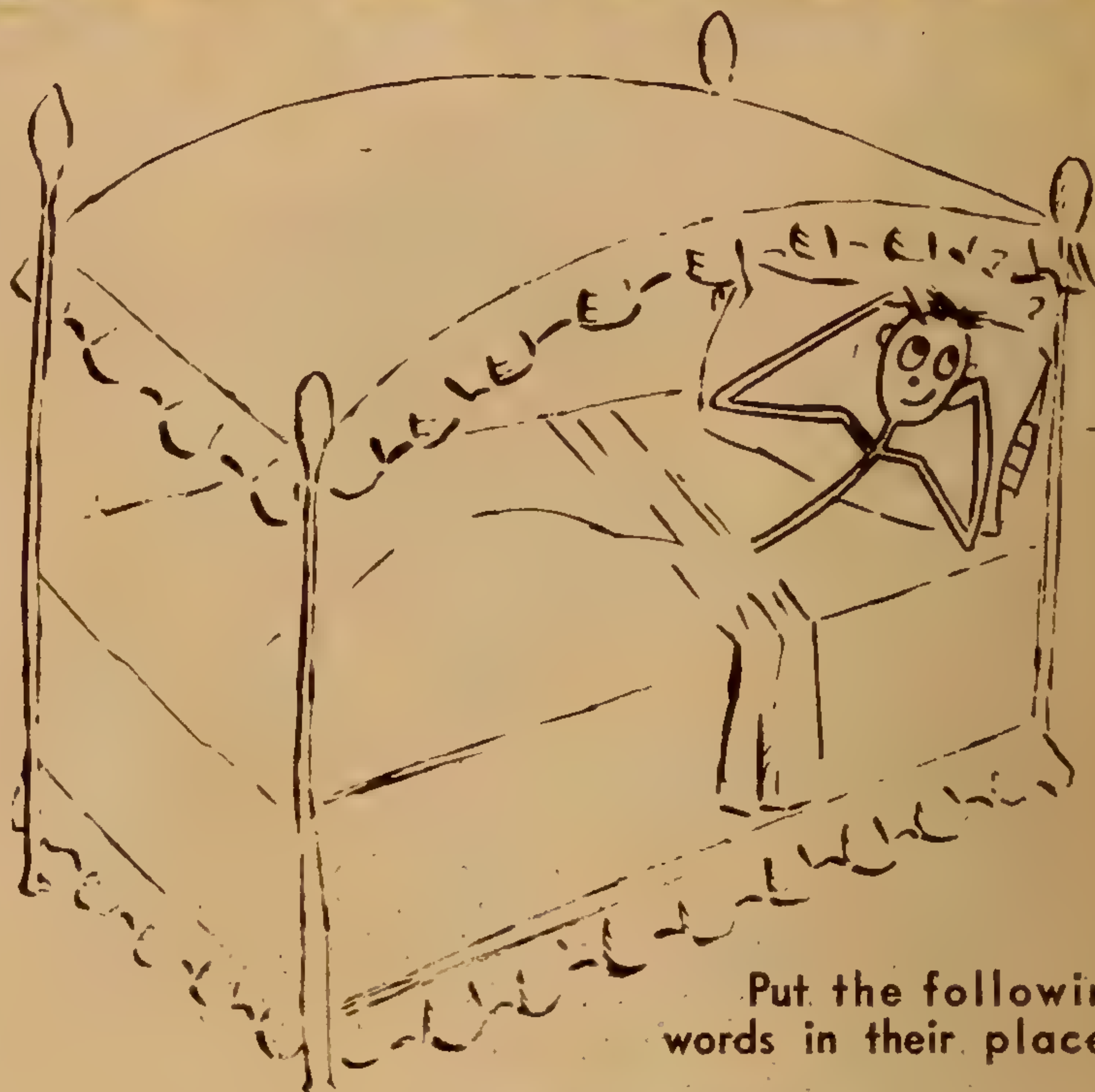
HEARTS AND FLOWERS



Calling all horticulturists!

YOU amateur horticulturists should shine at this one. If your garden is full, you'll get one hundred percent. Just name the flower each one of these statements suggests.

1. Fragrant letters. (Sweet Peas).
2. One end of the family pet.
3. A fair flower between two mountains.
4. My first is made in a dairy and is measured in my second.
5. A dude and an animal.
6. My first wears my second on its head.
7. A bird that rises early and an implement that makes the horse go.
8. A yellow stick.
9. What Cinderella should have advertised for.
10. What a fortune hunter would like to do.



Put the following words in their places.

FILL 'ER UP!

Roof Tester Burning Excused Pillar Frame
Canopy Chamber Pineapple Falling
Embarrassment Maple

WE were led to the guest (chamber). The bed was a four poster with posts, and a tester running from to post. You would think that a might be a man who went around trying out beds to see if they were comfortable, but it's really a kind of that holds a over the bed in case it rains and the leaks. All this was new to me, so I tried to cover my at my ignorance and with face and glance, I myself and went to bed.

TONGUE TWISTERS

WHILE there's nothing new about the principle of this game, there are lots of new twistors when you try these brand new mixtures of verbs, vowels and consonants. A swell way to put this game across is to put up a prize and then have an elimination contest. Take each guest in turn and have him try to go through the list of ten. The one who pronounces the most twistors perfectly, is the winner.

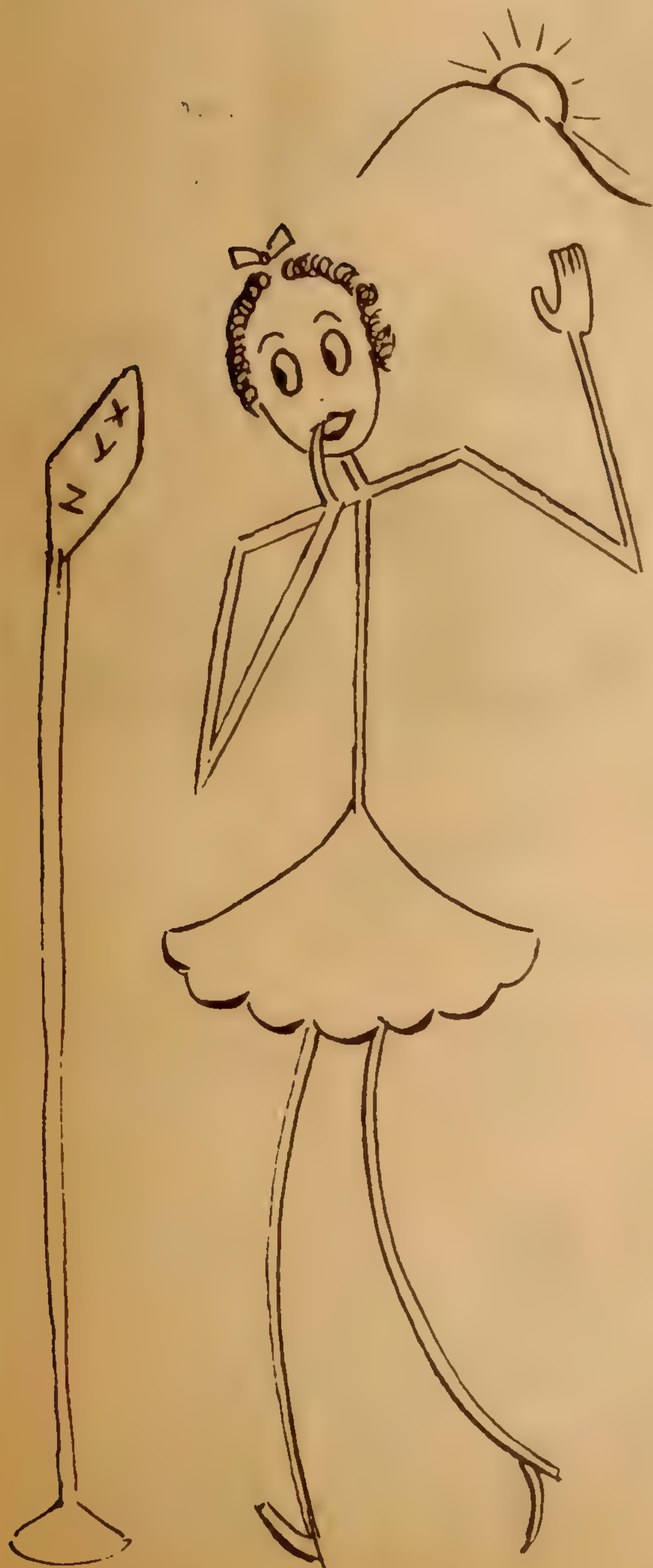
Shy sunshine Sue shuns sunshine.
A box of biscuits, a box of mixed biscuits and a biscuit mixer.
Amiable Annabelle.
Six thick thistle sticks.
Chief sheep section.
Twin sweater sets.
Bluebeard brought back black bric-a-brac.
A big blue blister bleeding badly.
Sister Susie still stitches sugar sacks slowly.
Wicked witches whisk switches.

BY
JANE MARTIN

Sketches by the Author

Get out your pencil,
put on your thinking
cap, and get to work.
We guarantee you'll
forget all about the
rising thermometer!

The correct answers to all these
games will be found on page 68.



FAMOUS PEOPLE

YOU can tell President Franklin D. Roosevelt by his sunny smile
or his fireside chats. It wouldn't be hard for you to describe
Boake Carter and his VEDDY VEDDY British accent. Well each
of these ten couplets describes a famous person. Do you know
who they are?

I hope Ted Malone, radio's friendly poet, doesn't criticize the
verse. I never said I was Edna St. Vincent Millay.

1. Here is a woman who is known near and far.
She swung her hatchet from bar to bar. (Carrie Nation)
2. A most gallant hero, you should know his name.
A courteous gesture gave him his fame.
3. This man was ugly, but a friend indeed.
To his own love another man's cause did he plead.
4. His wife a great woman, gave him his fame.
Now a gentleman's coat bears his name.
5. This man lived in darkness, the world shut away.
Yet his prose gave us beauty that still lives today.
6. Against strong opposition, this woman's great zeal
started a profession that helps mankind to heal.
7. For violin music he cared quite a lot,
Unmindful that things were getting too hot.
8. This man's a genius, the scientists say
He's the Sir Isaac Newton of today.
9. Although not a tailor, his experiments led
to saving lives with needle and thread.
10. A shipwrecked sailor, too long had he tarried.
By the time he came home his wife had remarried.



A courteous gesture
gave his name fame.

GIVE KATE HER RIGHT NAME

This little morsel is dediKATED to Kate Smith, if Ted Collins has no
objections. I hope you finish it before the "moon comes over the
mountain."

Each of these sentences describes a word that ends in C A T E .

1. Kate is a good pleader - - - - - (advo.....cate.)
2. This Kate sometimes gets out of joint - - - - - (.....cate.)
3. Kate is very frail - - - - - (.....cate.)
4. This Kate sometimes makes things double - - - - - (.....cate.)
5. Kate points out clearly - - - - - (.....cate.)
6. This Kate is perplexing - - - - - (.....cate.)
7. Kate often gets smothered - - - - - (.....cate.)
8. This poor Kate is not always truthful - - - - - (.....cate.)
9. This Kate makes the wheels run smoothly - - - - - (.....cate.)
10. This Kate often prays earnestly - - - - - (.....cate.)

CONTINUED ON PAGE 54

HOLLYWOOD RADIO WHISPERS

By
GEORGE FISCHER



Right, Eddie Robinson going over his fall script for Big Town. Below, Shirley Ross and Ken Murray, the inseparables.

Below, Martha Raye and her fiance, David Rose, who is also her musical arranger. They plan to marry sometime in the early fall.



Columbia Pictures

For some lively listening, tune in George Fischer's Hollywood Whispers Sunday nights over the Mutual chain.



News and views of your West Coast favorites as served up by our new correspondent-sleuth

BURNS and Allen are still waiting for Paramount to make up its mind whether George joins Gracie in her newest movie "The G. A. Murder Case," by S. S. Van Dine appearing in RADIO MIRROR on page 10. Meanwhile, the radio team signed songwriters Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby to compose original miniature musicals for their new air series!

Sad-eyed Louella Parsons will be on the air this fall, even though her present contract has fallen through.

The newest fad in Hollywood is the Pictograph—a pencil with a picture and autograph of your favorite radio or film star. It has Hollywood's

hearty approval, for most of the proceeds will be turned over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund.

There is an amusing clause in Bing Crosby's unusual straight ten-year contract with his present radio sponsors. It reads: "This contract is void if Mr. Crosby loses his voice permanently!"

Hollywood expects that Martha Raye will be Mrs. David Rose when she returns to the film town from her vacation! But what it doesn't know is, she may retire to concentrate on married life!

To Don Ameche's many accom-

plishments was added another recently. I have been told that Don is preparing a play for production on Broadway this fall!

Gossiper Jimmie Fidler admitted he had signed for two more pictures with Warner Brothers. I told him that Walter Winchell turned down offers from Fox for another picture, whereupon Jimmie cracked: "So long as they lay it on the line—in nice big chunks—I'll act in pictures—and LIKE IT!"

Claire Trevor, of Big Town radio fame, is currently appearing in the movie, "Five of a Kind," which features the Dionne Quints. It is curious
(Continued on page 77)

RADIO MIRROR • **almanac**

AUGUST 24 TO SEPTEMBER 22

KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO HEAR AS WELL AS
WHEN YOU CAN HEAR IT BY USING THIS COM-
PLETE PROGRAM GUIDE AND CALENDAR OF THE
MONTH'S IMPORTANT LISTENING HIGHLIGHTS



PACIFIC STANDARD TIME			CENTRAL STANDARD TIME			E. S. T.			Eastern Daylight Time		
									8:00	NBC-Blue: Peerless Trio	NBC-Red: Organ Recital
									8:30	NBC-Blue: Tone Pictures	NBC-Red: Four Showmen
									8:45	NBC-Red: Animal News	
									9:00	CBS: From The Organ Loft	NBC-Blue: White Rabbit Line
										NBC-Red: Alice Remsen, Geo. Griffin	
									9:15	NBC-Red: Tom Terriss	
									9:30	NBC-Red: Melody Moments	
									9:55	CBS: Press Radio News	
									10:00	CBS: Church Of The Air	
									10:00	NBC-Blue: Russian Melodies	
									10:00	NBC-Red: Highlights Of The Bible	
									10:30	CBS: Wings Over Jordan	
									10:30	NBC-Blue: Dreams of Long Ago	
									11:00	CBS: Charles Paul	
									11:00	NBC: Press Radio News	
									11:05	NBC-Blue: Alice Remsen, contralto	
									11:05	NBC-Red: The Pine Tavern	
									11:15	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell	
									11:30	CBS: Major Bowes Family	
									11:30	NBC-Blue: Rollini Trio	
									11:30	NBC-Red: Madrigal Singers	
									11:45	NBC-Blue: Bill Stern	
									11:45	NBC-Red: Norsemen Quartet	
									12:00 Noon		
									12:00	NBC-Blue: Southernaires	
									12:00	NBC-Red: Silver Strings	
									12:30	CBS: Salt Lake City Tabernacle	
									12:30	NBC-Blue: Radio City Music Hall	
									1:00	CBS: Church Of The Air	
									1:00	NBC-Red: Shakespeare's England	
									1:30	CBS: Foreign Program	
									1:30	NBC-Blue: Way Down Home	
									1:30	NBC-Red: Glen Darwin, Helen Henry	
									1:45	CBS: Poet's Gold	
									1:45	NBC-Red: Bob Becker	
									2:00	CBS: Walberg Brown Strings	
									2:00	NBC-Blue: The Magic Key of RCA	
									2:00	NBC-Red: Sunday Dinner at Aunt Fanny's	
									2:30	CBS: Summer Session	
									2:30	NBC-Red: Sunday Drivers	
									3:00	CBS: Everybody's Music	
									3:30	NBC-Blue: Louise Florea	
									3:45	NBC-Blue: Three Cheers	
									4:00	NBC-Blue: Sunday Vespers	
									4:00	NBC-Red: Ranger's Serenade	
									4:30	NBC-Blue: Nola Day	
									4:30	NBC-Red: The World is Yours	
									5:00	NBC-Blue: There Was A Woman	
									5:00	NBC-Red: Marion Talley	
									5:30	NBC-Blue: Jean Sablon	
									5:30	NBC-Red: Spy Secrets	
									5:45	NBC-Blue: The Master Builder	
									6:00	CBS: Music for Fun	
									6:00	NBC-Blue: WLW Summer Concert	
									6:00	NBC-Red: Catholic Hour	
									6:30	CBS: Billy House	
									6:30	NBC-Blue: Canadian Grenadier Band	
									6:30	NBC-Red: A Tale of Today	
									7:00	CBS: Phil Cook's Almanac	
									7:00	NBC-Blue: Popular Classics	
									7:00	NBC-Red: Hobby Lobby	
									7:30	CBS: Passing Parade	
									7:30	NBC-Blue: Budding Talent	
									7:30	NBC-Red: Interesting Neighbors	
									8:00	CBS: The World Dances	
									8:00	NBC-Blue: Spy at Large	
									8:00	NBC-Red: Don Ameche, Edgar Bergen, Nelson Eddy, Stroud Twins	
									8:30	NBC-Blue: Songs We Remember	
									9:00	NBC-Blue: Win Your Lady	
									9:00	NBC-Red: Manhattan Merry Go-Round	
									9:30	NBC-Blue: Walter Winchell	
									9:30	NBC-Red: American Album of Familiar Music	
									9:45	NBC-Blue: Irene Rich	
									10:00	NBC-Blue: Richard Himber Orch.	
									10:00	NBC-Red: Horace Heidt	
									10:30	CBS: Headlines and Bylines	
									10:30	NBC-Blue: Cheerio	
									10:30	NBC-Red: University of Chicago Round Table Discussions	
									11:00	NBC-Blue: Dance Orchestra	
									11:00	NBC-Red: Dance Orchestra	
									11:30	Dance Music	

Motto of the Day



By
Horace
Heidt

Even your best friend will wear out if you use him.

Highlights for Sunday, August 28

UNLESS that appendicitis operation he underwent in Holland has upset his plans too thoroughly, *Don Ameche* will be back on the *Chase and Sanborn* hour tonight at 8:00 on *NBC-Red*—in fact, he was supposed to return last week. Everybody will be glad to get Don back on the air, because he's probably the best master of ceremonies in the business—besides knowing how to put *Charlie McCarthy* in his place. . . . This morning, at 11:05, listen to *The Pine Tavern*, a new program series about a lovable Vermont family. Its author, *Merritt P. Allen*, is one of radio's most prolific

writers—and has never in his life set foot in New York, where most of his scripts are produced. He lives in Vermont, with his uncle and aunt, on a farm that has been in the Allen family for three hundred years. About forty years old, he has been an invalid for many years. . . . Want to know what sort of a man William Shakespeare was? Then listen at 1:00 this afternoon to *Shakespeare's England* on the *NBC-Red* network. The most famous playwright who ever lived is the hero of this new series. . . . *Spy Secrets* has replaced the *Radio Newsreel* on *NBC-Red* at 5:30.

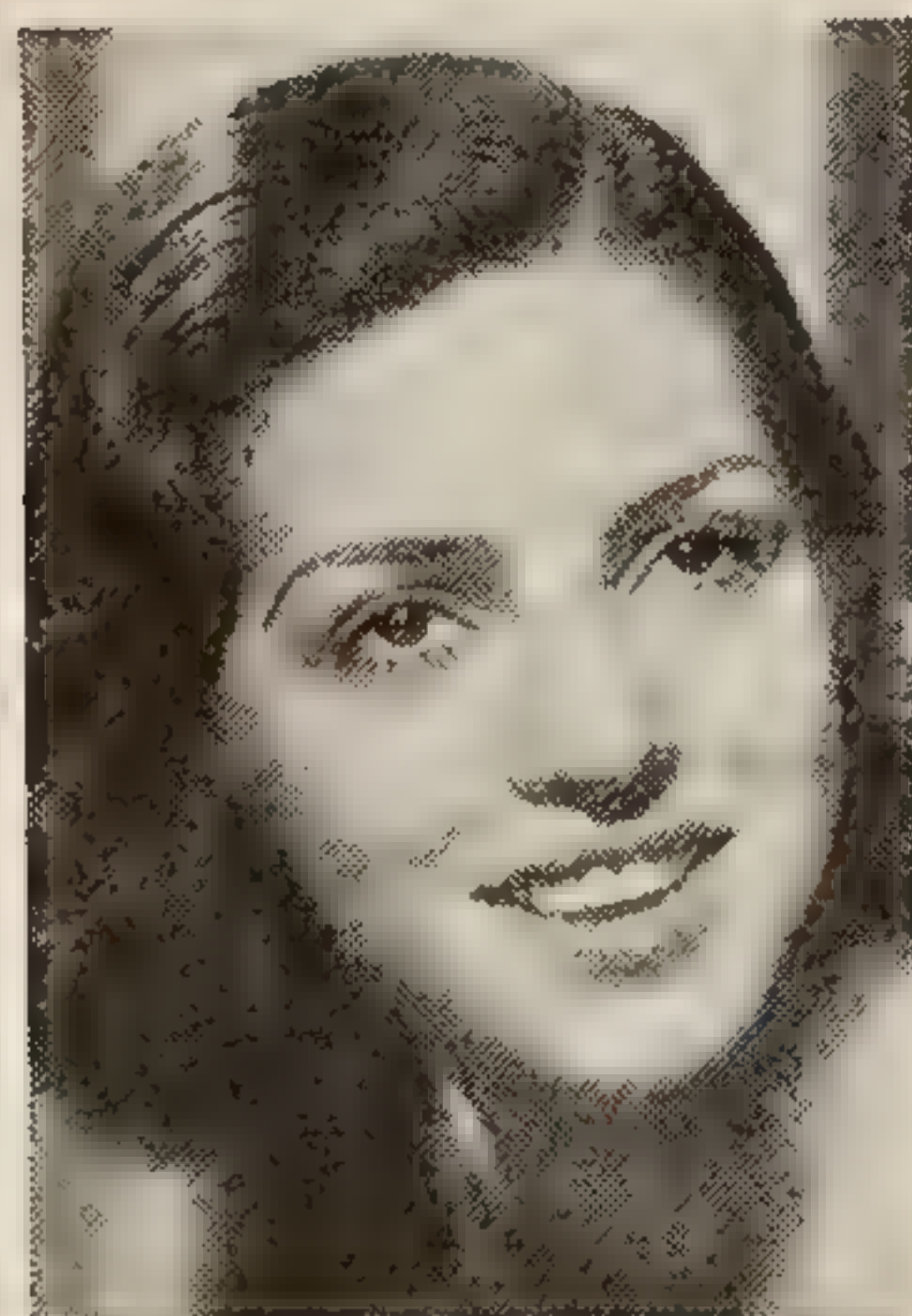


Barring an upset in his plans, Don Ameche will be back on the air at 8:00 tonight.

Highlights For Sunday Sept. 4

MUTUAL has a new show for your attention tonight at 6:30. To be called the *Show of the Week*, it will feature different famous dance bands every Sunday at this time—and either *Guy Lombardo* or *Richard Himber* will be the main attraction tonight. . . . For all you tennis fans: This afternoon *Ted Husing* will continue to describe the *Davis Cup tennis finals* on *CBS*. They started yesterday—if you were listening. . . . Holidaying week-enders will enjoy the *CBS Summer Session*, with *Barry Wood*, at 2:30 this afternoon. Barry leaves something to be desired as a master of ceremonies, but his singing is swell and so is the rest of the music on this

program. . . . *Nan Wynn*, the little girl vocalist on the *Summer Session*, was born in Wheeling, West Virginia, twenty years ago. People who knew her as a child certainly never expected her to be singing on a national radio network—she couldn't get a place on the school glee club because of her inability to sing the *National Anthem*. . . . But she wanted to sing and kept on studying until she got into vaudeville, and from there into radio. . . . Nan spends most of her spare time looking for unusual swing songs, and is one of the few vocalists who sing *Raymond Scott's* weird compositions. You may have seen her recently in a movie short.

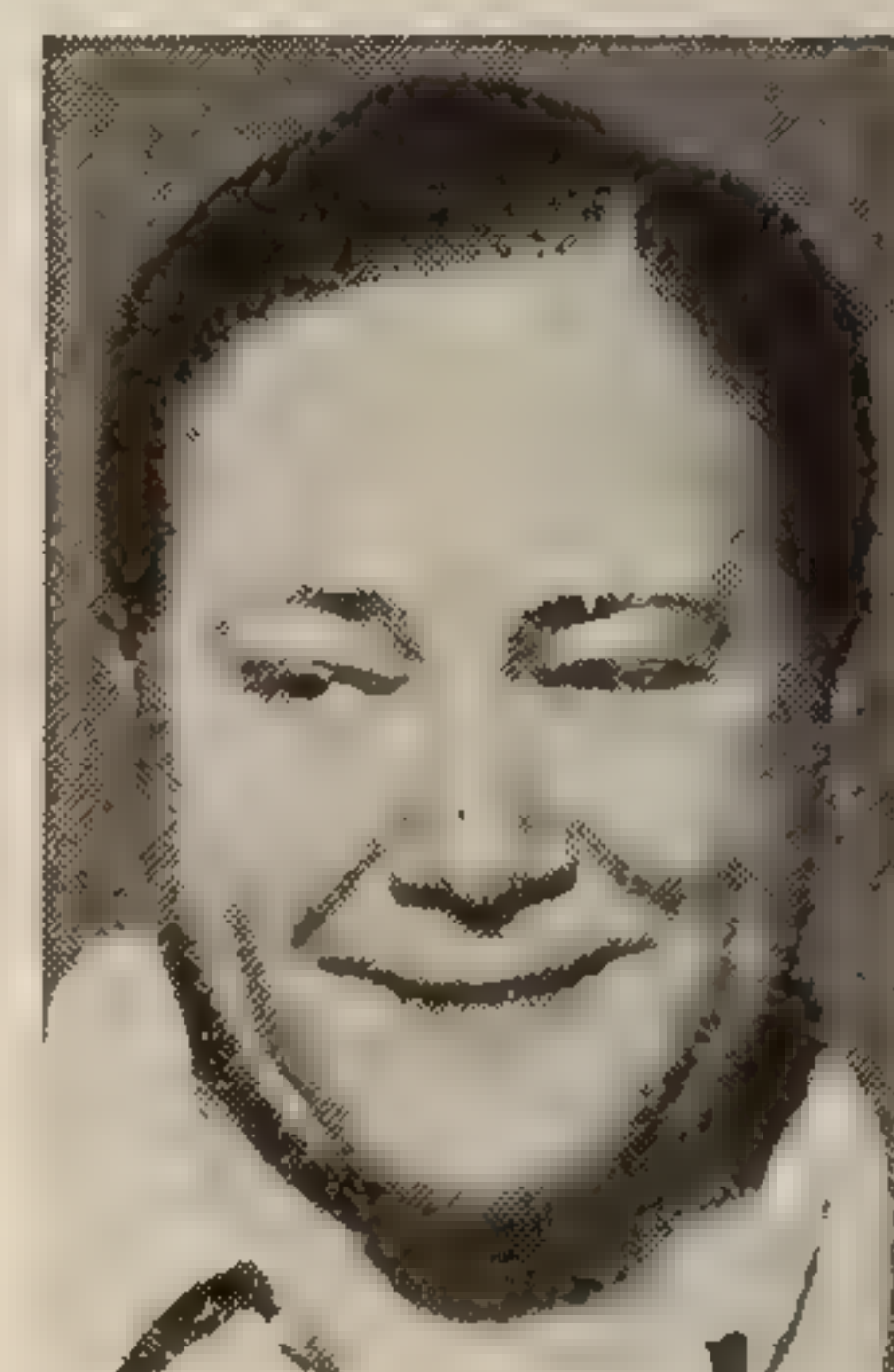


Listen to Nan Wynn, CBS singer, on this afternoon's *Summer Session* show at 2:30.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 11

STILL more signs that summer's over and the big 1938-1939 radio season is at hand! Four of your favorite shows are returning to the air, hurrying in to keep up the tradition that Sunday's the best listening day of the week. . . . First entrant is *Bob Becker* in his talks about dogs, which you really ought to listen to if you have a favorite pooch around your home. Bob is on *NBC-Red* from 1:45 to 2:00 this afternoon. . . . Next, at 5:00 on *Mutual*, the *Musical Steelmakers* return, with *Sara Rehm*, lovely blonde soprano, as the featured soloist. Sara, as well as all the other artists on

the program, is an employee of the *Wheeling Steel Corporation* in West Virginia, where the show originates. . . . At 6:00 this afternoon, on *MBS*, *George Jessel* is slated to bring back his successful program of last year for another season. And of course his lovely wife, *Norma Talmadge*, will be with him. . . . And tonight, at 9:00 on *CBS*, one of the old-established favorites returns—the *Ford Symphony Hour*—thus squashing rumors that *Henry Ford* was going to turn a cold shoulder to radio this year. *John Charles Thomas* is the guest star of the evening, and *Eugene Ormandy* directs the orchestra.



John Charles Thomas sings tonight as a guest star on the returning *Ford Hour*.

Highlights For Sunday, Sept. 18

GLAMOROUS *Gladys Swarthout* is the guest star tonight on the *Ford* program, *CBS* at 9:00. *Eugene Ormandy* is still conducting the orchestra, and *W. J. Cameron* has one of his brief talks. . . . In the sports bracket, you can listen to the *Interzone tennis finals* from Brookline, Massachusetts. Two networks, *CBS* and *NBC*, both have the broadcast. . . . You'd enjoy *Way Down Home*, on *NBC-Blue* this afternoon at 1:30. It's a dramatization of episodes in the life of *James Whitcomb Riley*, America's Hoosier poet, and in its quiet way it is very effective and may even make

you want to shed a tear or two. . . . To make you feel more cheerful, listen to *Sunday Drivers*, on *NBC-Red* at 2:30. It's that rare thing, a comedy program with a purpose—which is to make motorists a little more safety-conscious. . . . *Phil Cook's Almanac* is on *CBS* at 7:00 now, while the *Billy House Laughliner* takes the former *Almanac* spot at 6:30. . . . Comedy is scarce in the late summer-time, so you'll probably not want to miss the *Laughliner*, even though—alas!—it isn't quite as funny as it might be. . . . To catch up on the past week's news—listen to *Headlines and Bylines*, *CBS* at 10:30.



Gladys Swarthout is the star soloist on tonight's *Ford Symphony* program at 9.

Eastern Daylight Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00 A.M.	NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Organ Melodies NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		8:30	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	CBS: Arthur Godfrey NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy
		9:15	NBC-Red: Frank Luther
		9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Just Neighbors
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:00	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Asher and Jimmie
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
9:45	8:30	10:45	CBS: Stepmother
		9:45	NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
		9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
		10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		9:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
		12:15	CBS: Irene Beasley
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: The Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Vic and Sade
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Road of Life
		11:30	NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS: The Gospel Singer
		1:45	NBC-Blue: Al Roth Orchestra
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS: Three Consoles
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Blue: U. S. Navy Band
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Procter and Gamble
		4:30	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		5:15	CBS: March of Games
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
		4:30	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: New Horizons
		4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Press Radio News
		6:30	NBC-Red: Sports Column
4:30	5:30	6:45	CBS: Lum and Abner
7:15	4:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	CBS: Ray Heatherton
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Alias Jimmy Valentine
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
		7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
7:30	7:30	6:30	NBC-Red: Angler and Hunter
7:30	7:30	6:30	CBS: Boake Carter
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Monday Night Show
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Bob Ripley
6:30	8:30	7:30	CBS: Pick and Pat
		7:30	NBC-Blue: Those We Love
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Voice of Firestone
		9:00	CBS: Lux Theater (Starts Sept. 12)
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: America's Rhythm Masters
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Cherniavsky's Orch.
		10:00	CBS: Wayne King
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: True or False
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: The Contented Hour

Motto
of the
Day



Monday won't be blue if you aren't.

By
Cecil B.
DeMille

Highlights For Monday, August 29

YOUR *Almanac* isn't saying so for certain, but the chances are that tonight will be your last chance to hear the *CBS Monday Night Show*. This is the eight-o'clock musical-comedy-variety program which has had such a checkered career. It started out last spring with Lou Holtz as its star, lost him, made Ted Husing master of ceremonies, added Henny Youngman late in the summer, and in general acted in a very unpredictable manner. Its contract-season runs out tonight, and while of course it may be renewed, it's not likely because the sponsors are beer-manufacturers, who are more inter-

ested in advertising in the summer than in the fall. . . . At 8:30 tonight, *E.D.S.T.*, you'll hear a young man who made quite a name for himself by his handling of the microphone during the *Howard Hughes* world flight. He's *Mel Allen*, announcer on the *CBS Pick and Pat* show, who also does a good deal of special-event reporting. It was Mel who pushed his way through the thousands of people at *Floyd Bennett Field* the day *Hughes* landed and secured the first broadcast statement from the famous flier—thereby making *CBS* very proud of itself and of Mel.



Mel Allen, who got a scoop for his *CBS* bosses, announces *Pick and Pat* tonight.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 5

HERE it is—the last holiday of the summer season—so you'd better make the most of it. But when you set out in your car, take this copy of *Radio Mirror* along with you and keep it open to this page, because there are several things you'll want to listen to on your automobile radio. . . . *Mutual* has a big *Labor Day* program coming from *Washington* and *Chicago*, with *William Green*, President of the *American Federation of Labor*, as the principal speaker. . . . There's an important sports event, too—the *National Air Races* from *Cleveland, Ohio*—coming to you on *NBC*. You

can expect some thrilling happenings on this show. . . . At 4:30 this afternoon, on *NBC-Red*, a new program makes its bow, getting in a little ahead of the fall rush. The sponsors, *Procter and Gamble*, hadn't decided when your *Almanac* went to press exactly what the show would be, but it's a safe bet that it's a new dramatic serial. Some old favorites return tonight on *CBS*—*Lum and Abner*, the two old *Pine Ridge* cronies. They'll be on at their old time, 6:45 P.M., *E.D.S.T.*, with a rebroadcast which reaches the *Pacific Coast* listeners at 7:15—tonight, Wednesday and Friday.



Lum, with his old pal Abner, returns to the air tonight over *CBS* at 6:45.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 12

THE faithful *Lux Theater* fans will all settle down around their radios tonight at 9:00 when this well-loved dramatic program returns to the air. The network is *CBS*, in case you've forgotten since last spring. As before, *Cecil B. DeMille* will be in charge of proceedings, and a stellar cast will be on hand to do the emoting. . . . The day's other important radio events are mostly in the sports line—soft-ball and golf. The soft-ball: the finals in the national tournament from *Chicago*, on *NBC*. . . . The golf: description of the first day's play in the *National Amateur* matches being held at the *Oakmont Club*

near *Pittsburgh*. *NBC* and *CBS* both plan on broadcasting this event, and *CBS* will have *Ted Husing* doing the announcing. The matches continue through September 17. . . . More golf: the *International \$10,000 Open* matches from the *Belmont* course in *Boston*. Both *NBC* and *CBS* will carry this event, too. . . . *Skinney Ennis* and his orchestra open tonight at the very swanky *Mark Hopkins Hotel*, on top of one of *San Francisco's* tallest hills. You can listen on *Mutual* from midnight to 12:30, *E.D.S.T.*, . . . *Skinney*, you'll remember, is a former *Hal Kemp* bandsman who now leads his own band.



Cecil DeMille brings his *Lux Theater* back to the air tonight—on *Columbia* at nine.

Highlights For Monday, Sept. 19

THE very pretty young woman at the left has only recently started her radio career, but if it doesn't eventually lead her to the movies, where people can look at her as well as listen to her, there isn't any justice. She's *Sharon Grainger* of *Chicago*, a former *Northwestern University* co-ed, and you hear her today playing the role of *Olga*, the Russian peasant woman, in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *NBC-Blue* at 11:00 A.M. and *NBC-Red* at 3:00 P.M. Until the *Uncle Ezra* programs went off the air, she was often on them, playing a sweet little country girl. . . . Women golfers will want to listen

this afternoon to the *Women's Amateur Golf Championship* play from the *Westmoreland Country Club* in *Willmette, Illinois*. It's on both *NBC* and *CBS* and will continue until September 24. . . . Did you know that *James Meighan*, who plays *Jimmy* in the *Alias Jimmy Valentine* dramas—*NBC-Blue* tonight at 7:00—is a nephew of the late *Thomas Meighan*, the old-time movie idol? You might want to know who plays the other characters in this exciting serial-drama: *Elizabeth Day* as *Rose Lane*, *Jimmy's* sweetheart; *Al Swenson* as *Mr. Lane*; and *Paul Nugent* as *Red Williams*.



A newcomer to radio, *Sharon Grainger* plays *Olga* in *The Story of Mary Marlin* on *NBC*.

Eastern Daylight Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00	NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
		8:30	NBC-Red: Clipping Bureau
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Judy and Lanny
		9:00	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:30	NBC-Red: Ward and Muzzy
		9:45	CBS: Girl Interne
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
		10:00	
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Just Neighbors
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
		10:15	
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Asher and Jimmie
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
1:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
	9:15	10:15	CBS: Rhythmaires
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Fed. Women's Clubs
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
		10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
10:00	11:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
		12:15 P.M.	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Irene Beasley
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Vic and Sade
		1:30	
	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45	
	11:45	12:45	CBS: The Gospel Singer
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Let's Talk It Over
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Blue: Music Guild
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: U. S. Army Band
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Seaside Nights
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Procter and Gamble
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
		5:15	
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
	4:30	3:30	NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
		5:45	
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Press Radio News
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: Science in the News
		6:30	
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Sports Column
		6:45	
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
	4:45	5:45	NBC-Red: Nola Day
		7:00	
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Ray Heatherton
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
		7:15	
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: George McCall
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Helen Menken
		7:45	
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Boake Carter
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Four Corners Theater
7:30	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Johnny Presents
		8:30	
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Information Please
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Red: Wayne King
		9:00	
	7:00	8:00	CBS: Grand Central Station
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Now and Then
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Vox Pop—Parks Johnson
		9:30	
5:30	7:30	8:30	CBS: Benny Goodman
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: NBC Jamboree
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Attorney-at-Law
		10:00	
	8:00	9:00	CBS: Hal Kemp
		10:30	
6:30	6:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler

Motto of the Day

Worry is a disease only faith can cure—and you're the doctor!

Tuesday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Parks
Johnson

Highlights For Tuesday, August 30

RADIO goes exploring into the vacation habits of our neighbors across the Atlantic Ocean this afternoon, when NBC brings American listeners another in its series of broadcasts from English holiday resorts. Called *Seaside Nights*, these Tuesday-night programs visit a different vacation spot in England every week. Today's, on NBC-Blue at 4:00, is scheduled to come from Scarborough, which is one of the Old Country's most famous golf centers. . . . The broadcast includes a description of the countryside, interviews with natives and visitors, and music by vocal orchestras and soloists. . . . Tonight at

8:30 on NBC-Blue, you'll probably hear the man who perpetrated radio's worst pun—Franklin P. Adams, or F.P.A. The show is *Information, Please*, and F.P.A. is a more or less regular fixture on it. The pun? . . . Oh, that was when, asked to describe the tuba, F.P.A. said, "Tuba or not tuba." . . . It went out over the air, too, into the ears of unsuspecting listeners. . . . A morning show that has a lot of loyal fans is *Josh Higgins of Finchville*, on NBC-Blue at 10:30. Josh Higgins is really Joe Du Mond, once of Chicago but now of New York, where he's winning many new fans.

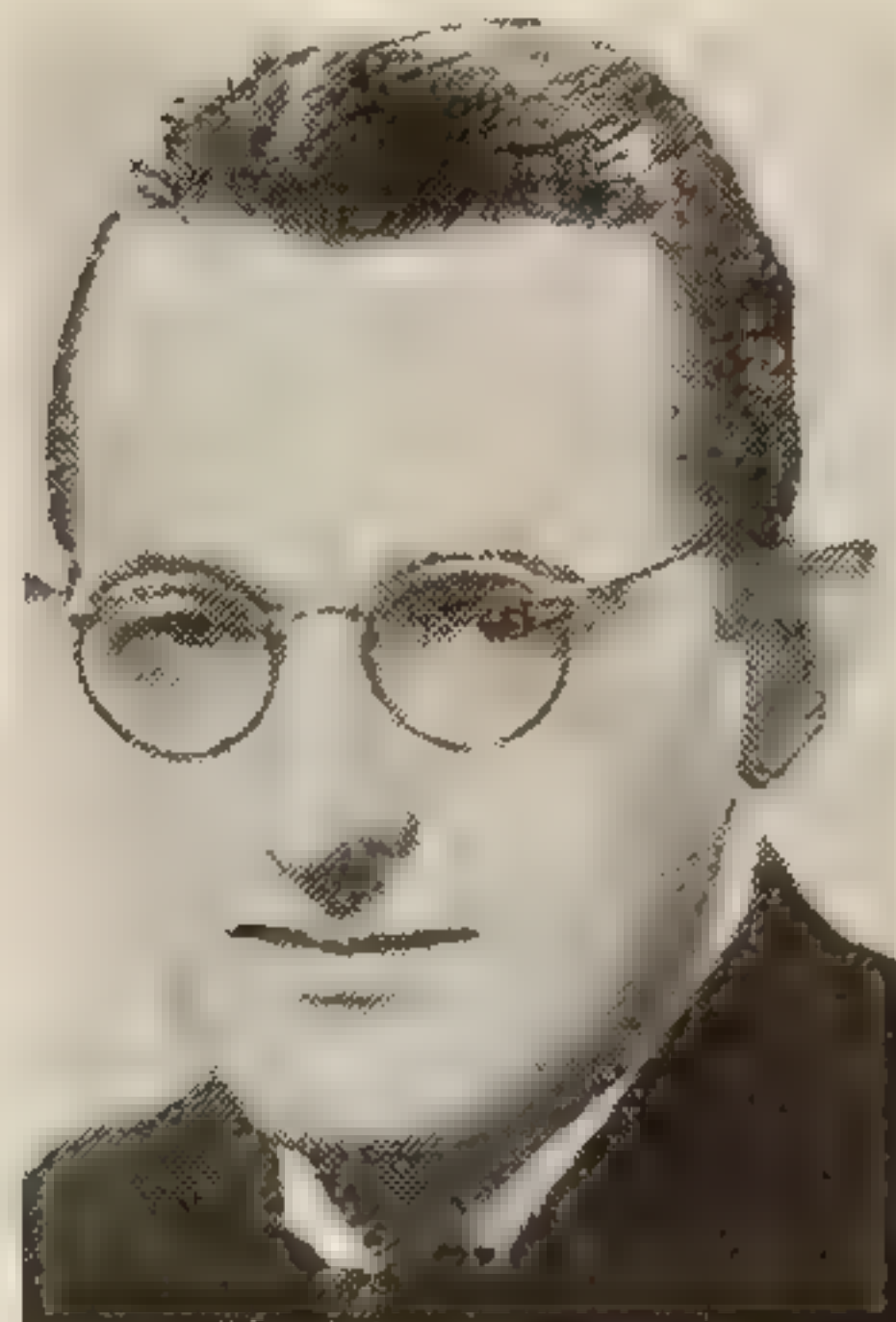


F. P. A., newspaperman and wit, should be on tonight's NBC *Information Please*.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 6

HAVE you been finding out how to get the most out of life by listening to Dr. William L. Stidger on some of the NBC-Blue stations at 11:45 this morning and every morning except Saturday and Sunday? Listen in, because the chances are you'll hear something that will help you to solve your own big or little problems. . . . Tonight at 8:00 might be a good time to hear one of CBS' *Four Corners Theater* productions, if you haven't done so already. These are the plays that haven't ever been presented on Broadway, but have been well-known and well-loved in the smaller towns and rural

districts for years. . . . And at 9:30, NBC-Red has the *Attorney-at-Law* serial, which gets more entertaining every week. Some sponsor ought to come along to see that it continues on its merry way even after *Fibber McGee* with his Molly return to the air. . . . There are a couple of dance-band openings bidding for your attention tonight. *Tommy Dorsey*, who is comfortably sitting on top of the musical world right now, opens at the Astor Roof in New York, with an MBS wire; and *Jack Marchand*, who is less well known, opens at the Plaza—also in New York but with a CBS wire.



Tommy Dorsey's orchestra opens at the Astor Roof tonight, with an MBS wire.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 13

YOUR *Almanac* has a hunch that a lot of people aren't interested in hearing too much tennis and golf described over the air, but the networks are busy today supplying those descriptions just the same. Both NBC and CBS have the National Amateur Golf matches and the National Men's and Women's Singles Tennis matches. . . . Back in the days when *Betty Caine* was a stenographer in Grand Rapids, Michigan, folks used to tell her that there was more security in business than in radio, and that her Phi Beta Kappa key would get her further at the typewriter than it would at the microphone.

But Betty starred in home talent plays, got a taste of grease-paint, and decided it ought to be her steady diet. She came to Chicago, got a radio audition, and now she's on the air regularly, playing *Annie* in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, NBC-Blue at 11:00 and NBC-Red at 3:00; *Tessie Monroe* in *Girl Alone*, NBC-Red at 4:45; and different parts in *Lights Out*, *A Tale of Today*, and other dramatic shows. Betty's five feet, two inches tall, and has brown hair and gray-green eyes; and just a few weeks ago she became the wife of Raymond Johnson, her leading man in some of the programs.



Betty Caine is *Annie* in *The Story of Mary Marlin*, *Tessie* in *Girl Alone* serial.

Highlights For Tuesday, Sept. 20

TWO of last year's topnotch air shows return tonight for another successful season—both on CBS. At 8:00 *Edward G. Robinson* is back in a brand new series of *Big Town* dramatizations, co-starring with *Claire Trevor*. . . . And at 8:30 *Al Jolson* returns with his merry crew. When your *Almanac* went to press it hadn't been quite decided whether or not *Martha Raye* would be in this year's Jolson show—but here's hoping she will. It would be a great mistake to let her go. . . . *Claire Trevor* resumes her radio work after a month's honeymoon in Honolulu with her new husband, *Clark Andrews*—

they returned to Hollywood only a few days ago. This *Trevor-Andrews* marriage is a real radio romance. *Claire* was the girl who said she didn't care much for Hollywood men and was afraid she'd never get around to picking a husband. Then along came her radio job, and she met *Andrews*, who was directing the *Big Town* programs—and he, not one of the Hollywood glamour-boys, carried off the blonde and beautiful *Claire*. They ought to be very happy, because they are two of the nicest persons in Hollywood. . . . For that just-before-bedtime nightcap, listen to *Jimmie Fidler*—NBC-Red at 10:30.



Al Jolson returns to the air tonight on CBS—and so does *Edward G. Robinson*.

Eastern Daylight Time

PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00	NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
		9:15	NBC-Blue: Organ Melodies
		NBC-Red: Hi Boys	
		8:30	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reiser	
		9:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		8:30	NBC-Red: Landt Trio
		9:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
		10:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
12:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Just Neighbors
	9:15	8:00	NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
		10:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
12:00	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Asher and Jimmie
	9:30	8:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	CBS: Hilltop House
12:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	9:45	8:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	CBS: Stepmother
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
		8:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
		9:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
		9:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	CBS: Big Sister
10:00	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		11:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
10:15	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		9:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00	NBC-Red: Mary Margaret McBride
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
		12:15	CBS: Irene Beasley
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:00	CBS: Vic and Sade
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: Road of Life
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
		1:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45	CBS: The Gospel Singer
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:00	NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:15	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		2:30	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
		3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Procter and Gamble
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Rubbertown Revue
		3:00	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		3:15	CBS: March of Games
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
		3:30	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
		3:45	CBS: Exploring Space
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		4:00	CBS: Press Radio News
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Jesse Crawford
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Red: Sports Column
		4:15	CBS: Lum and Abner
		4:30	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		4:45	CBS: Ray Heatherton
		5:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
		5:15	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
		5:30	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
		5:45	CBS: Living History
		6:00	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		6:15	NBC-Red: Ruth Bryan Owen
		6:30	CBS: Boake Carter
		6:45	NBC-Blue: Science Program
		7:00	CBS: Gang Busters
		7:15	NBC-Red: One Man's Family
		7:30	CBS: Paul Whiteman
		7:45	NBC-Red: Tommy Dorsey
		8:00	CBS: Meet the Champ
		8:15	NBC-Blue: It May Have Happened
		8:30	NBC-Red: Town Hall Summer Show
		8:45	CBS: Mark Warnow
		9:00	NBC-Red: For Men Only
		9:15	CBS: The Word Game
		9:30	NBC-Red: Kay Kyser's Class
		9:45	CBS: Edgar A. Guest
		10:00	NBC-Blue: NBC Minstrel Show

Motto of the Day



By Joan Blaine

Jealousy is most always vanity—and always in vain.

Highlights For Wednesday, August 24

AFTER a too-long absence, *Jesse Crawford*, the most famous organist of them all, is back with us, playing at 6:00 this afternoon on *NBC-Red*. Jesse has been on an extended personal-appearance tour, and only recently returned to the air. . . . At 12:15 this afternoon, listen to *Irene Beasley* on *CBS*, in her own show which she calls *R.F.D. Number 1*. Irene's a Southern girl, comes from a plantation near Whitehaven, Tennessee, whose own address is *R.F.D. Number 1*. . . . At 8:00 tonight—two hours earlier than you used to hear it before it went off the air this spring—you'll be

listening to the exciting *Gang Busters* series on *CBS*. *Phil Lord*, who originated this long-run dramatization of thrilling criminal adventures, no longer appears on it, because he's busy getting ready to return to the air as *Seth Parker*. That will be good news to the thousands of listeners who've felt that something was lacking in radio ever since *Seth* and his friendly, funny neighbors left radio several years ago. *Seth's* return will take place in October, according to *Phil's* present plans. . . . *Guy Lombardo* leaves the *Waldorf-Astoria* tonight, so this is your last chance to hear him from there, on *CBS* and *MBS*.



Irene Beasley, radio veteran, is on *CBS* today in her own show, *R.F.D. Number One*.

Highlights For Wednesday, August 31

TONIGHT'S a big night for *NBC*, because it's broadcasting the annual *Charity All Star* football game from *Soldier's Field*, Chicago. There'll be another *All Star* game next week, in New York. . . . Tonight's game, on *NBC-Blue* from 9:15 to 11:30, is between the *Washington Redskins*, professional football champions, and a team composed of star college players, selected by eight million newspaper readers. *Bill Stern* is the *NBC* announcer who will describe the game for you. . . . He's been announcing sports since 1925, when he began on *WHAM* in his own home town, *Rochester, N.Y.*

Since then, however, he has done a lot of other things besides sports-announcing as well—such as graduating from college with a *B.S. degree*—acting with a *Rochester stock company*—going to *Hollywood* in hopes of getting movie work—digging post holes on the *RKO* lot at five dollars a day instead—working as stage manager of the *Roxy*, *Music Hall*, and *Center* theaters in New York. It was when he was stage manager of the *Music Hall* and *Center* that he decided he wanted a change and applied to *NBC* for permission to broadcast part of a football game. And now he's an ace announcer.



Bill Stern announces tonight's *All Star* football game, heard on *NBC-Blue* at 9:15.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 7

THE *National Men's and Women's Singles* tennis matches begin today in the *Forest Hills* stadium, Long Island, and *CBS* intends to be on hand to tell you all about them. . . . And *NBC* has the second—and last—of its *All Star* football games, coming tonight on the *Blue* network from the *Polo Grounds* in New York. It's to be between the *New York Giants* and a team of collegiate football stars. . . . At 7:00 tonight listen to baritone *Ray Heatherton* on *CBS*. Ray is getting one of those old-fashioned *CBS* buildups that *Kate Smith* and other big stars got in the early days of network radio—a

fifteen-minute spot all his own every night of the week except *Saturday* and *Sunday*. Ray deserves the buildup, too, because in spite of his excellent voice he's been knocking around radio for several years now without managing to break into the really big time programs. But New York gave him critical raves for his work in last year's smash musical comedy hit, "*Babes in Arms*." Ray's slender and not very tall, broke into radio with an audition for *Paul Whiteman*, likes spinach and striped neckties, is unmarried and says he doesn't like "efficient" women. Listen to him tonight—you'll like his singing.



Ray Heatherton has his own nightly fifteen-minute program on *CBS* today at 7:00.

Highlights For Wednesday, Sept. 14, 21

SEPTEMBER 14: Isn't it about time for another hearing of the *Town Hall Summer Show*, on *NBC-Red* at 9:00 tonight? When *Fred Allen* left the air and this program took his place, a bitter howl went up from enraged critics who listened to its first airing. But everybody concerned has been working at it steadily ever since and by this time it should be shaping up into a much better specimen of ether fare. Anyway, why don't your ears give it another chance? SEPTEMBER 21: If you aren't already an interested listener to *Valiant Lady*, starring *Joan Blaine* on *NBC-Red* at 2:30, bet-

ter tune it in today and you soon will be. You'll be assuring yourself of entertainment for the next two and a half years, because that's how long the sponsors have *Valiant Lady's* author, *Bayard Veiller*, under contract. . . . You'll like *Albert Hayes*, who plays *Norman Price* in this show. Born in *Baltimore, Maryland*, *Albert* was playing in *Little Theater* productions while he was still in college. After graduation he was with the *Theater Guild*, and once was in a stage play written by *Veiller*. . . . He's six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, has wavy blond hair, a fair complexion, and blue-green eyes.



Albert Hayes plays *Norman Price* in *Valiant Lady*, on *NBC-Red* today at 2:30.

Eastern Daylight Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00	NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
		9:15	NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert
		NBC-Red: Hi Boys	
		8:30	NBC-Red: Clipping Bureau
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Paul Page
		NBC-Red: Do You Remember	
		9:00	CBS: Richard Maxwell
		NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club	
		9:30	
		8:30	CBS: Girl Interne
		8:30	NBC-Red: Landt Trio
		9:45	
		8:45	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		8:45	NBC-Red: Mystery Chef
		10:00	
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Just Neighbors
9:15	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
		10:15	
12:00	8:15	9:15	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Asher and Jimmie
9:30	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
		10:30	
12:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
9:45	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
		8:45	CBS: Stepmother
		8:45	NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
		8:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
11:00	9:00	10:00	CBS: Mary Lee Taylor
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
		11:30	
10:00	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		9:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00 Noon	
	10:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
		12:15	
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS: Irene Beasley
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
		1:00	
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS: Vic and Sade
		1:30	
	11:30	12:30	CBS: Road of Life
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45	
	11:45	12:45	CBS: The Gospel Singer
9:45	11:45	12:45	NBC-Blue: Glenn Darwin
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: Fran Allison
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Blue: Let's Talk it Over
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: Columbia Salon Orchestra
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Hymns of All Churches
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Blue: WHK Revue
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Procter and Gamble
		4:45	
	2:45	3:45	CBS: Of Men and Books
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS: Keyboard Concerts
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: The Four of Us
		5:15	
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		5:30	
	3:30	4:30	CBS: Let's Pretend
	4:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Singing Lady
	4:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
		5:45	
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:00	
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS: Press Radio News
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC-Red: George R. Holmes
		6:15	
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Eddie Dooley
		6:30	
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Tune Twisters
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Sports Column
		6:45	
	5:45	5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Ray Heatherton
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Easy Aces
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
		7:15	
7:15	9:15	6:15	CBS: George McCall
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Mr. Keen
7:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Red: Vocal Varieties
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Del Casino
		7:45	
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Boake Carter
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: Men Against Death
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Rudy Vallee
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Major Bowes
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Good News of 1938
		10:00	
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS: Essays in Music
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Kraft Music Hall
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS: Americans at Work
		11:15	
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Elza Schallert

Motto of the Day

Thursday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Ray
Heatherton

You can only buy happiness with the coin of kindness.

Highlights For Thursday, August 25

BOB BURNS will play host tonight to one of the Metropolitan Opera's brightest stars when Lotte Lehmann visits the Kraft Music Hall on NBC-Red at 10:00. Mme. Lehmann will undoubtedly do some swell soprano singing, and may even follow the example of other Met stars who have been on the Music Hall by playing a solo on a mouth-organ, musical saw, or similar outlandish instrument. . . . On NBC-Blue at 9:00 is the second and last installment of the Eugene O'Neill Pulitzer Prize play, "Strange Interlude." This is the play that's so long audiences had to watch it for a few hours, go out to dinner,

and then come back for the rest of the evening—and even radio, with its gift for condensing long plays, is giving it in two parts, each one hour long. . . . George Olsen and his music are opening tonight at the Waldorf in New York, and at different times during the evening you'll hear the festivities on both CBS and MBS.

. . . Birthday greetings today to the younger Crosby, Bob, who's doing all right for himself out in Chicago at the Blackhawk restaurant. . . . Depend on Rudy Vallee on NBC-Red at 8:00 and Major Bowes on CBS at 9:00 for their usual swell hour-long programs tonight.



Lotte Lehmann, opera star, is Bob Burns' guest on tonight's Kraft Music Hall.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 1

IT'S good news indeed that the Good News program is back on the air, beginning tonight at 9:00 on NBC-Red. Your Almanac can't tell you for sure that Robert Taylor will be master of ceremonies on tonight's show, but it's a safe bet that Fannie—Baby Snooks—Brice and Frank Morgan will both be on hand, as well as a bright galaxy of M.-G.-M. stars to welcome the program back to the air. . . . An hour later, on the Kraft Music Hall, still on the NBC-Red network, Bob Burns has his usual quota of three distinguished guests, and one of them will be John McCormack, the famous Irish tenor. . . . Opposite

Good News, on NBC-Blue from 9:00 to 10:00, it's just possible that NBC will be presenting another Pulitzer Prize play, "The Green Pastures," by Marc Connelly. This play was scheduled earlier in the summer, but was forced off the air by the Howard Hughes world flight; and when your Almanac went to press NBC was still undecided whether to do it tonight or not. . . . Xavier Cugat fans will want to be listening to CBS tonight when it remote-controls the Cugat music as he and his band open at the Baker Hotel in Dallas. . . . You'd probably enjoy Of Men and Books on CBS at 4:45 this afternoon.



Fannie Brice is back tonight when Good News of 1938 returns to NBC-Red at 9:00.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 8

THERE'S one thing you can say about Bob Burns—when he's left in charge of the Kraft Music Hall he gets just as interesting guest stars as Bing himself ever managed to gather up. Tonight he has Edward Arnold and Gertrude Lawrence, for instance—a pair not to be disdained by any listeners. Arnold should be well known to anybody who has ever seen a movie, but until this year Miss Lawrence has worked mostly in New York and London. She's touring the country now with her comedy stage hit, "Susan and God," and at the moment is playing in Los Angeles. From there she'll go on to your home town—

and yours—and yours. She's a grand comedian, and ought to provide fifteen minutes of excellent listening when she tangles with Robin from Arkansas. . . . A program that can usually be depended on for an interesting half-hour is Let's Talk It Over, on NBC-Blue at 2:15. It's an all-woman show, run by, with, and for women, although there is an occasional masculine guest star. . . . A couple of musical-variety shows, restful on a warm afternoon when summer hasn't quite given way to fall, are the WHK Revue on NBC-Blue at 3:30, and Club Matinee, on the same network at 4:00.



Gertrude Lawrence, famous actress, is tonight's guest star on Kraft Music Hall.

Highlights For Thursday, Sept. 15, 22

SEPTEMBER 15: Slipping unobtrusively into the five-o'clock spot on CBS this and every Thursday afternoon is Keyboard Concerts, a very pleasant half-hour of music from pianos and other instruments that have keyboards—like clavichords, harpsichords, and even organs. You'll like it as a tea-time accompaniment if you drink tea, and you'll like it just as much if you don't. . . . Recommended for 7:00 is the Easy Aces program, on NBC-Blue, for its humor and good down-to-earth quality. And afterwards, you must leave your radio tuned in to the same station for Mr. Keen, Tracer of Lost Persons,

which will be telling an entertaining story—and telling it very well, too. September 22: There's a new program starting tonight for the football fans, just as the football season begins to get under way. Sponsored by Chesterfield, it stars Eddie Dooley in fifteen minutes of gossip, news and predictions about gridiron affairs. You'll hear it on NBC-Red at 6:15 tonight and every Thursday, Friday and Saturday night for the rest of the season. Eddie's a football expert, and his opinions ought to be worth listening to. . . . That Americans at Work program, CBS at 10:30, is plenty interesting.



Eddie Dooley starts a series of football predictions and chatter on NBC tonight.

Eastern Daylight Time			
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.	
		8:00	NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
		8:15	NBC-Blue: Organ Melodies
		8:30	NBC-Red: Hi Boys
		9:00	NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:30	NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club
		9:45	NBC-Red: Herman and Banta
12:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: Girl Interne
9:15	8:00	9:00	CBS: Bachelor's Children
		9:15	NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
12:00	8:15	9:15	10:00
	8:15	9:15	CBS: Pretty Kitty Kelly
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Blue: Just Neighbors
	8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Mrs. Wiggs
12:30	8:30	9:30	10:15
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Myrt and Marge
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Asher and Jimmie
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: John's Other Wife
9:45	8:30	9:30	10:30
	8:30	9:30	CBS: Hilltop House
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Josh Higgins
	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Just Plain Bill
		10:45	
	8:45	9:45	CBS: Stepmother
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Blue: Ma Perkins
	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Woman in White
		11:00	
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Mary Marlin
	9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: David Harum
		11:15	
	9:15	10:15	CBS: Ruth Carhart
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Blue: Vic and Sade
	9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Lorenzo Jones
10:00	9:30	10:30	11:30
	9:30	10:30	CBS: Big Sister
	9:30	10:30	NBC-Blue: Pepper Young's Family
		11:45	
10:15	9:45	10:45	CBS: Aunt Jenny's Stories
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Blue: Getting the Most Out of Life
		12:00	
	9:45	10:45	NBC-Red: Road of Life
		12:00	Noon
	8:00	11:00	CBS: Mary Margaret McBride
	8:00	11:00	NBC-Blue: Alden Edkins
	8:00	11:00	NBC-Red: Dan Harding's Wife
		12:15	
	8:15	11:15	CBS: Irene Beasley
	8:15	11:15	NBC-Red: The O'Neills
		12:30	
	8:30	11:30	CBS: Romance of Helen Trent
	8:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Farm and Home Hour
	8:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Time for Thought
		12:45	
	8:45	11:45	CBS: Our Gal Sunday
	8:45	11:45	NBC-Red: Bailey Axton
		1:00	
	9:00	12:00	CBS: The Goldbergs
		1:15	
	9:15	12:15	CBS: Vic and Sade
	9:15	12:15	NBC-Red: Bennett and Wolverton
		1:30	
		11:30	CBS: Road of Life
	9:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Mother-in-Law
	9:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		1:45	
	9:45	12:45	CBS: The Gospel Singer
	9:45	12:45	NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta
		2:00	
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Blue: U. S. Marine Band
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Betty and Bob
		2:15	
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC-Red: Arnold Grimm's Daughter
		2:30	
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS: U. S. Navy Band
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC-Red: Valiant Lady
		2:45	
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC-Red: Betty Crocker
		3:00	
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Tune Twisters
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Mary Marlin
		3:15	
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC-Red: Ma Perkins
		3:30	
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC-Red: Pepper Young's Family
		3:45	
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS: Harrisburg Varieties
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC-Red: The Guiding Light
		4:00	
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
	2:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Backstage Wife
		4:15	
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC-Red: Stella Dallas
		4:30	
	2:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Procter and Gamble
		4:45	
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC-Red: Girl Alone
		5:00	
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC-Blue: Neighbor Nell
		5:15	
	5:00	4:15	NBC-Blue: Don Winslow
		5:30	
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS: When We Were Young
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC-Blue: Little Variety Show
	3:30	4:30	NBC-Red: Your Family and Mine
		5:45	
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS: "So You Want to Be . . ."
	4:45	4:45	NBC-Red: Little Orphan Annie
		6:15	
2:14	4:15	5:15	NBC-Red: Eddie Doo ey
		6:30	
	4:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Sports Column
		6:45	
7:15	4:45	5:45	CBS: Lum and Abner
		5:45	NBC-Blue: Lowell Thomas
		7:00	
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS: Ray Heatherton
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Blue: Dick Todd
7:00	9:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Amos 'n' Andy
		7:15	
3:15	5:15	6:15	NBC-Blue: Music Is My Hobby
		7:30	
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS: Adventures in Science
7:30	7:30	7:30	MBS: The Lone Ranger
		7:45	
4:45	5:45	6:45	CBS: Boake Carter
		8:00	
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS: First Nighter (Sept. 2)
	6:00	7:00	MBS: What's My Name
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: Maurice Spitalny Orch.
	6:00	7:00	NBC-Red: Cities Service Concert
		8:30	
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC-Blue: Cal Tinney
		9:00	
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS: Hollywood Hotel
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Royal Crown Revue
	7:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Waltz Time
		9:30	
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: March of Time
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC-Red: Death Valley Days
		10:30	
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: Grant Park Concert
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Jimmie Fidler
		10:45	
6:45	8:45	9:45	NBC-Red: Jesse Crawford

Motto of the Day

Friday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Les
Tremayne

Tomorrow is another day—for postponing what you should do today.

Highlights For Friday, August 26

THERE'S a rumor going around, which nobody will confirm, that tonight will mark Boake Carter's last broadcast for his present sponsor—CBS at 7:45. . . . Your Almanac won't say for sure that you won't hear him next week, but it will make one prediction: he won't continue to broadcast for this sponsor all winter. . . . After tonight you'll have to get used to listening to the popular *First Nighter* program at a new time. Tonight's its last broadcast over NBC-Red at 10:00, and next week it moves to CBS at 8:00. . . . Another departure, giving his last broadcast today, is *Rush Hughes*, on NBC-

Red at 4:30. Rush will be missed by many a listener who likes his style of presenting unusual stories. . . . Cal Tinney, interviewing famous people who would have chosen different professions if they'd had the chance, is on tonight at 8:30 on NBC-Blue. . . . Notice that NBC-Red's early-morning program called *Do You Remember* has a rather odd schedule. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays you hear it at 8:30, but on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays you hear it at 8:45. Makes it a little bit confusing, particularly if you don't like to miss it. . . . And at 9:00 A.M. be sure to listen to NBC's *Breakfast Club*.



Edward MacHugh, the Gospel Singer, is a good bet for CBS listeners at 1:45 P. M.

Highlights For Friday, Sept. 2

THE FIRST NIGHTER program has a firstnight of its own at 8:00, when it does its first broadcast over the CBS network—and right now might be a fine time to tell you something about Les Tremayne, its leading man. . . . Les' career, up to a point, has been about the same as Don Ameche's. He followed Don into the leading role in *Betty and Bob*; then he followed Don into the *First Nighter* stardom—and a few days after Don had an appendicitis operation, Les had one too. It's highly possible that, like Don, he'll eventually land in Hollywood, because he's a good actor and good looking besides—except

that the *First Nighter* sponsors, having learned their lesson, have both Les and *Barbara Luddy*, his leading lady, under long-term contracts. . . . Les is the son of Dolly Tremayne, British movie star, and his father and grandmother were famous concert singers. He was an athlete from childhood, and also began to study dancing, music, art and dramatics early in life. He went through the entire backstage school, occupying every position and job a theater has to offer. . . . To put you into a fine relaxed mood at the end of the day listen to *Jesse Crawford's* organ music, on NBC-Red at 10:45.



Les Tremayne stars in the *First Nighter* series, which moves to CBS at 8:00.

Highlights For Friday, Sept. 9

A COMPLETELY remodeled, refurbished, and re-upholstered *Hollywood Hotel* returns to the Columbia network tonight at 9:00. . . . For the first time in its history, the Hotel won't have *Louella Parsons* introducing the movie guest stars. Whether or not there would be the old-time previews of moving pictures hadn't been decided when your Almanac went to press—and neither had the identity of the master of ceremonies. There's some talk, though, that *William Powell* will get that job, which is something for every listener to wish for. But whatever happens, the opening show of *Hollywood Hotel* is a

must for your listening tonight, if for no other reason than that *Frances Langford* will be on it. And incidentally, the story about Frances and her husband, Jon Hall, on page 14 of this issue of *Radio Mirror*, is something to open your eyes if you've always thought of Frances as a dainty, thoughtless little blues singer. She does some thinking too, and has the courage of her convictions. . . . The *Goldbergs*, on CBS at 1:00, continues on their way, giving listeners a warm, human, believable story without too much melodrama, which is something to be thankful for. You can't hear them without loving them.



Frances Langford is back, singing on the *Hollywood Hotel* program tonight at 9:00.

Highlights For Friday, Sept. 16

YOUR balanced listening menu for Friday: Breakfast—*Organ Melodies*, NBC-Blue at 8:15 and *Breakfast Club* on the same network at 9:00. Luncheon—Irene Beasley's *R.F.D. Number 1* on CBS at 12:15; the *Farm and Home Hour* on NBC-Blue at 12:30; *Vic and Sade* on CBS at 1:15. Tea—*Club Matinee* on NBC-Blue at 4:00. Dinner (the heavy meal of the day)—*Amos 'n' Andy* (appetizer) at 7:00 on CBS; *Music Is My Hobby* (soup) at 7:15 on NBC-Blue; *Adventures in Science* (entree) at 7:30 on CBS; *What's My Name* (dessert) at 8:00 on MBS. And for relaxation after dinner, the *Royal*

Crown Revue on NBC-Blue at 9:00, with *Tim and Irene* and *George Olsen's* music. . . . Between meals you'll probably nibble at tidbits like *The Story of Mary Marlin* or *Ma Perkins*, and if you do you'll hear *Billy Lee*, one of those radio actors who is busy most of the time and practically unknown to the fans. Billy plays *Judge Hartley* in the *Ma Perkins* serial and *George Crabbe* in *Mary Marlin*, as well as many an incidental part in other programs. . . . Did you know that *Raymond Paige*, who directs the orchestra for *Hollywood Hotel*, CBS at 9:00, is one of Hollywood's most expert yachtsmen?



Billy Lee, of the *Mary Marlin* and *Ma Perkins* casts—one of radio's reliable actors.

Eastern Daylight Time		
PACIFIC STANDARD TIME	CENTRAL STANDARD TIME	E. S. T.
		8:00 NBC-Blue: Southernaires NBC-Red: Malcolm Claire
		8:15 NBC-Blue: Dick Leibert NBC-Red: Junior News
		8:30 NBC-Red: Clipping Bureau
		8:45 NBC-Blue: Jack and Loretta NBC-Red: Do You Remember
		9:00 CBS: Richard Maxwell NBC-Blue: Breakfast Club NBC-Red: The Wise Man
		9:15 CBS: Montana Slim
		8:15 NBC-Red: Saturday Morning Club
		9:30 CBS: Fiddler's Fancy
		9:45 NBC-Red: Landt Trio
		10:00 CBS: Lew White
8:00	9:00	NBC-Blue: Breen and De Rose
8:00	9:00	NBC-Red: Amanda Snow
		10:15 NBC-Blue: Viennese Ensemble
8:15	9:15	NBC-Red: Charioteers
		10:30 CBS: Jewel Cowboys
8:30	9:30	NBC-Blue: The Child Grows Up
8:30	9:30	NBC-Red: Music Internationale
		11:00 NBC-Blue: Vaughn de Leath
9:00	10:00	NBC-Red: Bailey Axton
		11:15 NBC-Blue: Radio City Four
9:15	10:15	NBC-Red: Al and Lee Reiser
		11:30 NBC-Blue: Our Barn
9:30	10:30	NBC-Red: String Ensemble
		12:00 Noon CBS: Columbia Concert Hall
8:00	10:00	NBC-Blue: Call to Youth
8:00	10:00	NBC-Red: NBC Music Guild
		12:30 NBC-Blue: Farm Bureau
8:30	10:30	NBC-Red: Along Gypsy Trails
		1:00 NBC-Red: Lee Gordon's Orch.
		1:30 CBS: Buffalo Presents
9:30	11:30	NBC-Blue: Kinney Orch.
9:30	11:30	NBC-Red: Words and Music
		2:00 CBS: Madison Ensemble
10:00	12:00	NBC-Blue: Bill Krenz Orch.
10:00	12:00	NBC-Red: Your Host is Buffalo
		2:30 CBS: Prosperity F. O. B.
10:30	12:30	NBC-Blue: Judy and Lanny
10:30	12:30	NBC-Red: Music Internationale
		3:00 NBC-Blue: Rakov's Orch.
11:00	1:00	NBC-Red: Golden Melodies
		3:30 NBC-Blue: Ricardo Orch.
		4:00 CBS: The Dancepators
12:00	2:00	NBC-Blue: Club Matinee
12:00	2:00	NBC-Red: Stamp Collectors
		4:15 NBC-Red: Men of the West
12:15	2:15	
		5:00 CBS: Concert Orchestra
1:00	3:00	NBC-Blue: Trio Time
1:00	3:00	NBC-Red: Top Hatters
		5:30 NBC-Blue: Paul Sabin's Orch.
1:30	3:30	NBC-Red: Kidoodlers
		6:00 CBS: Press Radio News
2:00	4:00	NBC-Red: El Chico Revue
		6:05 CBS: Sports Highlights
2:05	4:05	
		6:15 NBC-Red: Eddie Dooley
2:15	4:15	
		6:30 NBC-Red: Sports Column
		6:45 NBC-Red: Art of Living
2:45	4:45	
		7:00 NBC-Blue: Message of Israel
3:00	5:00	
		7:30 CBS: Columbia Workshop
3:30	5:30	NBC-Blue: Uncle Jim's Question Bee
3:30	5:30	NBC-Red: Larry Clinton's Orch.
		8:00 CBS: Saturday Swing Session
4:00	6:00	NBC-Red: Kaltenmeyer's Kindergarten
		8:30 CBS: Johnny Presents
7:30	8:30	NBC-Blue: Original Plays
4:30	6:30	
		9:00 CBS: Professor Quiz
8:00	7:00	NBC-Blue: National Barn Dance
		10:00 CBS: Your Hit Parade
6:00	8:00	NBC-Blue: Concert in Rhythm
6:00	8:00	NBC-Red: Crickets
		10:45 CBS: American Viewpoints
6:45	8:45	

Motto of the Day

Honesty is the best policy, with yourself as beneficiary.

Saturday's HIGHLIGHTS

By
Al
Goodman

Highlights For Saturday, August 27

THERE'S a lone dance-band opening for your attention to-night—*Barney Rapp* and his *New Englanders* moving into the Million Dollar Pier in Atlantic City. *Mutual* brings you *Barney's* music by remote control. You'll be interested when you hear *Ruby Wright*, his girl vocalist, to know that she is also Mrs. Rapp. . . . The rest of the day's important radio events are mostly in the sports realm. . . . It's the last day of the National Tennis Doubles matches in Chestnut Hills, Massachusetts, and *Ted Husing* will be describing them, play by play, for you on *CBS*. As to horse-races, *CBS* has the *Hopeful Handicap* at

Saratoga, described by *Bryan Field*. . . . And as to baseball, there's plenty to listen to, but only if you happen to be within listening distance of these stations, which are all broadcasting major league games: American League—Detroit at Washington, *WJSV*, *WWJ*, and the *Michigan* network; St. Louis at Philadelphia, *WFIL*; Chicago at Boston, the *Colonial* network. National League—New York at St. Louis, *KBTM*, *WTAD*, *KMOX*, *KWK*, *KFRU*, *KWOS*; Brooklyn at Chicago, *WBBM*, *WIND*, *WHO*, *WJJD*; Boston at Cincinnati, *WSAI*, *WCPO*, *WHIO*. All games, of course, subject to good weather.



Ruby Wright, vocalist with Barney Rapp's orchestra, in private life is Mrs. Rapp.

Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 3

LISTEN tonight to *Richard Himber's* orchestra, on *NBC-Red* at 7:00, and make up your own mind about the newest fad which is shaking the dance-band world. Seems that a few weeks ago Mr. Himber began playing music which featured something he called "Rhythmic Pyramids." Now, your *Almanac* hasn't the slightest idea what Rhythmic Pyramids are, but Himber and his boys were pretty proud of them anyway, and were cut to the quick when other bandleaders began claiming that they'd used Rhythmic Pyramids, without calling them that, since way back when. But listen in tonight and form

your own opinion about whether or not all the fuss is justified. . . . At 4:00 this afternoon, *Ted Husing* describes the Davis Cup tennis finals on *CBS*. . . . *NBC* has *Clem McCarthy* broadcasting the *Naragansett Special* horse-race from Pawtucket, R.I. . . . And the baseball broadcasts: American League—Detroit at Chicago, *WJJD*, *WWJ*, *WBBM*, *WIND* and the *Michigan* network; Cleveland at St. Louis, *KWK*, *KFRU*, *KWOS*, *WCLE*, *KMOX*; Washington at Philadelphia, *WFIL*, *WJSV*. National League—Philadelphia at Boston, the *Colonial* network; Chicago at Cincinnati, *WSAI*, *WCPO*, *WHIO*, *WHO*.



Clem McCarthy tells you all about the *Naragansett Special* this afternoon on *NBC*.

Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 10

THE first *Hit Parade* maestro of all comes back to lead the band when the program goes on the *CBS* air at 10:00 tonight—*Al Goodman*. Al's one of the most dependable leaders in the music business, and must have directed a total of radio hours running into the thousands. And before he came to radio, he'd been a headliner in musical comedy for many years. . . . The annual *Fox Catcher Steeplechase* for the National Cup in Fair Hills, Maryland, is being broadcast this afternoon over *NBC*. . . . And *Crickets*, the program which features a game played with sound effects, has been changed to Saturday night

at 10:00 on *NBC-Red*, in case you've been trying to find it. . . . In the baseball sector, these are the major league games to be broadcast: American League—Philadelphia at Boston, the *Colonial* network; New York at Washington, *WJSV*; St. Louis at Cleveland, *WCLE*; Chicago at Detroit, *WWJ* and the *Michigan* network. National League—Boston at Philadelphia, *WCAU*; Pittsburgh at St. Louis, *KBTM*, *KDKA*, *WTAD*, *KMOX*, *KWK*, *KFRU*, *KWOS*; Cincinnati at Chicago, *WBBM*, *WIND*, *WCPO*, *WHIO*, *WHO*, *WJJD*. . . . As usual, the warning is: no game if it happens to rain.

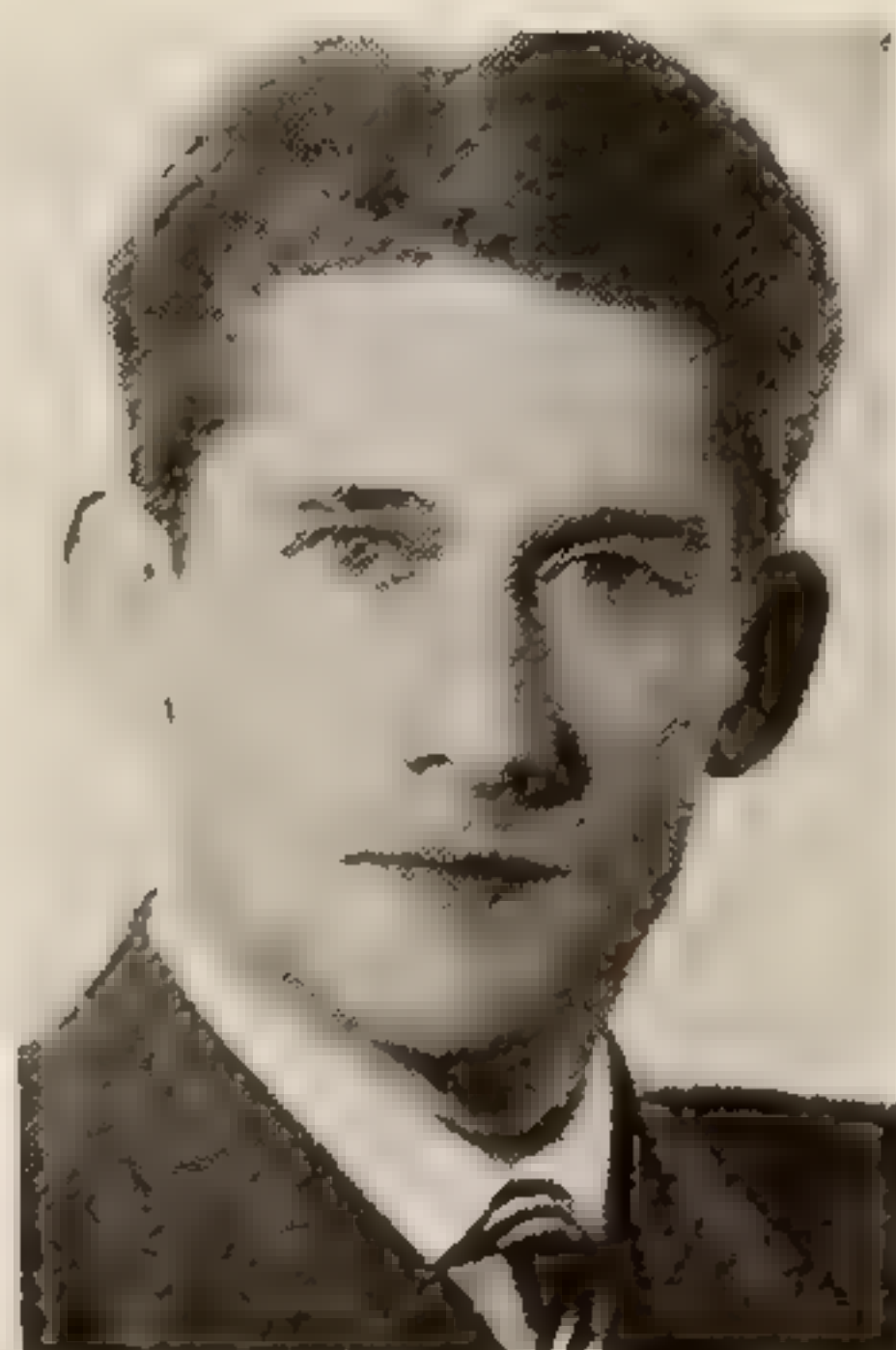


Al Goodman comes back tonight to direct the *Hit Parade* band, *CBS* at 10:00.

Highlights For Saturday, Sept. 17

YOUR *Almanac's* "discovery" recommendation for the day is *Bailey Axton*—a "discovery" recommendation being some star or program you might not have run across in your casual dial-twistings. *Bailey* is scheduled on *NBC-Red* for 11:00 this morning, and he's also heard on Fridays at 12:45 in the afternoon. He's a tenor, was born in Oswego, Kansas, used to be an expert whistler and broke into vaudeville as a whistling soloist. Then he began studying singing, making his living meanwhile as a cub reporter on a Cincinnati newspaper. He joined station *WLW's* staff, where he used to sing on as many as 22

programs a week. Now he lives in New York, with his wife, whom he married while he was still in school, and his young son. . . . This is the last day of the National Amateur Golf matches and the National Singles tennis matches—on *CBS*. . . . The day's baseball broadcasts in the major leagues: American League—Philadelphia at Chicago, *WJJD*, *WBBM*, *WIND*; Washington at St. Louis, *KWK*, *KFRU*, *KWOS*, *WJSV*; New York at Detroit, *WWJ* and the *Michigan* network; Boston at Cleveland, *WCLE*. National League—Pittsburgh at Boston, *KDKA* and the *Colonial* network.



Recommendation for the day: *Bailey Axton*, tenor, on *NBC-Red* at 11:00 A.M.



*Dates
More Dates
Re-dates!*

... ALL FOR THE
GIRL WHO KEEPS
SKIN THRILLING

NEXT DAY

LET'S MAKE
IT A STANDING
DATE, DEAR



SMART GIRLS CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO THEIR SKIN... FOR EXTRA BEAUTY CARE *



WHEN SKIN LACKS
VITAMIN A, THE
"SKIN-VITAMIN", IT GETS
ROUGH AND DRY— WHEN
"SKIN-VITAMIN" IS
RESTORED, IT BECOMES
SMOOTH AGAIN



I ALWAYS CREAM
EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"
INTO MY SKIN BY USING
POND'S COLD CREAM...
IT HELPS PROVIDE AGAINST
LOSS OF THIS NECESSARY
VITAMIN FROM MY SKIN

MARGARET BIDDLE
Philadelphia Deb

Men fall for soft, smooth skin. When skin lacks Vitamin A, the vitamin essential to skin health, it gets harsh and dry. Now Pond's Cold Cream contains this necessary "skin-vitamin."

— If skin has enough "skin-vitamin," Pond's brings an Extra Supply against possible future need. Smart girls follow this new beauty care to help provide against loss of the "skin-vitamin."

• All normal skin contains Vitamin A—the "skin-vitamin." • In hospitals, scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns quicker. • Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Pond's has not been changed in any other way. It's the same grand cream you have always known. Use it as always—night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.



AND POND'S IS
THE SAME GRAND
CREAM. ITS USE
HELPS GIVE SKIN
A **SOFT GLOW—**
MAKES MAKE-UP
THRILLING!

Margaret Biddle

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FACING THE MUSIC

The latest musical notes—
what bands to listen to and
when, what records to buy,
and up-to-the-minute gossip

Peg La Centra
sings on NBC's
For Men Only.

Skinney Ennis
is now leading
his own band.



Larry Clinton is music-
land's jitterbug hero,
and radio's rising star.

By KEN ALDEN



FOUR-FOOT-NINE Judy Starr, Hal Kemp's pert vocalist, sings all those love lyrics just for five-foot-four Jack Shirra, Hal's bass player. They were married early this month.

This may be the first fall season that the Hotel Taft in New York will be without the services of George Hall, who finds the one-night highways paved with gold. If Hall fails to return for his umpteenth consecutive season, Enoch Light will fill this dance band niche.

Irene Taylor, Paul Whiteman's erstwhile blues singer and her husband, Segar Ellis are forming a band to be known as "The Choir of Brass." Just to be different Ellis will have four trombones, four trumpets, one saxophone, drums, piano, and bass.

By October you'll find Larry Clinton at the Lincoln, Sammy Kaye at the Commodore, Kay Kyser reopening the Madhattan Room of the Pennsylvania, Harry Owen's Hawaiians at the Biltmore until December when Heidt's Brigadiers return, all helping to make this the brightest dance picture New York has seen in years . . .

All of these places will air their bands over the three big chains . . . Duchin is expected to return to the Plaza and Coleman to the swank St. Regis . . . And don't be surprised if you tune in Benny Goodman from the usually sedate Waldorf-Astoria . . . Henry Busse's summer success at the New Yorker almost insures his winter engagement there, leaving only Tommy Dorsey unaccounted for as far as Gotham is concerned.

CLOSED CORPORATION

What chance has a rank outsider in getting "close" to Harry L. Crosby, known to you and Bob Burns as "Bing?" His personal manager is Everett Crosby. Ted Crosby is the publicity man. Larry Crosby is the business head of Crosby, Incorporated. The only dance band that the famous father of twins is interested in, is batoned by one Bob Crosby.

You can't play up to the charms of Bing's two sisters. They're both married.

Larry Clinton, daddy of "The Dipsy Doodle" and the current hero of the jitterbugs is just a bit tired of hearing

and reading stories which tell how easy it was for Larry to skyrocket to success. It pains his usually immobile face when writers point out that the tall, thin tune titan never had to worm his way through cheap dine and dance spots, chop suey haunts and draughty ballrooms to gain popularity.

"It's true that I never went on a merry-go-round of one night stands," says candid Clinton, "but I certainly didn't inherit this band from a rich uncle. Nor did managers weep in their beers pleading for me to sign up."

Larry directs his biographers to the long hours he spent, burning midnight oil, over intricate arrangements—he's written about 1500 best sellers—or the worry of getting the right musicians—or the dilemma he finally solved when he wondered if leading a band was more lucrative than arranging for somebody else's.

You may never have heard of triple-threat Larry until he brought his rhythms to NBC's airwaves last spring, but Tin Pan Alley had. He was the mustachioed guy who had been writing brilliant orchestrations for the Brothers Dorsey, Casa Loma, and Benjamin Goodman. He was that

(Continued on page 68)



Five whole years of your life...

HERE'S an astonishing fact... the days in an average woman's life when she needs sanitary protection, add up to five whole years or more!

That's a lot of days. Every woman ought to learn to make them easier, more comfortable days. So—if you are still buying the same brand of sanitary napkins you started buying years ago—here's news you ought to hear...

There's something better now! Modess—a napkin so much *softer* and *safer* that it is bringing new comfort and peace of mind to millions of women!

Cut a Modess pad in two and examine the filler. It's fluffy, soft as down—entirely different from the close-packed layers found in so many other napkins. That's why Modess doesn't become stiff and rasping in use—doesn't chafe.

Now remove the moisture-resistant backing inside a Modess pad and test it. Pour water on it—and you'll see how completely you can rely on Modess!

Yet for all its greater comfort and safety, Modess costs no more than any other nationally known napkin. So—when you buy napkins—insist upon Modess.



Get in the habit of saying "Modess!"

IF YOU PREFER A SMALLER, SLIGHTLY NARROWER PAD, SAY "JUNIOR MODESS"

The Upswing

(Continued from page 23)

when I'd spent a day tramping around seeing casting directors."

Bill Sayres said, "That's when I first knew you—I used to change the bulbs on your lovely face almost every night."

"No!"

"Sure. We became very good friends—that is, your face and me. I used to talk to you—tell you what I wanted to do—the money I wanted to make."

"Did I ever talk back to you?"

"Not until later, when I first saw you in pictures . . . You were the biggest sign on Times Square then, and I took extra-special care of you. In fact, I took such good care of you that I neglected the other signs I was supposed to keep in running order—and got fired as a result."

"Oh—I'm sorry for that. But—" she gestured toward the apartment behind her—"how did you come by all this magnificence?"

MAYBE it was your picture that did it. Anyway, I wound up owning that same company."

She said, "Success story—" and tried not to let her voice sound bitter.

"Call it that," he said quietly. "But it isn't, really. Tomorrow I'm right back where I started. Bill Sayres, the electric-sign king, has been deposed."

"What?"

"It seems I've gone broke."

"But this party—this apartment—"

He lifted his hands, then let them fall again on the arms of the chair. "Just a farewell gesture. The company went bust this morning. I figured I'd have to give the party before anybody found out—they wouldn't come *after* they knew."

Mary Jane threw back her head and laughed. Millions of movie fans had heard that laugh, so clear and gay—but they had never heard quite the note in it that was there now. It was not a merry note.

As suddenly as she had started, she stopped. "Bill," she said—and neither of them noticed that she had used his first name, "we're both in the soup. I'm on the same skids you are."

"But—but you're a picture star!"

"Once—for a little while. But I haven't been a star for—oh, for two years, and that's a long time in Hollywood. I've been a featured player.

And now I'm not even that. I haven't made a picture in three months. I came to New York because—well, because I couldn't stand staying in Hollywood, knowing I was through."

He stared at her. And then he laughed too, ruefully. "We're a pair of phoneys, Mary—both putting up a big front with nothing behind it."

"Just phoneys," she said, nodding. "And nothing we can do about it either, I guess."

"Bill! Bill, where are you?" It was a girl's voice, calling from inside the French doors.

"My girl—Susan Leeds," Bill whispered hurriedly, before she came through the door and stopped in a pretty confusion, seeing them. She was blonde and small, with a vivacious face, and Mary disliked her on sight.

"Bill," Susan said as soon as he had accomplished the introductions, "we're making up a party to go to Coney Island, and you've got to come. It'll be divine fun!"

Bill began to demur, but she cut him short with an imperative "Bill! I want to go!"

Then Bill very politely did something very rude. He said to Mary, "How about it, Miss Walker? Want to come?"

Mary felt a sudden, illogical warmth in her heart, and—"I'd love it," she said.

"Okay. Let's go then," he agreed, and reached down for his shoe.

Susan Leeds' eyes flashed at Mary. She turned and went quickly back into the apartment.

Mary didn't bother to count the party that eventually sorted itself out for the Coney Island trip. Tommy was definitely missing now, and she and Bill and Susan went with a chubby young man named Wentz in his roadster. There were another two cars full of people, besides.

But once at Coney Island, she saw little of the others, for Bill had her arm and was leading her into a busy little alley off the boardwalk, through it and to another section of the midway.

"Susan," Mary observed, "is not going to like this, Bill."

"She won't even miss us," he said abstractedly. "How are you at a shoot-

ing gallery?"

"Terrible."

"So'm I. Let's try one."

But back of all their fun, hovering over them as they ate hot dogs and drank soda pop, shied baseballs at dummies, tumbled head over heels in the Crazy House, swooped toward the earth at a million miles an hour in the roller-coaster—always, there was the knowledge that they were dancing on the edge of blackness. Now and then, glancing sidewise at Bill, Mary surprised on his face a somber, indrawn look—the look of a man whose thoughts fed on disappointment and disillusionment. As for herself—strangely, she felt calmer, more at peace with the future. But then, she had fought her battle, faced the knowledge that she was through, looked full upon that blank wall which Bill must be seeing for the first time: "What shall I do? What *can* I do?"

To be wealthy, self-assured, swinging high on top of the wave—and then suddenly to find yourself there no longer—that was the cruelest joke the gods could play on you. It was not so bad, even, to struggle endlessly for the prizes of the world, and never attain them, as it was to have them in your grasp, enjoy them—and then see them suddenly vanish, evaporate.

As she and Bill played, mingling with the colorful, excited, odorous crowd, trying to lose the knowledge that followed both of them doggedly, like a shadow, the night took on a dream-like quality. Now and then Mary seemed to be standing apart, seeing herself, arm in arm with Bill, jostled by the crowd.

THEN they were in a swinging seat, suspended from a delicate steel tracery, part of a great upright wheel that moved, glittering, slowly round and round in the darkness. Bill's arm was around her; they soared up, up above the garish lights, up to where a cool breeze touched her hair and face.

"A ferris wheel," Bill said softly. "The poor man's penthouse. Your penthouse, from now on. And mine."

"For a dime you can fancy you're on top of the world—high up, boss of all those colored lights you see down there."

Gently rocking, their basket was on the downward curve of the wheel now. The music of a nearby merry-go-round came louder to their ears, and the odor of Coney Island—hot dogs, popcorn, dust, humanity—was sharper in their nostrils.

"I'm sorry," he said. "This was to be the fun party, wasn't it? And here I start in weeping over my tough luck—when yours is just as bad."

Her hand tightened on his. "Bill," she said, "You pay your dime—you swing up in the air—first thing you know you're in the clouds, looking down at everything. You feel exalted—think you're higher than any one's ever been before. But then you start down again . . ."

"And what happens then?"

"Why—then the clusters of light begin to take shape again—they're buildings, good solid buildings, not just fancy lights. You can see, as you go down, that the glitter is gone, but there's something solid to take its



Amateurs indeed! This group of popular radio stars participated in Tommy Dorsey's Amateur Swing Contest over NBC. They're Jack Benny, Dick Powell, Ken Murray, Bing Crosby, Tommy Dorsey and Shirley Ross.

place. . . . Does that make sense?"

"Yes," he said. "Very much."

"When you reach the ground, there you are in the middle of the crowd again, shoving your way through. But you've had your moment—alone."

. . . . She broke the silence with a little embarrassed laugh. "Such philosophy! But somehow—I do mean it."

"Mary," he said softly, "you're a pretty sweet guy."

The basket bumped against the landing platform. They stepped out. From the crowd around the entrance someone shouted, "Bill Sayres! Hey!"

"Ow!" Bill said. "We're caught."

The rest of the party was standing there, waiting for them. And Susan Leeds, Mary saw as they approached, was incandescent with rage.

"Having a good time, Bill?" she inquired.

"Well—yes, rather."

"Because," she announced, "I'm not. I don't particularly enjoy being made a fool of by your broken-down picture star friend."

"Susan!" Bill snapped.

Mary smiled. "I don't mind, Bill," she said.

"Why should you?" Susan asked.

"Bill must look like a good remedy for an ailing box-office—doesn't he?"

"I hadn't thought of him in that way, but now that you mention it—"

Restraining hands were on Susan, but she shook them off. "Can't you see," she asked Bill bluntly, "that she's just moving in on your bank-roll?"

"NO," Bill said, "I guess I hadn't noticed. But anyway, there isn't any bankroll for her to move in on. The company went bust this morning."

In that moment Mary almost felt sorry for Susan Leeds. Her eyes widened in utter incomprehension at first, as she took in the meaning of Bill's statement; then narrowed as she tried to assess its truth.

"Went bust?" she murmured.

"Completely."

She had to believe him—and she giggled. "Well, pardon me! I'm sorry I misjudged you, Miss Walker—I guess our mistake was mutual."

"We all make them," Mary assured her.

"All but me," Susan Leeds said grimly. "Come on, folks."

Then Bill and Mary were alone again—alone except for a few hundred thousand Coney Islanders.

"Nice girl," Bill said. "But she never pretended to be anything she wasn't—so I knew she'd act this way when she found out. . . . She didn't have to call you a broken down picture star, though."

"I don't mind—I've been called that before. It doesn't hurt so much if you keep telling yourself it isn't true unless you let it be."

He nodded and looked up at the great wheel. In the shifting light she saw that his face had lost its strained look, had almost become happy.

"How about another ride?" the barker beside the ticket booth shouted at them. "Hey, Mister! You and the young lady want to swing up together again?"

Bill looked at her. "How about it, Lady?"

"Well, it is getting late, Bill—"

"Never too late for the upswing. Are you with me?"

She swayed toward him, took his arm, laughed. "Sure I am, Bill," she said. "You and I—on the upswing!"

THE END

HED BE THE CUTEST BABY AT THE PARTY IF THAT SUIT WASN'T SO FULL OF TATTLE-TALE GRAY

HIS POOR MOTHER MUST BE USING LAZY SOAP. I WISH TO GOODNESS SHED SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA AND LET ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF GENTLE NAPTHA GET CLOTHES REALLY CLEAN AND WHITE!



EMBARRASSING? It certainly is—and then some—when people whisper about your clothes!

So why take chances with tattle-tale gray? Lazy soaps can't wheedle out every last bit of dirt—no matter how hard you rub and rub. There's one sure way to get all the dirt—use Fels-Naptha Soap!

Get whiter washes! Try it and

see if you don't get the snowiest, sweetest washes that ever danced on your line! See how much easier and quicker its richer golden soap and lots of naptha make your wash!

Change to Fels-Naptha! Get a few golden bars from your grocer on your next shopping trip. You'll save money. And you'll save your clothes from tattle-tale gray.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

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PEPPIEST FLAKES EVER!
TRY FELS-NAPTHA
SOAP CHIPS, TOO!



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(Lovely Hollywood Star)

"A MAN CAN'T RESIST the appeal of soft white hands", says ANN MILLER*, charming picture star. Even hard-working hands can be attractively smooth — Jergens Lotion helps prevent roughness and chapping.



*Ann Miller with James Stewart in Frank Capra's "You Can't Take It With You" (A Columbia Picture)

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DON'T PERMIT your hands to get rough and red because cold, wind, and frequent use of water have dried the natural moisture out of the skin.

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gredients in this fragrant lotion are used by many doctors for effective help in whitening and softening rough skin. Soothes chapping — helps restore caressing smoothness! No stickiness! Hands cared for with Jergens are adorably worthy of love. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢... \$1.00 for the special economy size... at any beauty counter.



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Let's Play Games

(Continued from page 39)

SCRAMBLED PROVERBS

I've seen many a well meant lawn party turn into an awful dud because old man Sol slid behind some sullen storm clouds. The hostess who had planned such a nice afternoon of croquet, egg rolling and badminton only to find her guests rubbing uncomfortable elbows in the parlor, might well have tried "Scrambled Proverbs" to save the day, like a U. S. Marine. These are all well known proverbs in disguise. Can you give the original wording?

1. The aggregate is not aurum that coruscates. (All is not gold that glitters.)
2. Cast your orbs about you, ere you cut a didoe.
3. More value is placed upon a nestling in the palm, than a biformity in the shrubbery.
4. Expeditiousness is conducive to spilth.
5. An overabundance of people bent upon pleasing epicureans, tend to destroy the concoction.
6. Whosoever vacillates is in a state of being at sea.
7. The act of cognition results in credence.
8. The state of mutism is aureate.
9. Persons making their domiciles in vitreous structures should refrain from casting lapidary objects.
10. The cooperation of multitudinous manual extremities lighten the onus.

VERY BLANK VERSE

Did you rate a passing mark in "Fill 'er up?" Well here's a game along similar lines and if you have always been one of those people who go around quoting poems and remembering lyrics, you won't have to call J. Edgar Hoover to find the elusive words.

Just supply the missing words in the following passages.

1. 'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the house, not a was not even a mouse.
2. Ah, take the cash and let the go
Nor heed the rumble of a distant
3. You're the of my sweet Adeline.
4. Goodnight, goodnight, is such sweet that I shall say goodnight, 'til it be
5. And the dawn came up like Out of cross the Bay.
6. Friends, Romans, Countrymen: Lend me your
I come to Caesar, not to him.
7. I think that I shall never see
A poem as a
8. I push the first down.
And the goes round and round.
9. It is better to have and
Than never to have at all.
10. I love you truly, truly dear.
Life with it's life with it's

The Gracie Allen Murder

Case

(Continued from page 13)

real distress in her tone. "Did you throw that lighted cigarette?"

"What cigarette?" asked Vance.

"Why, the cigarette that burnt my dress. It's around here somewhere."

Vance was as much interested as he was amused. "But really, my dear, it must have been some villain in the car—if there was a car."

"Well, then," she murmured with resignation, "I guess it wasn't you I was mad at."

"Shall we say, then, that I'm just as sorry about it as if I had thrown the cigarette?" suggested Vance.

"But now I don't know whether you did or not."

"Therefore, you must permit me to make amends—no matter who the culprit was."

"Really," she said, "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean just this: I want you to go down to Chateau and Lyons and select one of their prettiest frocks—one which will make you look just as cute as this one does."

"Oh, I couldn't afford it!"

He took out his card-case, and, jotting a few words on one of his visiting cards, tucked it beneath the flap of the girl's handbag which was lying on the grass.

"You just take that card to Mr. Lyons himself and tell him I sent you."

HER eyes beamed gratefully, and she did not protest further.

"Well now, that's settled, isn't it?" the girl giggled again.

"Incidentally," said Vance, "I also hope you'll use the same perfume when you wear your new dress. It's somehow just like the springtime—a 'delicious scent of citron and orange trees,' as Longfellow pæned in his *Wayside Inn*. By the way, what is it? I don't recognize it as any of the popular scents."

"I don't know," the girl replied. "I guess nobody knows. It hasn't any name. It was made specially for me by George—but I suppose I shouldn't really call him George to strangers. His name is Mr. Burns. I'm his assistant at the In-O-Scent Corporation—that's a big perfume factory. He's always mixing different things together and smelling them. That's his job. He's very clever too. Only, he's *much* too serious."

"But I'm sure," Vance asserted, "that the odor you are wearing contained citron, though it may have had some other name. . . . And speaking of names, is *your* name, by any chance, Calypso?"

She shook her head.

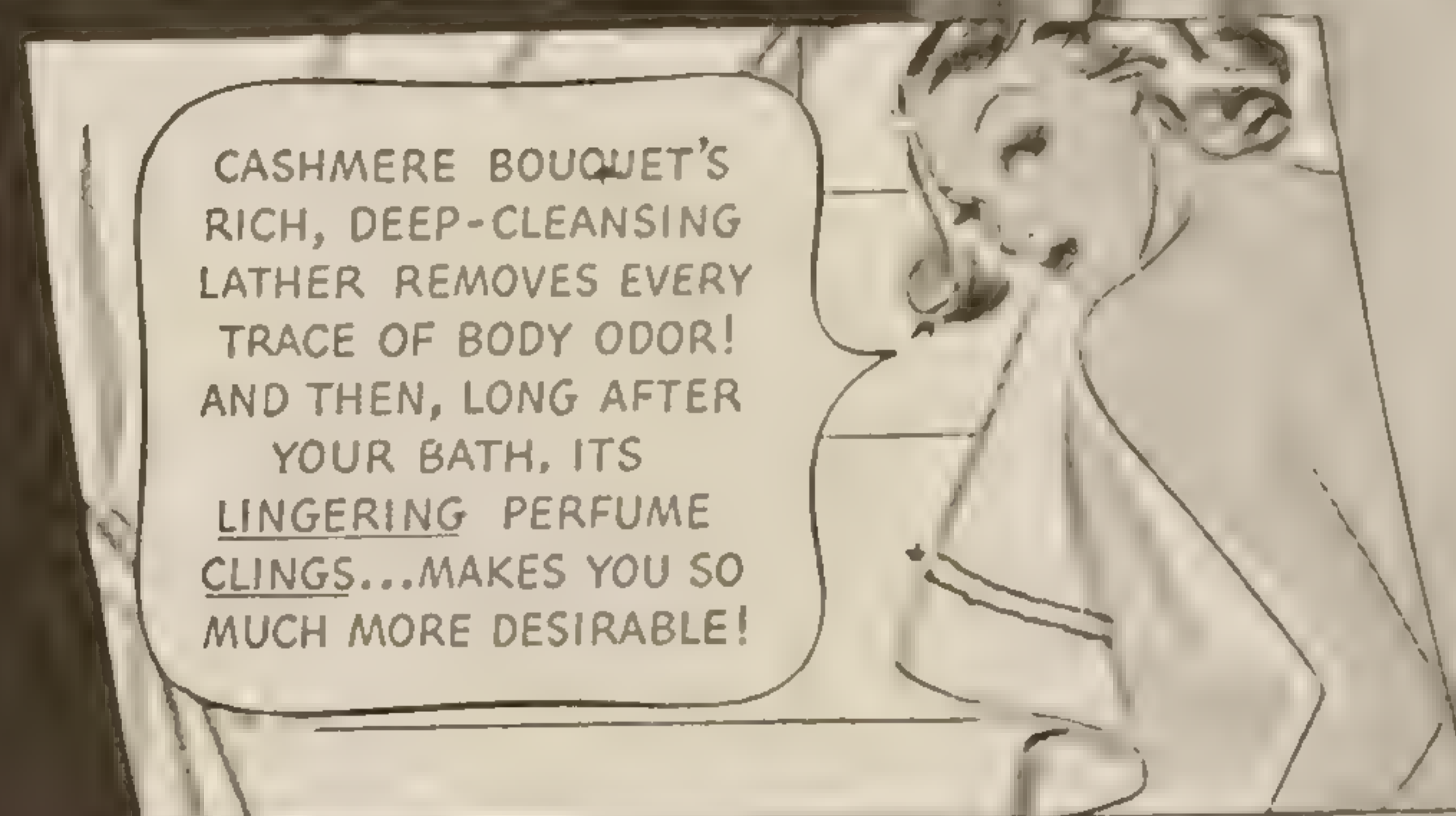
"No, but it's something almost like that. It's Gracie Allen."

Vance chuckled. "But aren't you afraid to come to such an unfrequented spot alone?"

"Alone?" Again the girl glanced up the road. "I don't come alone. I generally come with a friend who lives over toward Broadway. His name is Mr. Puttle, and he works in the same business house I do. Mr. Puttle's a salesman. And Mr. Burns—I told you about him before—was very angry with me for coming out here this afternoon with Mr. Puttle. But he's *always* angry when I go anywhere with

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THANKS FOR YOUR HELP, CASHMERE BOUQUET. YOU DO GUARD A GIRL'S DAINTINESS IN SUCH A LOVELY WAY!

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Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, leaving your skin softer, smoother . . . more radiant and alluring!



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April Showers Eau de Cologne

HERE are vitalizing drops to refresh body and soul... to scent you enchantingly with "April Showers," Cheramy's famous "Perfume of Youth."

April Showers Eau de Cologne is a luxurious necessity... a necessary luxury... at an economical price. It is *Exquisite, but not Expensive.*

April Showers Eau de Cologne, 50¢, 90¢ and \$1.50
April Showers Perfume (purse size), 28¢, 50¢ and \$1.
April Showers Talc, 28¢ and 55¢

anybody else, and especially if it's Mr. Puttle."

"And where might Mr. Puttle be now?" asked Vance.

"He's gone to look for a nunnery."

"A nunnery? Good Heavens! What for?"

"He said there was a lovely view from there, with benches and flowers and everything. But he didn't know whether it was up the road from here or down. So I told him to find out first. I didn't feel like going to a nunnery when I didn't even know where it was."

"I think you were eminently sensible. But I happen to know where it is; it's quite a distance down the other way."

"Well, Jimmy—that is, Mr. Puttle—has gone in the wrong direction then. That's just like him. I'm lucky I made him look first. . . ."

The Startling Adventure

THE girl leaned forward, and looked at Vance with impulsive eagerness.

"But I forgot: I'm just dying to know what you were doing on the other side of the wall. I do hope it was exciting. I know you must have been having a simply wonderful adventure of some kind. Tell me," she pleaded, "what wild, stunning adventure did you have there?"

Vance drew a deep puff on his cigarette.

"Really, y'know," he said with a mock seriousness, "I'm afraid to breathe a word of it to any one."

He lowered his voice to an intimate, sepulchral whisper. "When I came dashing over the wall, I had just committed a murder."

"How simply wonderful!" But I noticed she edged away from him a bit.

"That's why I was running away so fast," Vance went on.

"I think you're joking." The girl was at her ease again. "But go on."

"It was really an act of altruism," Vance resumed, seeming to take genuine enjoyment in his fantastic tale. "I did it for a friend—to save a friend from danger—from revenge."

"He must have been a very bad man. I'm sure he deserved to die and that you did a noble deed—like the heroes of olden times."

Vance laughed under his breath. . . . "Well, to continue with my dark confession: I knew this man was a very dangerous person, and that my friend's life was in peril. So I came out here this afternoon, and back there, in yon shady wood, where no one could see, I killed him. . . . I am so glad you think I did right."

"And what was the murdered man's name?" she asked. "I hope it was a terrible name."

"What names do you especially like?" Vance asked.

"Well, let me see. . . . Burns is a pretty name, don't you think?"

"Yes, I do." Vance smiled pleasantly. "Incidentally, it's Scotch—"

"But George isn't a bit Scotch," the girl protested indignantly. "He's awfully generous."

"No, no," Vance hastened to assure her. "Not Scotch like that. I was going to say that it's Scotch for 'brook' or 'rivulet' . . ."

"Oh, water! That's different. You see, I was right!" she chirped; then nodded sagely. "Water! That's George! He never drinks—you know, liquor. He says it affects his nose, so

he can't smell."

"Smell?"

"Uh-huh. George has simply got to smell—it's his job. Smelling odors, and knowing which one will sell big, and which one will make you a vamp, and which one is bad enough for hotel soap. He's terribly clever that way. He even invented *In-O-Scent*—mixed it all himself. And Mr. Doolson—he's our boss—named the new factory for George." Pride shone in her eyes.

"And oh!" she ran on; "George has five letters in his name. And I've got five letters in my last name, too. It means something important. I vibrate to five. But six is awfully unlucky for me. I'm allergic—that's what Delpha calls it—to six. But I forgot:—what was the name of the man you so bravely killed?"

"He had a very unpleasant name. He was called Benny the Buzzard."

"He was sent to prison for twenty years." Vance continued his ingenious recital. "But he broke away and escaped only yesterday, and came back to New York to kill my friend."

"Oh, then there will be head-lines in all the papers tomorrow about your murdering him!"

"My word! I hope not." Vance pretended a show of great concern. "I feel I have done a good deed, but I do hope, don't y'know, I am not found out. And I am sure you wouldn't tell any one, would you?"

"Oh, no," the girl assured him.

Vance heaved an exaggerated sigh, and slowly rose to his feet.

"Well, I must get into hiding," he said, "before the police learn of my crime."

She put her hand in his.

"You're not really a villain. Why, you only murdered one bad man. And thank you so much for the lovely new dress," she added. "Did you really mean it?"

"I really did." His sincerity dissipated any remaining doubt. "And good luck with Mr. Puttle—and Mr. Burns."

She waved solemnly as we made our way down the dusty road toward our car.

"What an amazin' creature!" murmured Vance. "There's naïveté, Van. Or, mayhap, a basically shrewd nature, plethoric with romance, striving to live among the clouds in this sordid world. Living by the manufacture of perfume. And all mixed up with springtime—and visions of heroics—and young love."

I looked at him questioningly.

"Quite," he repeated. "That was definitely indicated. But I fear that Mr. Puttle's long jaunts from upper Broadway will come to naught in the end. You noted that she anointed herself with the fragrant aroma of Mr. Burns' nameless concoction, even when transiently country-siding with Mr. Puttle. All signs considered, I regard the mixer and smeller of the subtle scents of Araby as the odds-on favorite to win the Lovin' Cup."

The Domdaniel Cafe

THE Domdaniel café, situated in West 50th Street near Seventh Avenue, had for many years attracted a general and varied clientele. The remodeling of the large old mansion in which the café was housed, had been tastefully achieved, and much of the old air of solidity and durability remained.

From either side of the wide entrance to the ends of the building ran a narrow open terrace attractively studded with pseudo-Grecian pots of neatly-trimmed privet. At the western end of the house a delivery alley separated the café from the neighboring edifice. At the east side there was a paved driveway, perhaps ten feet wide, passing under an ivy-draped *porte-cochère* to the garage in the rear. A commercial skyscraper at the corner of Seventh Avenue abutted on this driveway.

It was nearly eight o'clock when we arrived that mild May evening. Lighting a cigarette, Vance peered into the shadows of the *porte-cochère* and the dimly-lighted area beyond. He then sauntered for a short distance into this narrow approach, and gazed at the ivy-covered windows and side-door almost hidden from the street. In a few moments he rejoined me on the sidewalk and turned his seemingly casual attention to the front of the building.

"Ah!" he murmured. "There's the entrance to Señor Mirche's mysterious office. Probably a window enlarged, when the old house was remodeled. Merely utilitarian, don't y'know."

It was, as Vance observed, an unpretentious door opening directly on the narrow terrace; and two sturdy wooden steps led down to the sidewalk. At each side of the door was a small window securely barred with a wrought-iron grille, a larger window at the side, overlooking the driveway also was closely grilled.

To my surprise, Vance went up the wooden steps to the terrace and cas-

ually peered through one of the narrow windows into the office.

"The office appears to be quite as honest and upright inside as it does from out here," he said. "I fear the suspicious Sergeant is a victim of nightmares. . . ."

We walked on to the main entrance and were greeted in the impressive reception-hall by the unctuous Mr. Mirche himself. He seemed well pleased to see Vance, whom he addressed by name, and turned us over to the head-waiter, pompously exhorting our *cicerone* that we be given every attention and consideration.

We could not have selected a better table than the one to which we were led. It was near the fireplace, and since the tables along the walls were slightly elevated, we had an unobstructed view of the entire room. Far on our right was the main entrance, and on our left the orchestra stand. Opposite us, at the other end of the room, an archway led to the hall; and beyond that, almost as if framed in the doorway, we could see the wide carpeted stairs to the floor above.

"My word! My aging eyes must be playing tricks on me. I say, peep far over on my right, near the entrance. It's the astonishing young woman of the citron scent. And she's having a jolly time. She is accompanied by a youthful swain in sartorial splendor. . . . I wonder whether it is her explorin' escort in Riverdale, or the more serious teetotaler, Mr. Burns."

At once I recognized the elegant young man of whom I had caught a glimpse as we rounded the turn on Palisade Avenue on our way back to the car. I informed Vance that it

was undoubtedly Mr. Puttles.

His glance roved about the room again.

"Really, y'know, I believe I have found our Mr. Burns, the dolorous hypotenuse of my imagin'ry triangle. At least the gentleman fulfills all the requirements. He is alone. He is of a suitable age. He is serious. He sits at a table placed at just the right angle to observe his strayin' wood-nymph and her companion. He is watching her rather closely and seems displeased and jealous enough to be contemplating murder. He has no appetite for the food before him. He has no wine or other alcoholic beverage. And—he is actually glowerin'!"

I let my gaze follow Vance's as he spoke, and I observed the lonely young man. He was stern and somewhat rugged. Despite the sense of humor denoted by the upward angle of his eyebrows, his broad forehead gave the impression of considerable depth of thought and a capacity for accurate judgment. His gray eyes were set well apart, and engaging in their candor; and his chin was firm, yet sensitive. He was dressed neatly and unostentatiously, in severe contrast with the showy grandeur of Mr. Puttles.

FIFTEEN or twenty minutes later Mirche, beaming and bowing, came into the dining-room from the main entrance hall, and passed on toward the rear of the room to a small table just behind the orchestra dais, at which one of the entertainers sat. She was a blonde and flashingly handsome woman whom I knew to be the well-known singer Dixie Del Marr. She greeted Mirche with a smile

GO AHEAD AND SULK, IT'S STILL TRUE!

WHY SHOULDN'T I SULK? YOU WOULD, TOO--IF SOMEBODY SAID YOU HAD BAD BREATH!

I'M SORRY I'VE HURT YOUR FEELINGS, HONEY, BUT WHY DON'T YOU SEE OUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?

TESTS SHOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH

"You see, Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into the hidden crevices between your teeth that ordinary cleansing methods fail to reach... removes the decaying food deposits that *cause* most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent gently yet thoroughly cleans the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF YOUR BLARNEY, MISTER!

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, HONEY—I MEAN EVERY WORD OF IT!

NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM



FOR A WOMAN IN LOVE... If you want to attract HIM, use the lipstick he likes! Men detest lips that look too bright and "painted". Use the lipstick that gives your lips a smooth, natural glow.



LIPS ARE ROSY AND SMOOTH when you give them the magic touch of Tangee! Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to the shade of blush-rose that best suits you—whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead. And Tangee's special cream base *keeps* lips soft, tempting.

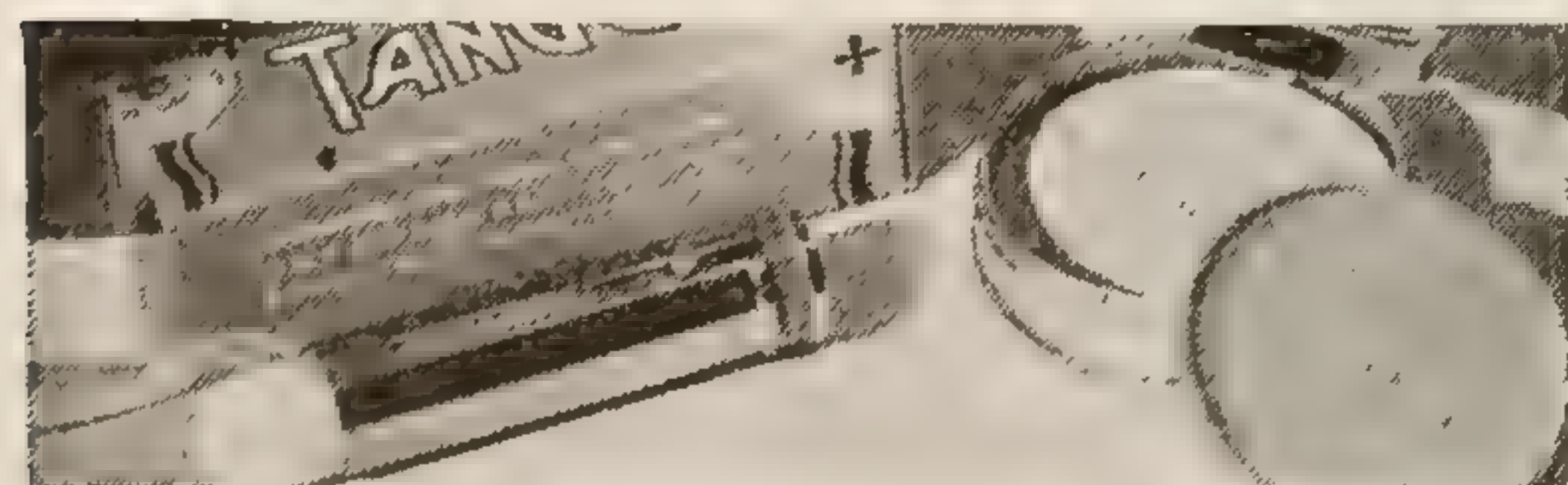


AND ROUGE TO MATCH... In the Creme or Compact form, Tangee Rouge blends with your individual complexion—gives your cheeks a delicate, natural tone. It suits every type of coloring—perfectly! Try Tangee Rouge and Lipstick tonight!

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.



4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Company, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ (Please Print)

Street _____

City _____ State _____ MA108

which appeared more intimate than would be expected from an employee to an employer. Mirche drew out the chair facing her and sat down. I was somewhat surprised to note that Vance was watching them closely.

Dixie Del Marr and Mirche had begun what appeared to be a confidential chat. Mirche was emphasizing some point, and Dixie Del Marr was nodding in agreement. Then Miss Del Marr made some answering remark to which he, in turn, nodded understandingly.

"Very interestin'," murmured Vance. "I wonder..."

The Rendezvous

It was shortly thereafter that I noticed Gracie Allen rise gayly from her seat beside the self-satisfied Mr. Puttle.

"My word!" chuckled Vance. "The astonishin' wood-nymph is coming our way."

Even as he spoke, she spied him, threw up her hands in rapturous surprise, and came to our table.

"Why, hello," she sang out; and then reprimanded Vance in lower tones: "You're a terribly bold murderer. Oh, awfully bold. Don't you know that someone is apt to see you here? You know, like a waiter, or somebody."

"Or you, yourself," smiled Vance.

"Oh, but I wouldn't tell. Don't you remember? I promised not to tell." She sat down with startling suddenness, and giggled musically. "And I always say everybody should keep a promise, if you know what I mean. . . . But my brother's funny that way. He doesn't ever keep a promise. But he keeps lots of other things. And sometimes he gets into awful trouble by not keeping a promise. He's always getting into trouble. Maybe it's because he's so ambitious. Are you ambitious?"

"Speaking of promises," said Vance, "do you keep all your promises to Mr. Burns?"

"I never made any promise to George," she assured Vance, the tinge of a confused blush mounting her saucy features. "Whatever made you think of that? But he's tried awfully hard to make me promise him something. And he gets terribly angry with me. He's angry tonight. But, of course, he wouldn't show it in front of so many people. He's so very dignified."

Vance made no effort to restrain his mirth.

"By the bye, where is the dignified Mr. Burns this evening?"

The girl tittered with embarrassment.

"He's sitting over there across the room." She turned her head gracefully, to indicate the lone young man who had previously attracted our attention.

"And oh!" she exclaimed, as if at some sudden thought of momentous importance. "I forgot to tell you: I know who you are! What do you think of that? You're Mr. Philo Vance, aren't you? Don't you think I'm terribly smart to know that? I bet you don't know how I found out. I looked at the calling card you gave me this afternoon—and there was your name!"

She barely paused for breath.

"And oh! Mr. Puttle told me something else about you. Something

very exciting. He said you were a sort of detective and got credit for all the hard work the poor policemen do. . . . Once my brother wanted to be a policeman, but he didn't. Anyhow, he's hardly big enough to be a real policeman. He's not tall like Mr. Puttle. He's little, like me and George. And I never saw a little policeman, did you? But maybe he could have been a detective. I'll bet he never thought of that. Or maybe they don't have little detectives either."

Vance laughed delightedly. "I have known some small detectives," he told her.

"Speaking of my brother, he's here tonight, too. He's here every night. He works here."

"Indeed! What does he do?"

"He has a very important job."

"Has he been with the Domdaniel long?"

"Why, he's been here over six months! That's a very long time for my brother. He never seemed to like work very much. I guess he's just a thinker. Anyhow, he says he's never appreciated."

"What might be the nature of your brother's work?" Vance inquired.

"He works in the kitchen. He's the dish-washer. That's why his job is so important. Just imagine if a big café like this didn't have a dish-washer!"

"I must grant your argument," Vance said.

"But maybe he's going to quit here tonight. He said he would if he didn't get a raise. But I really don't think he should quit, do you? And I'm going to tell him so! . . . I bet you don't know where I was going just now."

"Not to the kitchen, I hope."

"Why, you're a good detective." The girl's eyes, starry and fluttering, opened wide. "That's where I would have been going, only Philip—that's my brother—said they wouldn't let me in the kitchen. But I'm going to meet him on the kitchen stairs. He said, 'If you are in the Domdaniel you meet me on the landing of the kitchen stairs at ten o'clock.' So that's where I was going. He was so sure I wouldn't be here that he said if I showed him I was here by meeting him, he wouldn't give up his job, no matter if he didn't get his raise. And I know mother wants him to keep his job. Oh, what time is it, Mr. Vance?"

Vance glanced at his watch. "It's just five minutes to ten."

THE girl rose as suddenly as she had sat down.

"I don't care so much about fooling Philip," she said. "But I do want to make mother happy."

As she hurried toward the distant archway, the lonely Mr. Burns rose and followed her swiftly into the hall. Almost simultaneously the two brushed past the damask draperies of the doorway, and disappeared from view.

"Poor unhappy lad," Vance remarked. "He has grasped his one fleeting opportunity of speaking alone with his inamorata!"

I turned my attention toward Mirche who was striding down the aisle toward our table. He paused with a pompous bow, to assure himself that all was well with us, and Vance invited him to join us.

There was nothing particularly

distinctive about Daniel Mirche. He was the usual politico-restaurateur type, large and somewhat ostentatious. Vance led the conversation easily along various lines related to Mirche's interest in the café and its management.

As I glanced idly across the dining-room, I noted that Mr. Burns had returned to his table; and soon the young lady herself reappeared in the archway opposite, steering a direct course back to Mr. Puttle. She did not even glance in our direction; and from the crestfallen look of her elf-like face, I assumed that she had failed in her objective.

HOWEVER, I did not apply myself for long to these reflections. My attention was caught by the unobtrusive and almost cat-like entrance of a slender, exiguous man, who moved, as if loath to attract attention, to a small table in the opposite corner of the room. This table, not far from the one at which the despondent Mr. Burns sat, was already occupied by two men whose backs were to the room; and as the newcomer took the vacant seat facing them, they merely nodded.

My interest in this slight figure was based on the fact that he reminded me of pictures I had seen of the notorious "Owl" Owen, who was reputed to be the "master-mind" behind certain colossal illegal organizations of gangland.

There was a remarkable character implicit in his super-refined features. An evil character, to be sure, but one which hinted at vast, and perhaps heroic potentialities. He had been graduated *cum laude* from a great

university. He was dark of hair and eye, but with a colorless, waxy complexion. The outstanding impression he gave was one of adamant hardness.

(I have described this man at such length because he was to play a vital rôle in the strange record of the case I am here setting down. That night, however, I could not, by the most fantastic flight of my imagination, have associated him in any way with the almost incredible and carefree Gracie Allen. And yet these two divergent characters were soon to cross each other's paths in the most astounding fashion.)

I was just about to dismiss the man from my mind, when I became conscious of an unusual undertone in Vance's voice as he chatted with Mirche. With that peculiarly alert languor I had come to know so well, he was gazing at the table in the far corner where the trio of men sat.

"By the bye," he said a bit abruptly to Mirche, "isn't that the famous 'Owl' Owen yonder, near the corner pillar?"

"I am not acquainted with Mr. Owen," Mirche returned suavely. "However, he is not unlike the pictures I have seen of Mr. Owen. . . . If I can help you, I might be able to ascertain."

Vance waved the suggestion aside. "Oh, no—no," he said. "It's of no importance."

Vance pushed back the chair. "I've had a most pleasant and edifying evening," he said to Mirche. "But really, I must be toddlin' now."

Mirche expressed his profound regrets, and accompanied us to the main entrance where he bid us an effusive good-night.

The Dead Man

WE descended the broad stone steps to the street and turned east. At Sixth Avenue Vance suddenly hailed a taxicab and gave the driver the District Attorney's home address.

Markham, in his smoking jacket and slippers, greeted us with amused surprise.

I saw Heath standing in the shadow near a window. He came forward with a friendly nod.

"My word, Sergeant," said Vance. "Wherefore?"

"I came on account of a message from Pittsburgh. Captain Chesholm in Pittsburgh just sent me a report that one of his motorcycle boys had spotted a car running without lights on a back road, and that when the car slowed up for a sharp turn, a guy in the back seat took a couple of shots at him. The car got away, headin' east to the main highway."

Heath removed the cigar from his mouth. "The officer thought he recognized Benny the Buzzard!"

Vance was unimpressed.

"In the circumstances, it could hardly have been a very definite identification."

"Personally," Markham said, "I'm convinced the fellow will stay clear of New York."

Heath felt the rebuff.

"I hope I haven't bothered you by coming here tonight, Chief."

Markham relented.

"Your coming here was quite all right," he said reassuringly. "Sit down. Perhaps Mr. Vance himself is seeking an audience for his information regarding the horrendous details



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IT IS now unbelievably easy to reveal all the natural radiance and beauty of your hair. Glamorous natural radiance, beautiful beyond your fondest dreams.

Drene performs this beauty miracle because it not only removes loose dandruff flakes, grease and dirt—but also removes the beauty-clouding film often left on the hair by other types of shampoos.

Drene is so different from other types of shampoos, that the process by which it is made has been patented. It is not a soap—not an oil. It cannot leave a dulling film on hair to dim and hide natural lustre. Nor a greasy oil film to catch dust. And because Drene contains no harmful chemicals it is safe for any type and color of hair.

A single application—and dirt, grease and perspiration are thoroughly washed away. Hair is left sparkling clean, naturally brilliant—without the need of vinegar, lemon or special after-rinses of any kind. So clean that the permanent wave solution can spread evenly, thus helping to give a soft, lustrous permanent.

And because different types of hair require a different type of shampoo to reveal full individual beauty, there are now two kinds of Drene—Special Drene for Dry Hair—and Regular Drene for normal and oily hair.

Ask for the type of Drene shampoo created to reveal the beauty of your individual type of hair—at drug, department or 10c stores—or at your beauty shop. Whether you shampoo your hair at home, or have it done by a professional operator, a single washing will thrill you with the new-found brilliance and glamorous natural beauty Drene reveals.

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REGULAR for Normal or Oily Hair
SPECIAL for Dry Hair

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Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HERE'S A SURE WAY TO PROTECT YOUR Glamour



**KEEP YOUR UNDERARM
DRY, AND YOUR DRESS
CAN'T HAVE AN OFFENSIVE
"ARMHOLE ODOR"**



• If men have a way of dating you once and then losing interest, make this one simple test of your appeal tonight!

When you take off the dress you are wearing, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may

be mortified at its stale "armhole odor," but you will know why women of refinement insist on a deodorant that keeps the underarm dry as well as sweet.

ODORONO IS SURE: Because it keeps both you and your dress always DRY.

ODORONO IS SAFE: Checking perspiration in that one small area is entirely safe.

PROTECTS CLOTHING: When used according to directions, Odorono is harmless to fabrics. It saves them the destruction caused by perspiration acids.

Start today to make the most of your natural charm! Use Liquid Odorono according to directions on the label of the bottle. Two strengths—Regular and Instant. At all toilet-goods counters.



of his sojourn to the *Domdaniel*. . . . How about it, Vance?"

Vance reached for his favorite brandy.

"I have no fantasies to unfold—not even one about a mysterious fleeing auto. But I shall try to match the Sergeant's with a yarn of a wood-nymph and a perfume-sniffer; of a xanthous Lorelei who sings from a podium instead of from a rocky crag; of a sleek owner of a caravanserai, and an empty office screened with mysterious grilles; of an ivy-covered postern, and an owl without feathers."

Vance stretched his legs before him.

"Well, *inprimis*," he began, "a most charming and astonishing young woman joined us at our table this evening for a few minutes—a child whose spinning brain, much like a pinwheel, radiated the most colorful sparks.

"I saw her first this afternoon in a shady nook in Riverdale. And she was at the *Domdaniel* tonight, accompanied by a johnnie named Puttle, with whom she was baiting the true swain of her heart—a Mr. Burns. He, too, was present tonight, but at a distance, and alone—and glowering unhappily."

"Your encounter with her in the afternoon?"

THE fact is, the lady was alone when I intruded into her woodland bower. But she accepted my encroachment quite simply. She even offered to read my palm.—It seemed that some haruspex named Delpha taught her the line of the hand—"

"Delpha?" Heath cut in sharply. "You mean the fortune-teller who does business under that phony name?"

"It could be," said Vance. "Do you know the seeress, Sergeant?"

"I'll say I do. I know her husband Tony, too. They're connected with a lot of wrong guys in the underworld. They're tipsters, jewelry touts."

"You positively astound me, Sergeant, but we may be speaking of two quite different sibyls, don't y'know. And the most amazin' detail," Vance went on, "was the scent of citron that hung about the pixie. The perfume was mixed especially for her, and was nameless. Most mysterious—eh, what? It had been concocted by the gentleman named Burns—some sort of a scent-wizard employed in the same factory she is—who was so annoyed at her apparent deflection to a rival suitor."

Markham smiled wryly.

"I hardly see where the mystery of the situation comes in."

"Nor I," confessed Vance. "But let your massive brain dwell upon the fact that the young lady should have chosen this very night to visit Mirche's hospitiun and the further fact that Mirche himself was at the *Domdaniel*."

"And where else would you have him?"

Markham's cigar needed relighting, and he gave his attention to it. "But tell me what you thought of Mirche. I recall that your main object in going to the *Domdaniel* tonight was to make a closer study of the man."

"Ah, yes. Well, I don't like Mirche.

A smooth gentleman; but not an admirable one. However, he exerted himself quite earnestly to enchant me. I wonder why. . . . Perhaps he was plotting some shady deed—though he impressed me as being the type who would need another to do his plotting for him. No, not a leader of men, but an unquestioning and able follower. A dark and wicked fellow. . . . There you have the villain of the piece. I lovingly inspected Mirche's office; but it was disgustingly void of any wrong. Merely a fair-sized room without a single occupant.

"But didn't you speak of a Lorelei?" asked Markham.

"Ah, yes. And deuced blonde she was—as becomes a Rhenish siren. Her name, however, has a Gallic ring: Del Marr. A striking Lorelei—more intelligent, I should judge, than Mirche. But there were serious words between her and our Boniface. During a restful intermission of the orchestra they sat together. No mere entertainer conversing with her impressario."

"I figured it that way myself, years ago," Heath put in. "Furthermore, she's got a swell car and a chauffeur, too. Her singing don't pay for all that."

"What of the 'owl without feathers' you mentioned a while ago?" asked Markham.

"Ah!" Vance sipped his cognac. "I was referring to the opaque and mysterious Mr. Owen of obnoxious memory and ill repute."

"I fear there is no material for you in that quarter, Vance," said Markham. "The F.B.I. were once worried about him; but after an investigation they gave the man a clean bill of health."

"I admit defeat," Vance smiled sadly.

After another hour of random talk we were interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Markham answered it; then, putting the receiver down, he turned to Heath.

"For you, Sergeant. It's Hennessey."

After Heath greeted Hennessey over the wire he listened for several minutes, his expression changing rapidly to deep puzzlement. Suddenly he hung up the receiver and turned to us.

"It sounds crazy to me, Chief, but Hennessey's calling from the *Domdaniel*, and I gotta see him right away. . . . The boys found a dead guy in the office over at the café. A kitchen helper of some kind named Philip Allen."

Vance's eyelids flickered slightly.

"Philip Allen, eh? Most interestin'!"

Of all the people drifting through the sinister *Domdaniel* Café, Gracie Allen's brother is the last one Philo Vance would have picked for a murder victim. What was Philip, whose place was in the kitchen washing dishes, doing in Mirche's private office? What connection has his death with the plot Sergeant Heath believes Benny the Buzzard is hatching for District Attorney Markham? Follow Philo Vance's exciting and hilarious investigation of this murder case in November RADIO MIRROR, on sale September 27.

NEXT MONTH S. S. VAN DINE BRINGS YOU MORE ABOUT GRACIE ALLEN AND PHILO VANCE'S STRANGEST CASE.

Yet's Meet Kay Kyser

(Continued from page 19)

evening with Kay Kyser's band.

He's busy enough, besides. He gets up at noon every day, has breakfast and dictates letters for about an hour, and spends the afternoons of three days a week rehearsing. Wednesdays he and the band rehearse the Lucky Strike broadcast; two other days each week they rehearse new numbers for their hotel engagements. And though Kay may be late to performances, he's always very much on hand for rehearsals.

YOU'D expect a successful band-leader to occupy a luxurious suite of rooms and employ at least a valet. At the Pennsylvania, in New York, Kay lives in one room with a bath. Here he shaves himself, unbelievably quickly, just before going on the stand for the evening. His closet has a pile of discarded shirts in one corner, exactly like any bachelor's. He sleeps in inexpensive cotton pajamas, using, as Sid Skolsky might report, both the tops and the pants.

As to his bachelor status, there seems to be a difference of opinion. The gossip is that he and Virginia—"Ginny"—Simms, his pretty vocalist, are secretly married. Personally, I doubt it. Kay knows he isn't handsome and therefore doesn't regard himself as a romantic figure whose appeal might be lessened if it were known he was married. On the other hand, he and Ginny may be married, and are keeping quiet about it for a different reason entirely. Ginny has been with the Kyser band three years and is often seen socially with Kay.

Kay's home town is Rocky Mount, North Carolina, as you'll inevitably find out if you talk to him for five minutes. (Note to printer: Be sure not to make that Rocky Mountain, or Kay will never forgive me.) There is quite a family of Kysers down there, almost as many kin-folks as Bob Burns has in Arkansas. But the Kysers seem to lean toward more intellectual pursuits than the Burnses. At the University of North Carolina, when Kay was an undergraduate there, he had a brother teaching chemistry, an uncle who was Dean of the School of Pharmacy, and a cousin who was Dean of the Graduate School.

The three of them ganged up on Kay at the beginning of his Junior year. Up until then, Kay had been a light-hearted young man-about-school. He had taken some advertising courses, and done well enough because there are always two sides to any advertising question, and if you don't know the right answer you can argue with the professor. Then he had made the mistake of switching to commercial and business-administration courses, a much more factual and precise field of study. He didn't do so well here.

His three relatives on the faculty, however, looked with no approval on Kay's good times, and one day they called him into conference and told him they didn't think he had it in him to make good grades. Family disapproval must get under a Kyser's skin, because Kay flew into a temper and determined he'd show them, just for

one term—and then go back to having fun. He was successful, but he made one mistake—he discovered that it was practically as easy, once you had put your mind to it, to make good grades as it was to make bad ones. He graduated, in a little more than the regulation four years, with an average only a few points short of qualifying for Phi Beta Kappa.

KAY finds his commercial radio program a lot of fun, principally because he likes to talk to people. He likes to talk to anybody and everybody. He never gets tired of wondering what some victim of his musical knowledge questions will say, although he almost dies with sympathy when one of them shows such an embarrassing lack of knowledge that the audience bursts into laughter.

The high point of his broadcasts so far, of course, has been the girl who said, in answer to Kay's question, "Who says 'Evenin', folks—how y'all?'" answered, "Kate Smith."

But he is sad indeed that the topper to that incident never went on the air. It was the night of the Louis-Schmeling fight, when Lucky Strike relinquished its air time. In order not to disappoint the horde of ticket-seekers Kay did the show anyway, before a studio audience.

"Who says," he asked one student, "who says, 'My friends?'"

The victim thought a moment. Then she brightened. "You do!" she said.

It hurts Kay that the listeners to the Musical Class never heard him confused with President Roosevelt.

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BECAUSE ACTING CALLS FOR ENERGY!

Life is strenuous for movie stars. After hours "on the set", they must still be alert, energetic. That's why, of all people, they must eat foods which fight fatigue, foods which fortify them with energy. Baby Ruth Candy is a concentrated energy food. It is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses for energy. To avoid fatigue, make Baby Ruth your candy. You will enjoy its energizing goodness.

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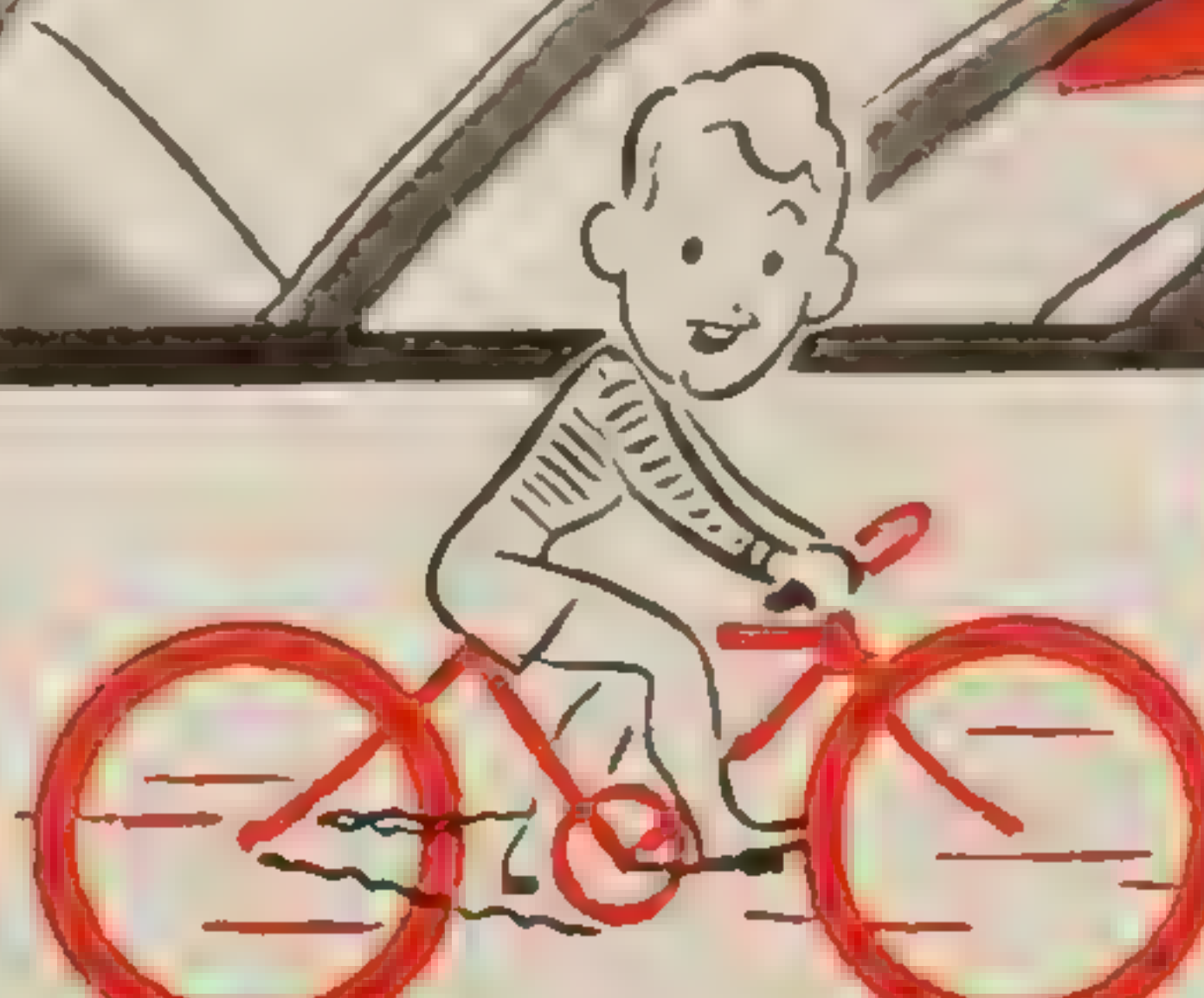
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IT'S

HOLLYWOOD'S

FAVORITE

CANDY





This Marriage Business

(Continued from page 21)

PLAIN FACTS FOR WOMEN

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• Every woman should know about Kurb Tablets—a worthy companion to other famous Kotex products. We make no extravagant claims, but tell you simply, truthfully, why we believe you will want to use Kurb.

Designed to lessen discomfort caused by menstruation, simple headaches or muscular pain, Kurb is a most effective aid for Trying Days. The formula is plainly printed on the box, so you may readily check it with your own doctor.

We urge you to try Kurb Tablets—see how quickly they help you. The convenient purse-size container holds a full dozen, yet costs only 25 cents at all drug counters. . . . If you act at once, we'll send you a sample supply FREE! Send your name and address, on a postcard, to Kurb, Room 1446, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

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Light Blondes! Ash Blondes!
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AT LAST! A NEW SHAMPOO FOR ALL BLONDES!

A New Easy Way to Bring Out the Full Radiant Loveliness of Blonde Hair . . . Keep It Soft, Fluffy, Lustrous.

Here at last is a shampoo and a special rinse that brings out the lustrous beauty, the alluring sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. Whether you are light blonde, ash blonde, sandy or brown blonde, try this amazing Blonde Hair Shampoo and Special Rinse. Costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly, it keeps hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Get New Blondex today. New combination package, shampoo with separate rinse—for sale at all stores.

answer is this: Parents certainly should not interfere. They mean to be helpful, of course. But two people, married to each other, must solve their own individual problems. Sometimes it is hard for a young couple to keep their parents from interfering without making them feel badly. One of the nicest young couples I know solved their problem this way. Before their wedding they talked things over and pledged themselves that they would be completely loyal to each other, no matter what the dispute or whose fault it was. Each had a sense of humor and both knew what they wanted. So they drew up what they

happy. Often a similarity of occupations is a great bond between a man and a woman, as it was with Marie and Pierre Curie. In fact, scientists have found that the majority of husbands and wives who work have a happy and satisfactory married life.

The question of working wives brings up another one—who is going to be boss? After all, marriage is a partnership and should be shared fifty-fifty. Years ago there might have been only one answer: the lord and master. But today, things have changed. Of the marriages scientists have studied, the happiest are those based on a fifty-fifty partnership.

Talking it Over with June Hynd

A YOUNG woman who stumbled into a spot on the air by accident, and who still greatly prefers behind-the-scenes working to talking into a microphone, is really responsible for this inspiring article-broadcast by Mrs. Parkhurst.

June Hynd, the conductor and mistress of ceremonies for the Tuesday afternoon edition of NBC's Let's Talk It Over program, is a shining example of the new type of career-woman fostered by radio. Small, energetic, quick-witted, and very pretty, she makes a success of her job by combining an excellent news sense with the charm that's needed to draw people out and start them talking about things that interest them.

In 1934, after several years spent in writing for advertising agencies and for magazines, Mrs. Hynd applied for, and got, a secretarial job with Margaret Cuthbert of NBC. But as time went on it was discovered that Mrs. Hynd was adept at spotting interesting new personalities in the news of the day, week, month, and persuading those personalities to appear on the air in one of the various NBC women's programs.

ONE day a prospective broadcaster, new to the air, had to be given an audition, and because there was no professional announcer handy, June pinch-hit, introducing the speaker herself. The audition was heard, as usual, in the offices of NBC executives, and Miss Cuthbert heard her assistant's voice on the air for the first time. It was so fresh and vital and clear that she immediately began planning to put June on a program regularly. June's job handling the Tuesday Let's Talk It Over—at 2:15, E.D.S.T.—is the result. Alma Kitchell and Lisa Sergio are in charge of the program for the other two days a week on which it is heard.

June confesses that after almost a year of conducting the program, she is still frightened every time she goes on the air—and expects to continue being frightened. That's one reason she prefers to arrange and prepare programs to actually appearing in them herself; another is that she writes the continuity for several shows, and loves to hear the words that she's written coming out of a loudspeaker to her ears. Naturally, that's one thrill she misses when she does the talking.

She's rather proud of the fact that she isn't a college graduate, believing that this squashes the impression that only college-trained people are suited to responsible positions. As a matter of fact, however, since 1934 the job situation has tightened up so much that it's hard to get a hearing at NBC—or in many other firms—unless you did go to college. While June admits this, she still holds to her opinion that a sheepskin isn't absolutely necessary for getting ahead.

called their "Neutrality Act for In-Laws." If the wife's parents made nuisances of themselves she was to take it up with them. If the husband's people got in the way, he was to handle them. And it worked!

In these troubled times we see many marriages go on the rocks because of money—or rather, because of the lack of money. But really, money is only a minor consideration. All that most young couples ask is a decent living either by the husband's wage or through the combined wages of husband and wife.

Husbands shouldn't object to having their wives work. Only an egotistical husband balks because his wife is working.

But working wives have a fine chance for keeping their marriages

Scientists know that no law can make a man or woman love each other. You know that, too. Nor can any convention hold them together when they are determined to break apart. But this is not going to be helped by laws. The only way to decrease divorce is to increase happy marriages.

It's important to use your head as well as your heart in choosing your mate. The first necessity in making your choice is to find out what you want and for this there is no set rule.

All human beings have ideals that cannot always be realized. But you who are looking forward to marriage should bear in mind that there is a difference between abandoning an ideal completely and accepting a fair compromise.

Let's All Go To The Music Hall

THIS CBC program has had its 100th presentation on the national network, and is still going strong. . . . It's a replica of the old-time English music hall. Twist your dials to a CBC station any Saturday at 10:30 p.m., E.D.S.T., and you will hear the familiar theme, "Let's All Go to the Music Hall," sung with traditional British gusto. . . . Music Hall is made up of personalities who have achieved a considerable measure of fame in their own field . . . the show appeals mainly to the old country folks and their kin, men and women who long for a whiff of old England and find more than a scent of it in this program . . . Music Hall is conducted by "The Old Chairman," a fixture of the English original . . . the English Chairman corresponds to our Master of Ceremonies but has more dignity . . .

Snapshotting The Music Hall:

Red Newman—A familiar figure to all theater-goers across Canada . . . Red was one of the original "Dumbbells" . . . The Dumbbells were an organization of front-line Canadian soldiers who were drafted to entertain their fellows behind the lines during the World War. After the festivities were over the Dumbbells organized into a theater troupe and Red was given the star role . . . Red started with the Music Hall on its second program and has never missed a show since . . .

George Patton—One of the jolliest men you'll meet in a month of Sundays . . . his red face fairly beams

WE CANADIAN LISTENERS

By HORACE BROWN



Pat Rafferty (left) and George Patton of CBC's Music Hall.

"Welcome" . . . his red nose is a beacon of gladness . . . George delivers those delightful Lancashire "poems," a la Stanley Holloway . . . audiences usually get stitches when he does "Albert and the Lion" . . . Up until recently George drove a very old Essex without brakes, but that didn't worry George . . . George likes to play detectives on the radio, but usually gets cast as the villain . . . his wife writes radio plays.

Pat Rafferty—Better known as Canada's "half-pint of comedy," has been

a side-kick of Red Newman's since the early war days . . . Red and Pat were a famous team with the Dumbbells,

rolling 'em out in the aisles with their humor . . . If Pat and Ned Sparks got into a smiling duel, cracked faces would lie all over the place . . . This is Pat's first season with the Music Hall

George Young—Program producer . . . tips the beam well over the 200 mark . . . has a serious expression that fools nobody . . . he really has to have a big body to hold his heart . . . his dry sense of humor, droll expressions, keep the high-strung Music Hallers in good humor . . . George has been in show business since he could first say "Mama" . . . George is the senior producer with the CBC . . . He has a very nice wife . . .

Yvonne Miller—Lady star of "Music Hall" . . . impersonates all the famous feminine artists of Music Hall fame such as Vesta Tilley and Vesta Victoria . . .

The Old Chairman—Focal point of the Music Hall presentation . . . known professionally as Frank Gladstone . . . real name, Frank Waddington . . . father of Canada's ace radio musical director, Geoffrey Waddington . . . offstage he is one of Canada's best known auctioneers . . . on the program he is "Mr. Beverly."

The exuberant voices heard every Saturday night on the "Music Hall" are those of Ionna Conway and Lottie Cotter . . . the orchestra is directed by Simeon Joyce . . . Marjorie Daines is at the piano.



Grace Bradley's charm of natural freshness is guarded by the sensible attention she gives to proper diet, exercise, and beauty care. (She is currently featured in Republic's "Romance On The Run".)

Freshness

is the secret of Charm..in a Movie Star or a Cigarette



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Co., Inc.

Every pack wrapped in 2 jackets of Cellophane; the OUTER jacket opens from the BOTTOM.

FEAR that freshness may some day fade is a Hollywood headache to every star. For even the greatest talent loses much of its appeal when freshness "goes stale".

But freshness *can* be protected—and Hollywood spends fabulous sums to hold its priceless charm.

Likewise with cigarettes . . . Even the finest tobaccos lose their appeal when dampness, dryness or dust is permitted to rob them of freshness. But tobacco freshness *can* be protected—and Old Gold spends a fortune to give you the rich, full flavor and smoothness of prize crop tobaccos *at the peak of perfect smoking condition*: sealed-in with an extra jacket of moisture-proof Cellophane.

Try a pack, and see what that means—in richer flavor, smoother throat-ease!

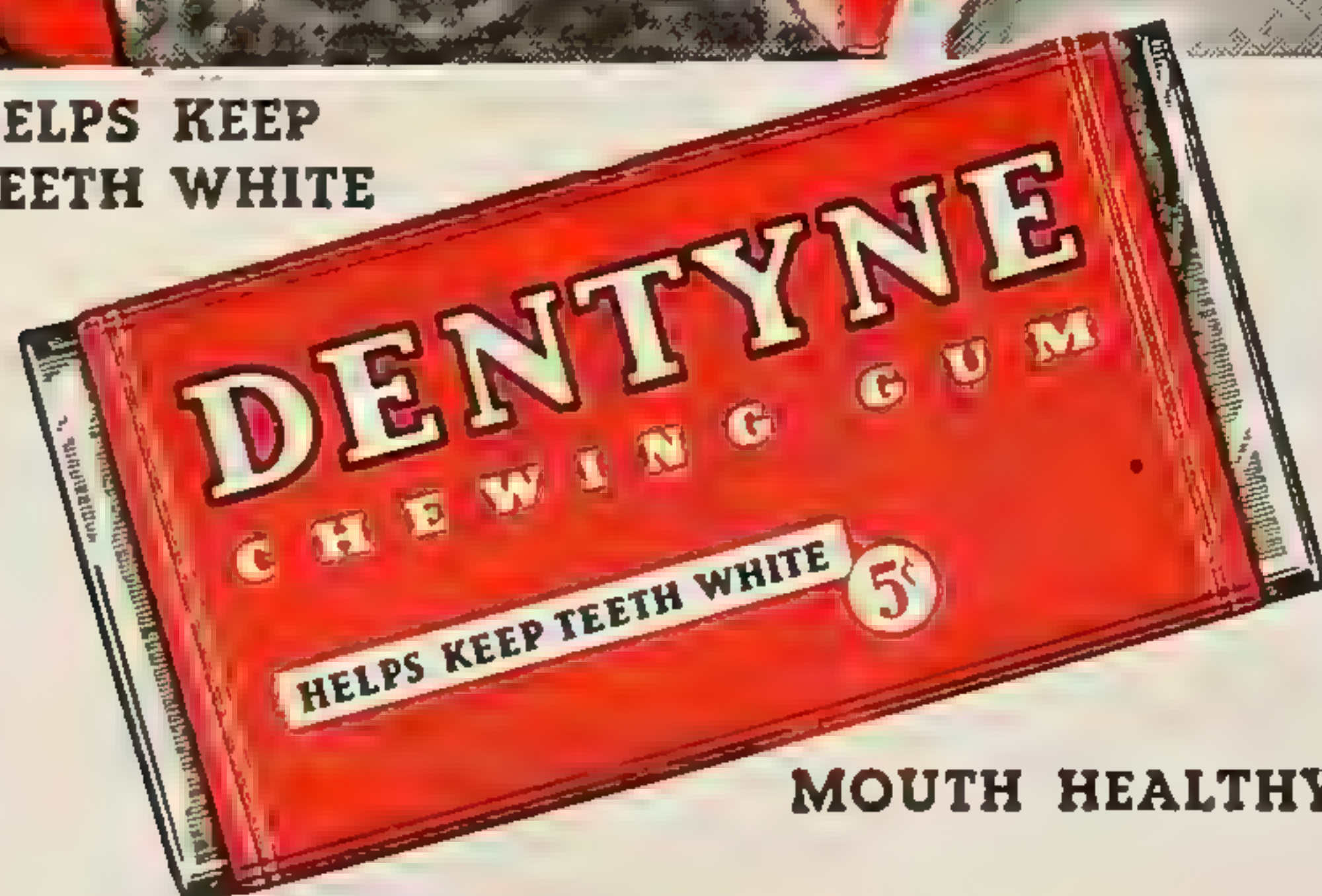
TUNE IN on Old Gold's Hollywood Screenscoops, Tues. and Thurs. nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

See that stone age Princess SMILE

Her lustrous white teeth were kept polished and healthy by exercise on tough, chewy foods. We moderns eat softer foods that give our teeth too little healthful exercise.



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TEETH WHITE



MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS YOU HAVE HEALTHIER, WHITER TEETH!

Chew Dentyne daily — its specially firm "chewiness" gives your teeth needed exercise, stimulating healthful circulation of the blood in gums and mouth tissues. It also stimulates the salivary glands, promoting natural self-cleansing. Helps keep your mouth cleaner, healthier — your teeth lustrous white!

YOU'LL DELIGHT IN ITS SPICY FLAVOR!

Irresistible, that fresh, spicy Dentyne flavor! A luscious, long-lasting flavor! No wonder it's constantly winning new friends everywhere! And observe the smartly flat, round-cornered shape of the Dentyne package, cleverly designed to slip neatly and handily into your pocket or handbag.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

It's No Tragedy to Be Fat

(Continued from page 17)

like a zephyr across the dance-floor.

She doesn't talk about any young agonies she suffered. But you know she suffered them, nevertheless. Because she is sensitive. And fat girls are the butt of as many unkind jokes as mothers-in-law . . . only mothers-in-law don't allow the jokes to ruin their lives and fat girls often do.

It was, in fact, after one particularly bad time that Kate decided she would not be a nurse but that she would go on the stage instead. *She would show them . . .*

A boy and another girl were involved in Kate's bad time. The boy was the first boy Kate ever had known who interested her romantically. The girl was her confidante. And when that girl took that boy away from Kate she stole more than a beau; she stole a large piece of Kate's young trust in friendship too.

"Not for years," Kate says "did I accept another woman for a close friend. I spent most of my time with my sister. She became my confidante. And she still is, really."

AN adolescent experience like Kate's would ruin the lives of many girls. They would grow moody and defensive, bitter and unsocial. They would develop monstrous inferiority complexes and be convinced that all slimmer girls and every last boy on earth regarded them only with criticism. And in time this would come to be true. For being moody and defensive, bitter and unsocial these girls would finally distort their natures and make it increasingly difficult for anyone to get close enough to them to discover their charm.

Kate didn't make this mistake. She always has refused to regard herself as a fat girl and, therefore, as undesirable. She never thought just because she didn't conform to the popular ideal that it wasn't worth while to be anything else. To this day she continues to enjoy sports as much as she did when she was a skinny tomboy. She's the opposite pole from these girls, only a trifle over-weight, who refuse to be seen in a bathing-suit. She swims and plays tennis and badminton and golf. She goes aquaplaning and ski-johring. She drives her car and she drives speed boats. And she does these things well.

In other words Kate sees herself exactly as she saw herself before she put on weight; as an American citizen, possessed of a joy of living, with

warmth for many people, with ideas, with hope, with courage, and destined to lead no better and no worse a life than she makes for herself.

When she forsook nursing to enter the theater, Kate didn't only sing. She danced too. And she danced with such grace that everyone began to talk about her. *Who said fat girls were clumsy!*

In one Broadway production she had more than her share of unhappiness. The comedian, resenting the applause she received, and knowing how easy it was to be funny at the expense of a fat girl, used to make gestures in her direction which sent the audience into hysterics and her into hurt confusion. She could have capped this comedian's antics by being as vulgar as he was but here again she chose to react in a constructive way. She went to the management, not defensively and not with a chip on her shoulder, but with gentle dignity. She said all lines and all action that wasn't in the play must stop at once. And it did. For the management knew how important Kate's warm voice and fresh youth was to that show's success.

It was, nevertheless, the unhappiness Kate came to associate with the theater as a result of this experience that later caused her to cast her fortune with radio.

A few days ago I talked with Kate in her dressing-room in the big theater, just off Broadway in New York, from which she broadcasts. No radio studio could hold the thousands who clamor for admission to her performances. There were soft colors in her room, comfortable chairs, chintz curtains, a yellow tea-set, and a burner on which water could be boiled.

We talked, very frankly, of the unfortunate manner in which so many women react to being over-weight.

"I think," Kate said "that the big girls who fashion themselves into the sporty type, who feel they must drink and swear and be vulgar generally, make the worst mistake of all. For in a way these girls destroy the greatest asset they possess, a maternal quality.

"It's kindness and gentle understanding that I would recommend—now of all times—for big girls especially, but for other girls too. Our world is uneasy at present and men, aware of the tough fight they have on their hands, often are lonely and more than a little scared. Even if they don't show it! Consequently the women who

Answers to PROF. QUIZ' TWENTY QUESTIONS

1. Guy Lombardo.
2. The People's Platform.
3. Orson Welles.
4. Don Ameche, your Chase & Sanborn Master of Ceremonies.
5. Kate Smith.
6. The Ranch Boys, of the National Barn Dance.
7. Benny Goodman.
8. This summer, when Nila Mack did one of her Let's Pretend shows from the Montefiore Hospital in New York City.
9. Phil Cook.
10. Henny Youngman.
11. Walter Winchell.
12. Billy House—didn't you ever hear the expression "big as a house?"
13. Red Norvo and Mildred Bailey.
14. Irene Beasley.
15. The Magic Key.
16. Pitcairn Island.
17. The Lone Ranger.
18. One Man's Family—Pepper Young's Family—Your Family and Mine.
19. Fray and Braggiotti.
20. Ken Carpenter, the announcer on the Bing Crosby show.

are warm and sympathetic offer what is needed."

Kate wore a blue and white dress with a soft white fichu. Her hair, smooth and brown, was loosely curled. One of the most fashionable hair-dressers in New York had opened his shop before eight o'clock that morning so she might have a permanent wave before her crowded day began.

OUTSIDE on the stage the musicians were rehearsing a special number. They played one phrase over and over. It must be just so, have exactly the right lift to it. When, at last, they achieved what they were after, it was evident Kate had been listening. Her head went up and she smiled appreciatively.

"That means I haven't much longer to talk," she explained "They'll soon be ready for me now." And she rushed on warmly, to talk of cooking, the new books, government, hospitalization, and the other hundred and one things she discusses so successfully on her afternoon programs.

"It's my guess, incidentally, that those afternoon programs, on which Kate acts as a commentator and on which she doesn't sing a note, are further compensation on her part. No longer can anyone dismiss her place in the radio world as the result of a God-given voice. For on these programs Kate has proved herself as an intelligent individual, aware of the times in which she lives, with a sound and colorful viewpoint about a multitude of things, and an engaging way of talking.

Much of her fan mail, she told me, comes from large women.

"Sometimes," she explained "they ask for my old clothes. And that's un-

derstandable enough. When you're a big girl it's pretty expensive to dress well. I think, occasionally, that it would be worth while to reduce just to have an orgy of buying bargain dresses."

A call boy knocked on the door. "Whenever you're ready, Miss Smith."

"Right away," she told him. Then, turning to me, amusement gone from her eyes, she continued "Other letters get me down. They come from girls and women who feel outside of the pale because they happen to weigh more than they should. Often they tell me that I've given them courage, that I've proven to them that life can go on very pleasantly, even if you are fat. I answer the letters which come from those who worry about their size always."

"What do you tell them?" I asked.

"I tell them," she said "to quit thinking about their weight as a handicap. I tell them to stop being fat girls first, last, and always and to get busy and remind people of all the other things that they are and that they can do. I promise them, if they'll do this, the fact that they are fat soon won't be nearly as important to them or to anyone else. I assure them it's not the extra pounds they're carrying around but their attitude that is keeping them from the friends and romance and work and success and happiness that could be their's."

She touched her mouth with lipstick and fluffed a bit of powder on her nose. "And I tell them the truth," she concluded.

We left her dressing-room together. She joined her company on the bright stage while I went down into the dark orchestra to sit and watch for a little while. I was glad I did.

One of the prettiest girls I've ever seen joined Kate and the two attractive men visitors she had stopped to talk to. Both men gave the new girl, sleek in her summer print, with yellow hair and blue velvet eyes, quite attention. I watched Kate carefully. It's in such moments that big girls naturally turn catty and defensive. But Kate stood by quietly and it soon became evident that she was admiring that other girl as much as the men were.

SOMEONE engaged me in conversation and when I looked up again the little group was still there; only now the sleek girl was oblivious to everything but her reflection in the little mirror in which she powdered her nose; and Kate, listening eagerly to the story one man was telling and the other man was supplementing, had their whole interest again.

Suddenly that other girl seemed little more than a pretty, painted puppet. And Kate, who doesn't conform to the popular conception of what a young woman should be, became the more colorful and attractive personality of the two.

The dictionary, after all, doesn't say glamour has anything to do with being slim, or even with having beauty. It says that to have glamour is to fascinate. And, sitting there, I thought how Kate, by compensating and developing richly as a human being in the process, had found a certain glamour too.

The men talking to Kate finished their story. Her laugh sounded, full and true. And it's on that note, so illustrative of the happy life she has made for herself, that I end her story.



**NOTHING DOING FELLAS, SHE'S
MY GIRL FOR THE EVENING!**

**{ Girls who guard against COSMETIC
SKIN the Hollywood way win out— }**



**COSMETIC SKIN
SPOILS A GIRL'S
CHANCES OF
ROMANCE!**



IRENE DUNNE



**NO RISK OF
CHOKED PORES
WHEN YOU
REMOVE COSMETICS
THOROUGHLY WITH
LUX TOILET SOAP**

**I USE COSMETICS,
OF COURSE, BUT
I NEVER HAVE A
SIGN OF COSMETIC
SKIN. I USE LUX
TOILET SOAP!**

9 OUT OF 10 HOLLYWOOD SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP

Why Frances Langford Married Twice in Five Weeks

(Continued from page 15)

BEAUTY HINT

from
VIRGINIA
JUDD*

*Recently
voted
America's
most beau-
tiful model.

"I notice the
girls with love-
ly eyes are using
WINX MASCARA!"



WINX is different! Its texture is so fine and it clings so closely that it looks more natural. Makes lashes seem softer and longer... gives your eyes exotic, alluring beauty. Try WINX today!

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.
Get WINX mascara, eye shadow and eye-
brow pencil... in the GREEN PACKAGES...
at all drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Change to **WINX**
The Finer Quality
MASCARA

See REBUILT
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Now there's a modern method that is GREASELESS! And it kills germs. It's amazing how safe to use (free from "burn" danger, no harmful drugs) and convenient this method is! No greasy base to melt or run! So easy to use and dainty! You get Zonitors at all drug stores in U. S. and Canada. \$1 for box of 12—only 8 1/3¢ each. They're small, snow-white and deodorizing. For informative FREE booklet, sent in plain envelope, write to Zonitors, 4006 Chrysler Bldg., New York City.

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from here. "When we got to New York," she told me, "we were so busy at first that we didn't have any time for anything but our work and each other. But naturally, we were interested in everything connected with marriage. And we learned that a new law had just gone into effect. Starting July 1st, every couple that wanted to get married in New York had to take a blood test first, to prove they were free from any trace of venereal disease. Jonny and I both thought it was the most wonderful law that had ever been passed to make marriage safe and—and right. But we were shocked to hear that other people didn't seem to look at it the same way we did. At first we didn't believe it, but we heard that hardly anyone was getting married in New York since the new law went into effect."

Frances was appalled at the sudden decline. The marriage rate fell off more than 90%. On an average day, where over one hundred licenses were issued in 1937, seven or eight were issued this year.

BELIEVING as we did in the great importance of the whole thing," she said, "we felt that the least we could do was to be married ourselves under the new law. In a way, it was a hard decision for us to come to. We knew that some of our friends might not understand, that they might think it rather odd of us. We knew that some of the newspaper reporters might even consider it a joke. It wasn't at all the sort of publicity that we knew we ought to have.

"I knew Jon wanted whole-heartedly to do it from the start, because he thought it was a right thing and perhaps a helpful thing to do. But he was a little afraid for me; he didn't want to subject me to any unpleasant publicity. I hated, too, the thought that some nice people might misunderstand and feel shocked. I know that women aren't supposed to think about things like that, that it isn't quite lady-like. But then I got to thinking of all the harm that's done by ignorance, and how much good would be accomplished if only we could take the stigma off things like that and bring them right out in the open. And we finally decided that if we went through with it, perhaps

other people would hear about it, and think it over, and realize how vital a step it was in any real campaign against venereal disease.

"There wasn't anything very romantic about that second wedding. It was a grim, sultry day when we taxied down to the Municipal Building. We walked into the gray, ugly old building and applied for a license. They told us we would have to pass a blood test first. So we went to a doctor that afternoon, and had our blood tests made. The next day, we received our certificates and were married again. Of course, I couldn't help thinking it wasn't very romantic. But then, I reminded myself it's not very romantic for the thousands of miserable people whose lives are ruined, whose children are maimed and deformed.

"I know it's a terrible subject. People hate to think about it, much less talk about it. But think how much worse a tragedy it is when you find it out—*too late!* There is so much suffering that could be avoided, if only people realized that they can make sure *first*. Two people getting married anywhere should certainly take the test before they do. Then there will never need to be any doubt in their minds. And no chance ever, of passing it on to innocent children. Too many people, who might have learned the truth in time, are careless and selfish, and bring babies in the world that should never have been born at all—crippled, or blind, or insane.

"So many girls, unfortunately, are just so anxious to get married that they won't dare suggest anything like that. They're afraid it might insult the man or make him angry or something. But how much better it would be to take that chance while there was still time and an opportunity to do something about it! This is especially true for girls who don't know much about the man they're marrying. They can't tell what kind of life he may have led when he was younger, before they met him. They may only see him as a dashing, romantic figure. They never stop to think what tragedy may lie ahead—and that it can be averted so easily."

Jon agreed with everything Frances said, and added some opinions of his own. "Of course, when you look at it realistically, you realize the marriage

"TRUE OR FALSE" -:- -:- -:- ANSWERS

1. **TRUE.** She was burned at the stake in 1431 at the age of 19.
2. **FALSE.** A jin-ricksha is a two-wheeled vehicle with shafts drawn by man-power used today all over the Orient.
3. **FALSE.** A Tartar is a native of Tartary, a person of Turkish origin. The Scottish plaid is called tartan.
4. **TRUE.** It's a pith sun helmet.
5. **FALSE.** An orang-outang is an ape.
6. **FALSE.** It's lighter, because it contains more fat than the milk does and fat is lighter than liquid.
7. **FALSE.** The Hope diamond is a famous blue diamond which was owned by the family of H. T. Hope in England and weighs 44 1/2 carats.
8. **TRUE.** The eruption destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in 79 A.D.
9. **FALSE.** Mason and Dixon's line was the boundary between Pennsylvania and Maryland, surveyed in 1767 by two Englishmen named Mason and Dixon and was then regarded as part of the boundary between the slave and free states.
10. **FALSE.** A catacomb is an underground place of burial, consisting of galleries or passages with side recesses for tombs.

rate is bound to fall off some under a law like this, because a lot of people know they couldn't pass such a test, and many more are at least afraid they couldn't. But that's a fine thing, I believe. Such people shouldn't be allowed to marry and bring poor disabled, afflicted, disease-ridden children into the world. Venereal diseases are spreading like wild-fire all through the country. They're passed on from one generation to another, infecting whole families, crippling one child, blinding another, making some insane or half-witted. And the terrible thing is that these tragedies could have been prevented if they were only known.

BUT the real reason why I think the law is such a fine one is that it protects the innocent. For you know such things can and often are contracted innocently. People can get syphilis from a drinking fountain, from a public rest-room, from a cut in their finger, from a subway strap. There's no place you can go without risking exposure. Especially if you live in a large city and have contact with thousands of people all the time. No matter how good and how virtuous you are, there is always the danger. And you owe it to the person you marry, to society, to yourself and the children you may have, to find out about yourself and be certain that you're absolutely healthy."

The Halls are very serious about this, because it's a very serious subject. About other subjects—they're full of fun. Remember that whirlwind courtship we spoke of a while back? They

go off into peals of laughter whenever you mention it. You have a hard time getting them down to earth at all.

"Ask her about it," laughs Jon, "she's the boss."

"No, I'm not, Jonny, don't say that, what will people think?" And they get to giggling, because who ever heard of newlyweds caring what people think?

"No, I'm the boss," Jon will say, sobering. "I'll tell you about it. The first time we met was six months ago, at a big party in Hollywood. Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt was giving the party, and the thing I get a kick out of is that Al and I spent a long time that night off in a corner talking about how much we enjoyed being bachelors and how we'd never get married, either of us. Well, the funny part of that is that without knowing about the other at all, we both got married the very same day!"

Yet, although they met at a party, neither Frances nor Jon is a party-going sort of person. They don't like night clubs either. They went to a night-club in New York, and were both so bored they kept yawning all through it, and couldn't wait to get outside and breathe some real air. This in spite of the fact that Frances used to sing in a night club—but she never got to like them.

They're not ever going to night-clubs, once they've finished this tour and settled down in their own little home in Brentwood. They like just to stay home. And oh yes, they love to go to the movies. "We see every movie that there is," Frances confesses, "and we love them all, every one of them,

whether they're good or bad. We're the most rabid movie fans you ever met."

I knew they had a train to catch that evening, so I got up to go. "I think you've done a fine service," I told them. "I think a lot of people who felt timid about marrying under this new law will be encouraged by your example."

"I hope so," Jon replied. "If we've helped at all in making people look at this thing in a sane and sensible way, we're awfully happy. We think it's one of the best laws ever passed, and certainly a grand and necessary thing for marriage. We took the test as much for ourselves, of course, as anything else. We feel we owed it to each other just out of respect for each other. And it's so important where children are concerned."

"Children?" I asked, perking up my ears.

WELL," he laughed, "of course we're both very young, and we have our careers to think of right now. I wouldn't want to jeopardize Frances' career for anything in the world. But in two or three years—"

"Yes?" I prompted.

They looked at each other and smiled.

"You both want children?"

They both answered at once. It seemed that they do, emphatically.

"How many?" I asked.

"Oh, a couple of boys and a couple of girls," said Jon airily.

"Four?" said Frances.

"Four," said Jon, firmly. And then, grinning at her, "Four's a good round number, don't you think so?"

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Facing the Music

(Continued from page 50)

critically blunt young man who resurrected old standard numbers, injected a new spirit into them, and made bands play them, thus filling the coffers of music publishers who had long admitted defeat in ever selling these songs again.

When he tired of resuscitating some one's brain child, Larry wrote his own: "Satan Takes a Holiday," "Look, Stop! And Reconsider," "Whoa, Babe," "College Humor" and the swing anthem, "Dipsy Doodle."

Larry heard a few bands play these numbers and often wondered if he should have bothered to compose them. Perhaps it would be best for him to organize his own band and get those tunes played as he wrote them.

People who should know say that it set Clinton back \$15,000 to organize his band. He doesn't expect to reap a profit, despite his RCA-Victor recordings, a sensational engagement at Glen Island Casino, and a fall booking at New York's Hotel Lincoln, until 1939.

Now 29, he first played professionally when he was 14. In 1933 he played trumpet for Ferde Grofe and at that time he learned to play every other instrument in the band. A year later, after hearing unkind remarks about his solo work, Larry became Isham Jones' arranger.

Although he broke the all-time attendance record on June 18 at Glen Island Casino when 1,365 dance devotees jammed this state reservation, Larry is not so sure about the future.

"Like the time I played the Yale prom. Everything was so formal. No one asked for autographs or requested numbers. It was so quiet you could hear the guitar."

But Larry's press agent finished the story:

"Yeah, but once those Yale lads continued the dance in the fraternity house they made Larry play to five a.m."

Slowly but surely Larry is resigning himself to the life of a maestro. He caters to the jitterbugs, reiterates his life story to interviewers as if he was telling it for the first time, but there's one little chore he absolutely refuses to do.

"I don't mind people asking for my autograph in the middle of a number. But when they ask me to sign my name on a half-torn match package, I begin to wonder."

LITTLE ACCIDENT

Judy Starr, Hal Kemp's pint-sized warbler, had her first automobile accident five years ago. Since then she's had two more—three bad motor accidents in five years, a total of seven months in hospitals. But it took a serious accident, involving another girl singer, to give Judy her first real opportunity to make good.

The first mishap occurred in 1933 when Judy was driving to the west coast with an Olsen and Johnson show. A truck hit her car and broke several of the little West Virginian's ribs.

A month later in Hollywood, the car she was riding in hit another. This time Judy suffered a fractured pelvis and leg.

Not until last September in Baltimore did another accident occur. A car hit her, threw Judy's tiny frame several feet. The singer ended up with concussion of the brain, a re-fractured pelvis, and time to listen to the radio in Johns Hopkins Hospital for three months.

Then Maxine Grey was badly bat-

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| 2. Cat Tail | 7. Larkspur |
| 3. Lily of the Valley | 8. Goldenrod |
| 4. Butter Cup | 9. Lady Slipper |
| 5. Dandelion | 10. Marigold |

FILL 'ER UP

- | | |
|--------------|------------------|
| 1. Chamber | 7. Canopy |
| 2. Maple | 8. Roof |
| 3. Pineapple | 9. Embarrassment |
| 4. Pillar | 10. Burning |
| 5. Tester | 11. Falling |
| 6. Frame | 12. Excused |

FAMOUS PEOPLE

- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Carrie Nation | 6. Florence Nightingale |
| 2. Sir Walter Raleigh | 7. Nero |
| 3. Cyrano De Bergerac | 8. Albert Einstein |
| 4. Prince Albert | 9. Joseph Lister |
| 5. John Milton | 10. Enoch Arden |

GIVE KATE HER RIGHT NAME

- | | |
|--------------|----------------|
| 1. Advocate | 6. Intricate |
| 2. Dislocate | 7. Suffocate |
| 3. Delicate | 8. Prevaricate |
| 4. Duplicate | 9. Lubricate |
| 5. Indicate | 10. Supplicate |

SCRAMBLED PROVERBS

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. All is not gold that glitters | 6. He who hesitates is lost |
| 2. Look before you leap | 7. Seeing is believing |
| 3. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush | 8. Silence is golden |
| 4. Haste makes waste | 9. People living in glass houses shouldn't throw stones |
| 5. Too many cooks spoil the broth | 10. Many hands make light work |

VERY BLANK VERSE

- | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Creature . . . stirring | 4. Parting, sorrow, morrow | 7. Lovely, tree |
| 2. Credit, drum | 5. Thunder, China | 8. Valve, music |
| 3. Flower, heart | 6. Ears, bury, praise | 9. Loved, lost, loved |
| | | 10. Sorrow, fear |

tered in the now-forgotten train wreck of Hal Kemp's crew and fear was fostered that the singer would never work again. Hal looked desperately around for a substitute.

He found one in the "little accident"—Judy Starr.

* * *

Skinney Ennis, Hal Kemp's former drummer, now leading his own band is thirty years old, and just about ripe for matrimony.

That little sob in his voice when he sings has always won the southerner a wide feminine audience.

But a close friend of the drummer boy who is now heard from San Francisco's Mark Hopkins Hotel over MBS, doubts if Skinney will ever say "I do."

"Here's why Edgar will always be a bachelor. The women practically knock each other down to speak to him. He used to be flattered to death. Now he's bored. The girl who gets him will have to be unimpressed with his voice."

OFF THE RECORD

Some Like It Sweet—

Honey on the Moon Tonight; If It Rains—Who Cares? (Decca 1849B). Will Osborne. The sliding, gliding trombones come through with flying colors as Vallee's one time rival adds another notch to his sensational comeback.

I'll Dream Tonight; Cowboy From Brooklyn (Vocalion—22796). Orrin Tucker. Chicago's current "sweet" favorite plays pleasantly and the bouncing Bailey Sisters lend lilting musical bridges as maestro Orrin warbles.

I Hadn't Anyone Till You; Far Away Look in Your Eye (Decca 63720). Jimmy Dorsey. Ray Noble's lovely composition is romantically played by Dorsey, J. Clever interpolation of Noble's earlier "Very Thought of You" echoes in the background for good effect.

Dust; Little Things That Count (Bluebird—B7607A). Jan Savitt. A tired, thirsty troubadour named Bon Bon sings this new cowboy lament quite acceptably to this tenderfoot. Something more urbane rhythmically decorates the reverse side.

Don't Wake Up My Heart; Saving Myself for You (Bluebird—B7634B). Freddy Martin. Pardon the cliché but this record is as smooth as silk. That diction-perfect vocalist, Elmer Feldkamp is heard on the first side but on the reverse we feel like asking "Where's Elmer?"

Oh Ma-Ma!; Ferdinand the Bull (Brunswick B22873). Horace Heidt. The Butcher Boy becomes a national hero when Heidt's talented vocalists Red Farrington and Frank De Val sing his praises. The peace-loving heiffer that Walt Disney is glorifying in his next cartoon classic is also immortalized in wax by the Brigadiers and no one sees red.

Some Like It Swing—

A-Tisket A-Tasket; Liza (Decca 63693). Ella Fitzgerald and Chick Webb. The Brown Bomber of the Blues gets this month's solo honors with an adult version of an old nursery rhyme. Little Chick has his inning with an old Gershwin tune. A must for swing addicts.

Happy Farmer; Egyptian Barn Dance

(Brunswick M822). Raymond Scott. Two mysterious masterpieces by Duke Warshaw's brother. A few have been recommended by Scott for attending the record—but don't let one word about the meaning of those titles.

So You Left Me for the Leader of a Swing Band; Music, Maestro, Please (Brunswick—8149). Kay Kyser. The chillun talk shop on two lively tunes. Isch-Ka-Bibble Sully Mason and lovely Ginny Simms rate Radio Mirrorrrahrrah.

Flat Foot Floogie; Big John Special (Victor—25871A). Benny Goodman. Benny Goodman gives this strictly Harlem contribution to Webster's dictionary its first sane musical treatment. Slim and Slam, two dueling songsters concocted it one sultry night under a Lenox Avenue moon.

Will You Remember Tonight; My Best Wishes (Victor—25875). Larry Clinton. Clinton's orchestrating of two mediocre tunes only proves again that this band bears watching. The phrasing and counter melodies do not rely on any stock pattern and each disk is an individual treat.

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The Story of Music

(Continued from page 35)

Seventh Symphony, and the familiar little *Minuet in G* offer varied yet characteristic examples of the majesty, the compassion, and even the good humor of Beethoven.

During his latter years, when he was stone-deaf, shabby, and lonely, Beethoven entered a Vienna coffee-house, and took a seat by himself, away from the gay groups of young people around him. One of these merry-makers was a stout young fellow with thick eye-glasses. He rose and bowed respectfully to the old master; Beethoven scowled and did not return the greeting.

"I have no time for light-minded idlers, who write vulgar waltz-tunes for bar-maids to dance to!" he growled.

YEARS after the bar-maids had ceased waltzing to his tunes, this young man's music became the world's loveliest expression of simple, yearning emotion. His name was Franz Schubert, and his life was one of wistful pathos.

Throughout his bare thirty-one years, Schubert had a constant battle against poverty. As a school-boy, he begged his older brother for a few pennies to buy a roll or an apple. For the most part, he could not afford the paper on which to write down the melodies that were forever welling up in his mind. *Hark, Hark, The Lark!* was pencilled on the back of a greasy bill-of-fare. *The Erlking* (written at the age of eighteen) was scrawled on an odd scrap, after a hard day of teaching school. Simple-hearted and unworldly, Schubert died of neglect, in a poor, damp room. Plain-looking, shy, and poor, Schubert never made a success with the girls he would have liked; waitresses joked with him, but when he fell in love with the daughter of a Count he was presented with his walking-papers. The popular operetta *Blossom Time* was written around the sheer humanness of Schubert's life, and uses some of his finest themes. Schubert was another who never married.

Despite the beauty of his piano works, his trios, and his great symphony which he never completed (hence called the *Unfinished Symphony*), Schubert's greatest contribution to music is his perfection of the *Lied*, or art-song. Schubert's songs (and he left well over six hundred!) have the curious effect of revealing to the hearer his own inner emotions. Your faith finds voice in *Ave Maria*; your hope in *Faith in Spring* (*Fruehlingsglauben*); your yearning in *Serenade* and *Thou Art Repose* (*Du bist die Ruh*). With Schubert, too, the shorter instrumental forms take on new dignity as complete means of human expression. Besides sonatas and other larger forms, Schubert wrote dances, impromptus; and everyone is familiar with his brief *Moment Musical*. The composers who follow him make further use of the shorter forms. Schubert stands as the world's greatest lyricist.

Early in the 1800's, a good-looking young law student broke away from home and the law, in order to study music with a famous teacher in Leipzig. The student was Robert Schumann, and the teacher Friedrich

Wieck. Wieck's fame resulted from the success of his little daughter, Clara. At nine, Clara was the most celebrated pianist in Europe. When young Schumann had a look at her, he felt sorry for her! The pale, timid little celebrity was so completely under the domination of her stern Papa that she didn't dare enter her private thoughts in her private diary without his permission. Schumann pitied the child—and she fell in love with him, with a precocious love that lasted all her life.

Schumann had no idea then of composing music. He wanted to be a pianist, and, in order to get ahead faster than by practicing, he built himself a little machine of weights and pulleys, to work out his fingers. The result was that he crippled one of his fingers so that he could never play again. He had thrown over the law; he had ruined the career of his choice. Wondering what to do with his life, he tried his hand at "writing little things"—and became one of the foremost romantic composers of the world.

When this unproven young composer fell in love with Clara, old Wieck forbade him the house. Only a prince was good enough for Clara, and Clara herself was given no say in the matter at all! For five hard years the lovers continued their romance entirely by letters. When Clara came of age, then Robert hailed the irate old man into court, to show cause why he couldn't marry the girl. After a sensational trial, the case was decided in the young people's favor and the most celebrated pianist in Europe gave up her career to make a home for her struggling composer-husband. Robert's wedding gift to Clara was a volume of his finest love-songs, including *The Lotos*, *The Walnut Tree*, *Dedication*, and *Thou'rt Like a Lovely Flower*.

THEIR life together was happy, even though Robert faced many failures and his hardships aggravated the cruel mental disease which finally cut short his life. As Schumann's illness progressed, he grew harder to deal with. After an attempt to drown himself in the Rhine, he was taken to a sanatorium, where he died—a pitiable hulk that had once sheltered a great creative talent.

Schumann's contribution to music lies in the rich, human poetry of what he has to say. Struggle and disappointment and hope and love sound forth from it. He excelled in the symphony, the art-song, and in piano works, and all are distinguished by lovely melody and profound emotion. He invented no new forms.

This period (the middle 1800's) was the time when the great musicians knew each other. While Schumann was experiencing hardships at every turn, young Felix Mendelssohn knew only ease, security, and success—and made good in spite of it! Mendelssohn stands as one of the rare examples of a rich man's son who accomplished great things, because he wanted to. His grandfather was the philosopher, Moses Mendelssohn. His family were bankers and notable art patrons. Every second Sunday they threw their great Berlin house open for a general music-making, in which

friends and family all took part. The fame of these parties spread so that visiting celebrities begged for invitations. At nine, Felix conducted the family orchestra, read off the most difficult pieces as another child reads from his spelling-book, and played his own works. At twelve, he charmed the venerable poet-philosopher Goethe with his playing.

In his early manhood, though, Felix turned his back on wealth, and went out into the world to earn his own way. He won fame as a conductor, and was largely responsible for re-awakening public interest in the music of Bach. Mendelssohn's only romance was his happy marriage to the daughter of a minister.

MENDELSSOHN'S contribution to music lies in his raising of the lighter emotions to a position of artistic dignity, and of his perfection of the shorter forms, especially in his piano works (the well-known *Songs Without Words*). Always melodic and understandable, never too profound, Mendelssohn makes great music of simple emotions and elfin themes. His works are characterized by airy lightness (*Midsummer Night's Dream* music and *Spring Song*); and beautiful, appealing melody (*Oh, For The Wings of a Dove* and *On Wings of Song*). Mendelssohn wrote the most beautiful violin concerto we know, while his oratorios *Elijah* and *Saint Paul* rank as the greatest of this form since Handel.

Continuing the thread of personal acquaintanceship, Schumann had given helpful advice to a young man with broad shoulders and a shaggy

mane of hair and rough manners. He came from Hamburg where his father had gone about the streets playing with a little German band, and the young man himself had gotten his living playing dance music in the sailors' dives, in the notorious harbor section of the town. His name was Johannes Brahms. Schumann's friendship with Brahms lasted all his life (Brahms was with him when he died), and continued with his widow. Brahms came and went at will in the Schumann household, and would not allow his compositions to go to print without first submitting them to Frau Clara for advice. Except for his music, Brahms' life is uneventful. He poured his heart into his works. A friend once found Brahms sitting alone in his room, sobbing under the emotional strain of composing. He died of the effects of a cold, caught at Clara Schumann's funeral. Brahms lived until 1897 and is well remembered by some of our older musicians, Walter Damrosch among them.

It was Schumann, again, who said of another composer that he was "the boldest, proudest poet-soul of his time." A Pole he was, young Frédéric Chopin. Most brilliant of pianists, he freed piano music from the mere showiness of the concert stage of that time, and gave it warmth, patriotism and fire. He devoted himself chiefly to the shorter forms (Waltzes, Mazurkas, Ballades, Nocturnes, Etudes, etc.) without which no program of piano music is complete. Chopin's poetic fancy carried over into his music but his character, oddly enough, did not. His music is sure, original, bold.

Chopin, the man, was sickly, nervous, incapable of decision. At first he fell in love with a young singer in Warsaw and suffered agonies of doubt—but nobody knew what he was in doubt about, because he never spoke a word of his feelings to the girl herself. Next, he became engaged to the sister of a friend. The girl gave him a rose. When her father finally broke off the engagement, Chopin submitted silently and kept the faded rose in an envelope marked with the words "my girl."

ENTERING the musical movement in Paris, Chopin soon became the center of the gayest social and artistic set of the day: Liszt, Jersy Lind, Heinrich Heine the poet, and the Bonaparte Rothschild were his friends, and his own wonderful playing became the attraction of their glamorous parties. One night, as he played, a none-too-handsome woman leaned over the piano and gazed deeply into his eyes. Chopin asked a friend who this "unsympathetic person" might be. She was a radical modern, who had left her husband and engaged in several notorious love affairs; she had reputation as a novelist and signed her work George Sand. Chopin was not in the least attracted to her, but the lady had her mind made up. Some months later, Chopin joined her on a trip and began an association that lasted years. The strong woman mothered her invalid as though he were a child, while Chopin came to depend on her entirely for care and comfort. In the end, George Sand broke off the relationship because the sickly tone-poet got on her nerves.

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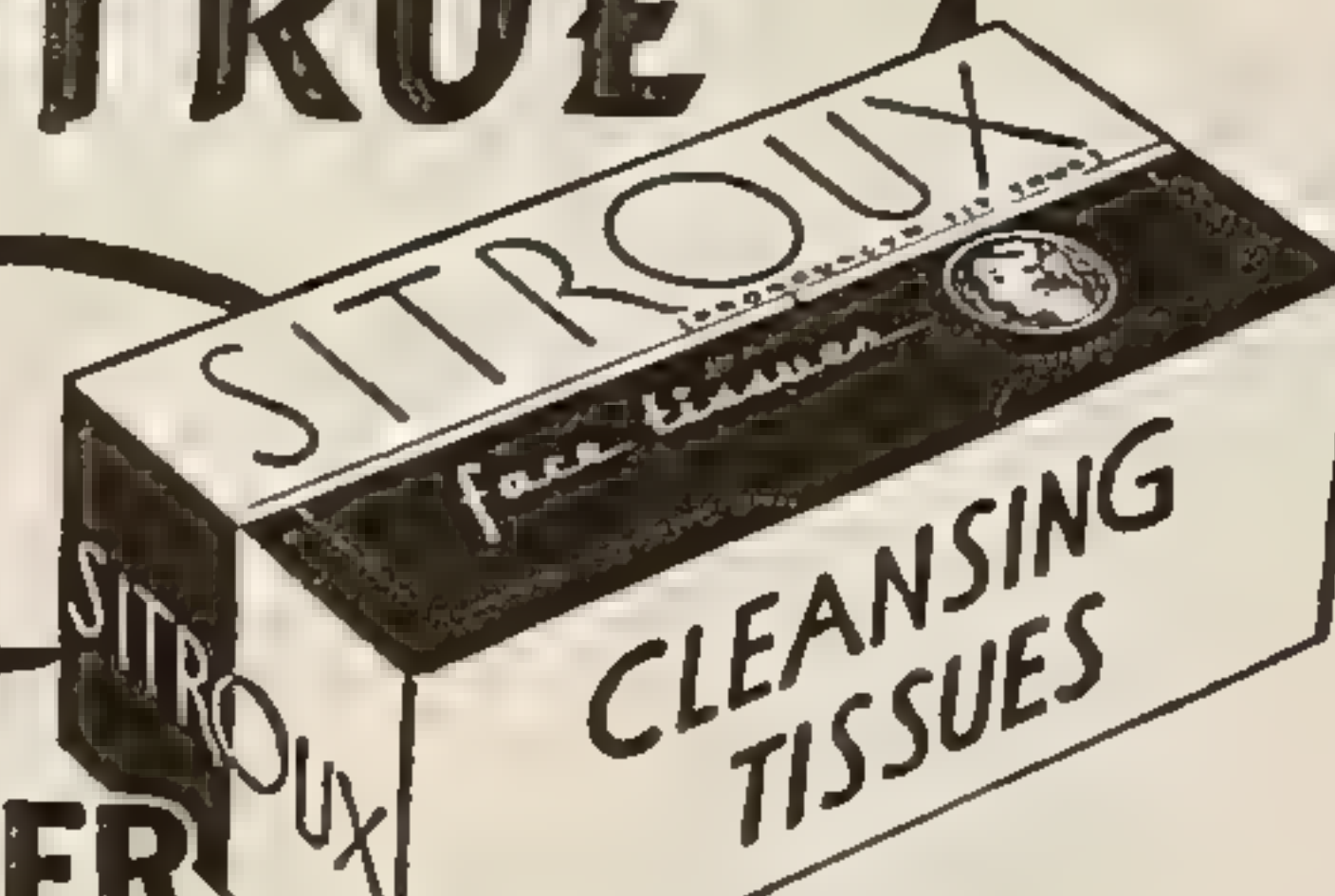
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The shock of it never left him. He died at forty, melancholy and lonely. Chopin's contribution to music is his perfection of the short piano piece, the introduction into all his works of a definitely Polish national color, and a highly personal emotion.

These are the giants who did most to free music of the more or less set patterns of classic form, and give it the rich individuality of personal expression. Beethoven the democrat, Schubert the lyricist, Schumann the poet, Mendelssohn the optimist, Brahms the thinker, Chopin

the dreamer, were all working along the same lines—still, you will find less similarity among them than among the composers of the classic age. They individualized the ways of using sound to express the feelings which are common to us all.

In the concluding instalment of this stream-lined series, we shall see opera bringing itself up to date, and have a look at the newer developments, which carry music straight to the doors—and the dials—of today. Don't miss the November issue.

Betty and Bob

(Continued from page 37)

"... And my 'lectric train is broke."

Bob smiled. "Now there's something that maybe I can fix. Let's have a look at it."

Betty, tired from a busy day at the dress shop, paused silently in the doorway. Somehow it seemed so natural, Bob and Bobby there on the floor, racing the electric train around the track, laughing, happy. A little string seemed to pull at her heart as this picture brought back memories of past happiness. Their little cottage, that very room, so filled with love and living. Then Bob saw her, and rising to his feet, rushed to her.

He kissed her warmly, and somehow Betty did not resist him. Rather it tasted sweet, and warmed a tiny spark in her. Then she bent down and kissed Bobby.

"Have you been a good boy, and obeyed mother today?"

"Yes mommy, I haven't been out of the yard."

Bob looked at her questioningly. "Why are you penning him up in the yard, Betty?"

"There's a measles epidemic, Bob. It's all over town, and I'm so afraid for Bobby. You know, he's not very strong."

"Oh, poppy-rot. A lot of stupid women. I can see this house needs a little masculine common sense."

Gardenia interrupted them, calling from the kitchen. "If that's you, Miss Betty, supper's all ready to serve."

THEY laughed a lot during dinner. In fact, Betty couldn't remember anytime when they'd been happier. Somehow she seemed to forget her fears, all the cross currents which ruled her heart. For the moment she was content to laugh and be happy, to forget the scene might only be make-believe, that tomorrow it might fade and be gone.

When dinner was over, Betty slowly rose from the table. Bob, following her into the other room, sat down beside her on the couch.

"Betty darling, there's no need to wait any longer. I have my health again, I'm back in harness, and I'm going right to the top for you. Let's get married again, right away."

It had come! The moment she'd dreaded. "Oh Bob, Bob darling, I've tried to tell you, wanted to..."

"Tell me what, Betty?"

"That I don't know, I don't know whether I want to remarry you or not."

Bob sat there in silence, looked at her questioningly. "But I don't..." Then he laughed, a hesitant little effort at reassurance. "You're joking."

"Oh Bob, I wish I were. But I'm not."

"But Betty, I don't understand. Why?"

"So many things have happened, I've changed so. I've built a new life, a new standard of values." She put her hand softly on his. "Oh Bob, your eyes tell me the hurt in your heart, and I wish I could lie to you, but I can't. I've found independence, a career if I wanted it, and I don't even know about that. I don't know whether these things I've found are real, or whether they're like some new toy, who's capacity for giving happiness wears off with its novelty."

Bob looked silently down at his hands. "But why didn't you tell me before, why did you lead me on, making me believe..."

"Oh Bob, I had to. Dr. Forman told me I must."

AT that moment the door-bell rang, and Betty sat forward. Who could be calling? Gardenia opened the door to admit Harvey!

He stopped in the doorway, hesitant, somewhat embarrassed. "I'm sorry, I didn't know..."

Bob frowned, rose to his feet. "No, don't go." He laughed, ironically. "So that's it. I might have known." He turned to Betty. "Why didn't you tell me the truth, that it was Harvey Drew who had come between us? Oh, I don't blame you," he continued, "he's got a lot of money, a lot more than I have."

Betty rose from the couch. "Bob, please."

Bob looked at her a moment, and then lowered his eyes. "I'm sorry, I guess I didn't mean that." He turned to Harvey. "But you! I'd like to punch you in the nose."

Harvey bit his lip thoughtfully. "I know, Bob. I'm sorry, and I don't blame you." He looked down. "But you see, I've loved her for a long time too. I've tried to play fair..."

"Play fair?" Bob shouted. "Do you call it playing fair to make love to her while I was flat on my back in a hospital?" He shook his head. "No, you're nothing but a double-crossing, underhanded..."

"Bob." Betty put her hand on his arm. "Don't say that. Harvey has been a real friend to you, as well as to me."

"How?"

"Bob," Betty lowered her voice, "Dr. Forman saved your life."

"Sure, I know that. What about it?"

"It was Harvey who brought him. He wouldn't come at first, not until Harvey asked him."

Bob stood there a moment in si-

lence. Harvey had done that for him. Gradually the full realization came to him; he owed his very life to the man who was the rival for the girl he loved. Slowly he looked up.

"I'm sorry, Harvey." He extended his hand. "I guess I owe you an apology . . . and a thanks." He fought to control his emotion as Harvey clasped his hand in silence.

"I guess," Bob added, "I'd be pretty much of a heel to stick around after that." He picked up his hat. At the doorway he paused, and turned around.

"May I wish you both . . . the greatest happiness."

AS the door closed silently behind him, Betty stood there motionless. Her eyes dimmed, and slowly the tears rolled down her cheeks.

The next day Bob sat morosely at his desk, the work before him untouched. Lost in thought, he was suddenly snapped back to reality as the door opened abruptly. He looked up to see Pamela, radiant in sport clothes and her sweetest smile, standing in the doorway.

"Hi, ho!" She stepped over and gracefully seated herself atop his desk. Bob had to smile.

"Pamela," he greeted, "you're always like a new lease on life."

"Uh, huh," Pam nodded. "And what's the matter with you? You look like a foreclosed mortgage."

"Oh, just . . . Just business," Bob lied. "I suppose you've heard that a big resort hotel is going to be built at Lonesome Lake. A man named Cambridge is the head of the company, and I've just got to sell him my ideas and plans for that hotel. It means everything to me."

Pamela smiled. "You mean old Charlie Cambridge?"

"Do you know him?"

"Sure, I'm the apple of his eye. One kiss on that bald head of his, and he'd give me anything I wanted. He's been just like a second father to me ever since I was that high."

Bob looked at her questioning, but before he could frame a question, she reached over and patted his shoulder. "Don't worry, Mr. Business-man, I'm way ahead of you. Shall we say, tomorrow night for dinner?"

"Pam, you're a brick."

"No, just in love." She got down off the desk, came and stood before him. "I know, you can't see me for dust. But Bob, I know I'd make you a good wife. I've got social position, and that's what you need to be a success, a wife who can get you contacts with the right people."

"Yes," he answered, "I used to believe that once. Perhaps I should start believing it again." He looked at her thoughtfully for a moment. "You know, Pam, it's like I were seeing you for the first time. . . . And did anyone ever tell you that you were a very attractive young lady?"

* * *

Charlie Cambridge was fat and bald and jolly, and thought the world of Pamela. All during dinner, his face beamed with pleasure as Pam showered her attentions on Bob, very subtly inferring by her actions that she and Bob were in love. It was obvious that the old man was highly pleased with the thought that Pamela was at last going to settle down.

Later, as Pam brought them together in the library, he winked slyly and voiced his reactions.

"I suppose you two will be making an announcement soon."

Bob frowned, but before he could peak, Pamela answered.

"Yes," she said, "but it's still a secret. Right now, Bob has some business to talk to you about."

"Business? Well son," he turned to Bob, "you've got a smart little agent here. She knows how to fatten a man up for the kill. What's your proposition?"

Bob cleared his throat. "It's about the hotel you're going to build up at Lonesome Lake. You see, I'm an architect, and

. . . And you want to design and build it?" Cambridge puffed his cigar. "Okay son, the job's yours."

Bob frowned. "But, don't you want to see my plans?"

"No. If Pamela is in love with you, you must be pretty good. I'll give you the contract for a wedding present. Drop over to my office Monday." He rose and looked at his watch. "Well, I'll leave you two kids now, big poker game at the club."

"I'll see you to the door," Pamela said.

BOB sat there in silence until she returned.

"Why did you tell him we were engaged?" he asked.

"Don't you see," Pamela answered, "I knew that would cinch the deal for you."

Bob thought of all the things he had done in the past with Betty's help. Those times, he'd won out on merit, because Betty had guided, inspired him, made him strive for perfection. Now, merit didn't seem to have anything to do with it. Somehow, it was a shallow victory.

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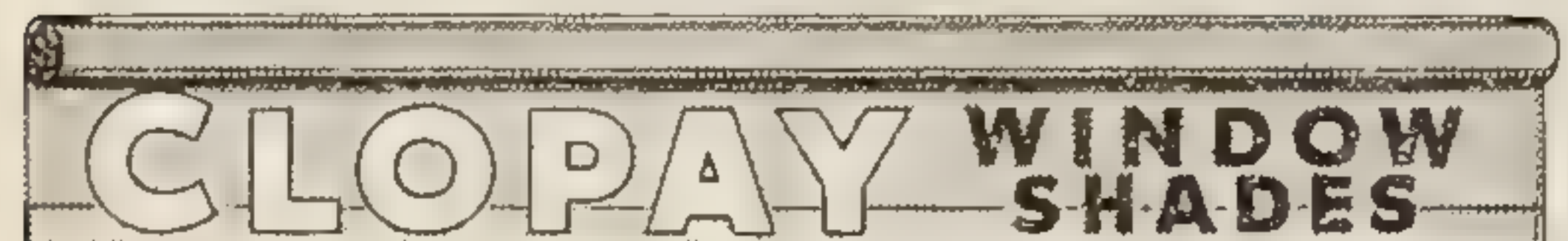
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He looked up as the butler entered the room.

"Pardon me, phone for Mr. Drake." He lifted the receiver with an anxious heart.

"Hello, Bob?" It was Betty! She was crying. "Betty, what's the matter?"

"Oh Bob," she sobbed, "come quickly. It's Bobby. He's sick with the measles."

For a second Bob's heart seemed to stop beating. Bobby sick! Oh God, if anything happened to him!

"Betty, I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Dr. Warren, stepping back from the bedside, led Bob over toward the window and turned to him gravely.

"Bob, I've asked to talk to you alone, because I think you should break the news to Betty."

"The news?"

"Yes Bob. Your son is in a very serious condition. The measles is not dangerous of itself, but as you know, Bobby had a cold, and now it has turned into pneumonia." He put his hand on Bob's shoulder. "He may not pull through, Bob."

Bob looked at him questioningly, shook his head slowly, as if he couldn't believe. No, not Bobby. Bobby was his boy. Dr. Warren continued softly.

"He should reach the crisis sometime during the night. I won't leave him, Bob. Now pull yourself together. Your place is out there with Betty. Try to keep her from worrying."

He nodded slowly, tried to force a smile, and walked hesitantly towards the front room.

BETTY was seated on the couch, and Bob, sitting down beside her, put his arm around her shoulder. "There's nothing to worry about, Betty," he lied. "Why, all kids have measles."

Betty turned to him, searched his face for the truth. Oh, if anything happened to Bobby . . .

"Don't worry, he'll be up and around, and into mischief before you know it."

"Do you really think so, Bob?" "Sure." Bob tried to laugh. "Sure." He thought a moment. "Say, do you remember the time when he was just a baby, and we took him to Hollywood?"

Betty shook her head. "Yes, they wanted to make him a baby star. Even then, every one loved him."

Bob nodded, looked down at his hands. "Yes, what a kid. You can't get mad at him," He smiled. "He was always busting that electric train, but somehow I never minded stopping whatever I was doing and fix it for him."

Minutes slowly ticked by into hours, hours in the long silent night, waiting, waiting. They talked about things they had done, happiness they had known, and sorrow too. Then, sometimes they never talked at all, but only sat there thinking, thinking of a small bundle of life in the other room.

Two-thirty . . . Three . . . Three-thirty . . .

"Oh Bob," Betty broke a long silence. "He must get well."

"He will."

"Oh, Bob, it was all my fault. The dress shop was to blame. I never should have neglected him."

"No, Betty. The whole thing, from the very beginning, was all my fault."

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Betty looked up at him, and for a moment they sat there, very close together. Then, softly, Bob bent down and kissed her.

The tears rolled down her cheeks, she put her arms around him and held him tight.

"Oh Bob, how could I have been so blind. I never loved anyone but you, I never will."

At that moment Dr. Warren appeared silently in the doorway. They rose to their feet anxiously. He spoke softly.

"I think you'd both better come in now." He said.

They knelt at Bobby's bedside, and looked at his little face, flushed with fever and pain. But as Betty tenderly took his small hand in hers, he opened his eyes, faintly smiled.

"Daddy," he whispered, "have you come home to stay?"

"Yes, son."

"I always want my mommy and Daddy to be together."

"Yes, son," Betty spoke slowly, "no matter what happens, we'll always be together."

Bobby smiled once again. Then, slowly he closed his eyes, the anguish left his face, he lay still.

For a moment, it didn't seem possible that Bobby had gone. He would open his eyes again and laugh. He would run out and beg to run his electric train again

It was Dr. Warren who broke the silence, "Steady, kids."

Bob put his arm around Betty's shoulder as Dr. Warren continued softly.

"You must know that Bobby has gone to some greater happiness. You must thank God that you have each other."

"Oh, I know. The wound is deep now, and bitter. But the master, Time, has a way of healing even wounds of the heart. You must look to tomorrow, all the life and happiness you have ahead of you."

Slowly Bob helped Betty to her feet. Words had no place then, only thoughts, and the nearness of one another.

Dawn was beginning to break. Betty, looking around the room, was somehow thinking how cozy it was, how much their little home meant to her, when Bob suddenly broke the long silence.

"You know," he said, "I always liked this room, in fact, everything about our little home. It's just a cottage, but it has something that great mansions never knew. The way it's fixed up, the walls, the furniture, every little knickknack; they all seem to reflect memories of the happiness we've known here. It's sort of like a good old friend who never changes, who's always there, through success and failure, through happiness and the deepest sorrow."

"Bob," Betty put her hand on his, "I was just thinking the very same thing, your very words."

For a moment they just looked at each other through their tears. Were they that close now, that their hearts, their very thoughts had found some infinite unity? Had their great loss given them a new closeness, a new understanding of each other?

Tenderly, Bob bent down and kissed her.

Outside a new day gave new hope and new life to the world. . . and to Betty and Bob.

THE END



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How Women Can Fight Crime

(Continued from page 34)



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specialized enforcement agencies, counties face their problem with efficient police forces, states recognize their responsibility to protect the citizen of the Commonwealth and meet the challenge with their renowned State Police organizations, and even the Federal Government accepts its responsibility to the individual citizen of the Nation by vesting its agents with full powers.

In approaching any problem the first essential is to make an analysis of the situation. In our approach to the crime problem our analysis leads us first into a simple recognition of the classes of crime, and these may be listed as the reactionary and the wilful.

In the reactionary group we can place all crimes that are a result of the reaction of emotion, mental disorder, pathological weaknesses, and heritage. While it is a common tendency to consider the handling of these unfortunate cases as the direct responsibility of the governmental agencies specifically set up to cure or control these potential criminals in appropriate institutions, it still remains the responsibility of the law-abiding citizen to bring to the attention of those governmental agencies all cases that in the public interest should be under their care or control. Too many morons, perverts, mental cripples and emotionally unbalanced individuals, who should be under scientific care or understanding restraint, are wandering at large with the full knowledge of their pitying neighbors and unprotected against that unfortunate thought or incident or reaction which will plunge them into the commission of irreparable damage to their fellowman and for which they will be charged with the commission of crime. The real criminals are those sane and competent persons who have failed to institute such public actions as will remove these unfortunates from that sphere of our social order in which our normal women and children move and become their unsuspecting prey.

In the wilful group we can place all crimes that are the result of planned, intentional and premeditated criminal action on the part of sane individuals who are serving a selfish purpose. Many of these individuals get the start in their career of crime in their early youth. Invariably the home influence has much to do with this start, and analysis shows that one of the prime factors in this adverse home influence is selfishness. This selfishness may take any of a number of forms, love of leisure, ego, indifference to others and to home responsibility, glamour, luxury, laziness, arguing and bickering, and self-indulgence in its many applications. Strange to state, not all of our criminals come from homes of poverty and squalor, but many respond to the adverse influence of selfishness in middle class and wealthy homes.

Every community, large or small, has its sources of crime and its contributory causes. While organized authority has been vested with full power and duty to investigate crime, arrest criminals, prosecute them in the courts and take corrective measures in the form of penalties or sci-

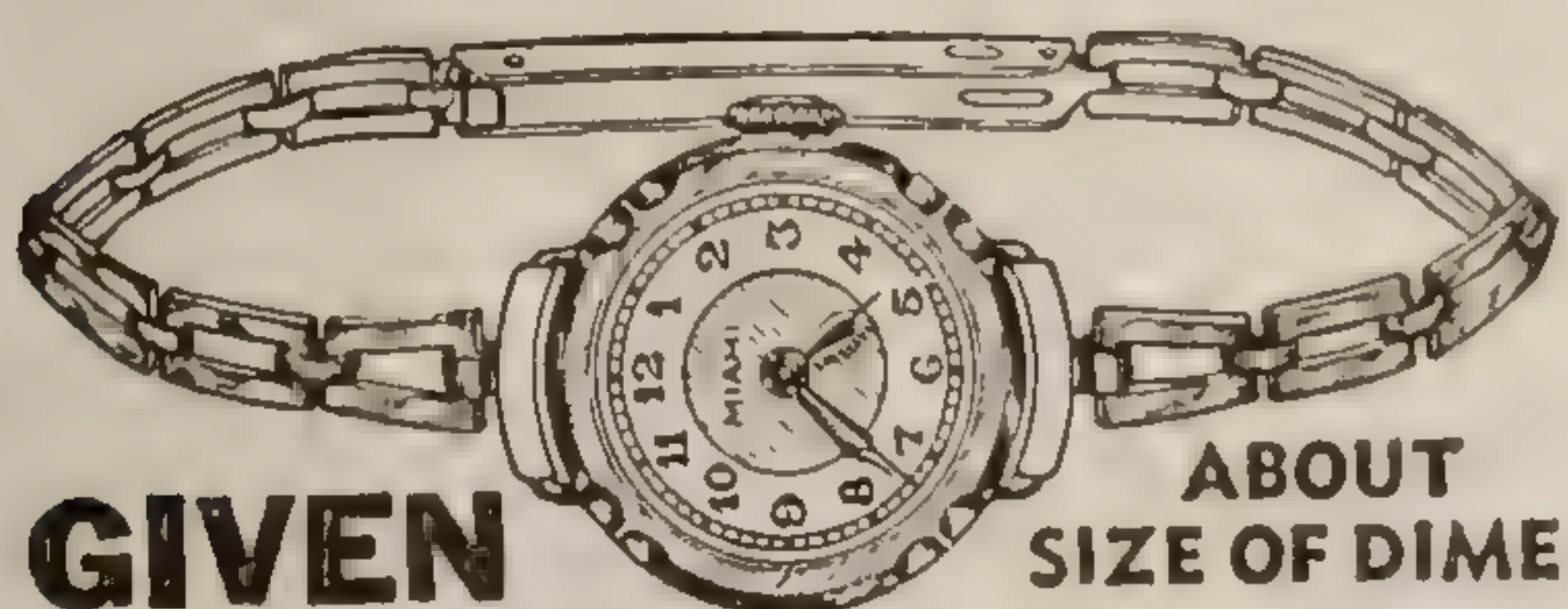
entific treatment, no public duty has been prescribed to discover and eradicate sources of crime. This still remains the duty of the citizen, and one of our major forces in the discovery and eradication of the sources of crime can be our organized women. You may ask, "After we have discovered the source of crime how can we eradicate it?" The easiest and surest way to eradicate the source of crime is to subject it to the revealing glare of merciless publicity. Crime thrives in secrecy, and it must perish in revelation and light.

OTHER contributory causes, attributable to the attitudes and actions of our citizenry, are such things as personal petty violations of the law, condoning corruption and bribery, even in its simplest form, unopposed abuse of public office, unprotected mal-administration of parole systems, maudlin sentiment and the coddling of criminals, establishment of false values by overpaying for trivial or incidental services, and disregard of the imperative tenets of discipline in its several applications, personal, home, business and social. Of course, the responsibility for these contributing factors rests individually and collectively upon every citizen, and he, and he alone, is the only one who can take corrective action.

"What can I do personally?" is the question so many people ask. First of all, read the preceding paragraph again and let that point your way. In the realization that among the wilful criminals the major portion of them become criminals in response to the influences brought to bear upon them in their youth, it becomes a matter of major importance to so influence the youth about us that they will become good citizens instead of criminals. This we must do through a comprehensive consideration of the three main influences of the youth's day. The home influence we must control ourselves by setting the right example, by maintaining a fair, reasoning and understandable discipline, and by displaying an encouraging and inspiring interest in the youthful accomplishments. The recreational influence we must fill with elements of sufficiency, absorption, compensation, physical welfare, mental realization, fair play and sportsmanship. All of this must be carried on without interference or domination. And in the school influence we must learn to understand, foster, support, supplement and encourage.

One of the major problems confronting our nation today is the problem of crime. The authorities are organized as soldiers of peace in a war against the most sinister, unscrupulous and vicious enemy ever confronted by any army. This enemy recognizes no rules, always strikes in the dark, undermines our social order, not only with his deeds, but with his corruption, temptation and lure, and will stoop to any depth to accomplish his felonious purpose. The success of any army depends upon the intelligent support and comprehensive cooperation of the people for whom it is fighting. This is war against crime. Are you doing your part? You can.

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(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE
SPOT
TEST



Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried.
Beautiful book on Psoriasis and Dermol with amazing true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**

**SEND FOR
GENEROUS
TRIAL SIZE
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Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly, embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent FREE to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make your famous "One Spot Test" yourself. Write today for your test bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores. Lake Laboratories, Box 6, Northwestern Station Dept. M-33, Detroit, Mich.

W.C.C.

ADD REAL NAMES: Bob Hope as a youth was tagged Lester Towns Hope and his chums started out by calling him "Hopeless."

OH, BOY! Bing Crosby and Shirley Ross sing a bathtub duet in "The Unholy Beebes," the picture which Bing prefers to call "Paris Honey-moon." When the censors heard about it they objected until informed that the duet would be sung over a telephone with Bing in one bathtub somewhere in the Balkans, and Miss Ross in another bathtub in Paris.

HOLLYWOOD CLOSEUPS:

I'm a little tired of those publicity stills which always show Bob Burns with a pipe in his mouth!

Dick Powell tells me he's a better cook than his wife!

Talking about a certain actor, Ken Murray said: "He's so colorful that in technicolor he doesn't photograph at all."

Why isn't Myrna Loy in radio? She's been a perfect wife for the past two years on the screen . . . and I can see no reason why she wouldn't make a perfect wife via the ether waves.

Joe Hernandez has brought out a parlor horse-racing game that bears the same title as the race track call he made popular: "There They Go!" Joe handles the mike for CBS Coast race handicap broadcasts.

(Continued on page 79)

Danish Princess

HOLMES & EDWARDS INLAID*
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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HOLMES & EDWARDS DIVISION, MANITOWOC, WIS.

INVENTORS

Small ideas may have large commercial possibilities. Write us for FREE book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor," and "Record of Invention" form. Delays are dangerous in patent matters. Free information on how to proceed. **CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN and HYMAN BERMAN, I-K** Adams Building, Washington, D. C.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

[illegible]

CLEAR UP BAD SKIN OR MONEY BACK

Amazing discovery. Formula Rx 301. INSTANTLY covers PIMPLES, BLACK-HEADS, ERUPTIONS, ENLARGED PORES: proceeds to banish them in 1 to 5 days through scientific cleansing, soothing and clearing action. Not a cosmetic, but a scientific discovery of an internationally famous Fifth Avenue dermatician.

Kay Co., Beauty Thru Science
Squibb Bldg., 5th Avenue, N. Y., Dept. C-9

Send sample Rx 301. I enclose 10c. I suffer from () oily skin () pimples () blackheads () eruptions () large pores.

Name
Address
City State

NURSING MOTHERS

Consult your doctor regularly. Ask about Hygeia Nipples and Bottles. Nipple, breast-shaped, easily inverted and thoroughly cleaned. Patented tab keeps nipple germ-free. New inside valve prevents collapse.



MYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE
SAFEST because

SAFEST because
easiest to clean

Half a Million Dollars Already Paid!

and now \$12,500.00 more

FOR YOUR TRUE STORIES

FORTUNE SMILES AGAIN

How would you like to open an envelope and find in it a check for \$1,000 or for \$2,000 drawn to your order?

That very thing can happen.

Already True Story has paid \$558,500 for true stories sent in by its readers. By far the greater part of this huge sum has gone to men and women who never before wrote for publication. And now \$12,500.00 more has been appropriated to be awarded in prizes ranging from \$500 to \$2,000 each for the fifteen best true stories submitted between now and Wednesday, November 30, 1938. Why not secure one of these splendid prizes for yourself? Trained literary ability is not necessary. All that is required is a gripping single installment true story. This together with a reasonable ability to express yourself in writing will put you well on the road to success.

You or one of your friends may have lived the very story necessary to carry off the magnificent \$2,000 grand prize. Someone will get it. Why not you? Select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving; no matter whether it is a story filled with shadow, sunshine, success, failure or happiness. In writing your story be sure to include all background information, such as parentage, surroundings and other facts necessary to a complete understanding of the situation. Write it simply and honestly, just as you would tell it to an interested friend. Let us repeat, it is the story that counts—no literary ability or professional skill. If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit no matter how beautifully or skilfully written they may be.

Judging on this basis the person submitting the best true story will receive the \$2,000 first prize, the person submitting

PRIZE SCHEDULE

1st prize.....	\$2,000
2nd prize.....	1,750
3rd prize.....	1,500
4th prize.....	1,250
5th prize.....	1,000
6th prize 10 at \$500.....	5,000
15 prizes.....	\$12,500

the next best will receive the \$1,750 second prize, etc.

Remember too, that even if your story should fall slightly short of prize winning quality we will gladly consider it for purchase at our regular rate of approximately 2c per word, provided we can use it.

If you have not already received a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple technique which has proved to be most effective in writing true stories, by all means mail the coupon today and one will be sent to you promptly. Also do not fail to read the rules carefully and follow them out in every particular, thus making sure that your story will reach us in such form as to insure its full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment.

Note particularly wordage requirements for stories submitted in this contest.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not send us carbon copies. Do not write in pencil. Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 15,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories. Stories must be written in English. Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin tissue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll. DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. RECORD TITLE AND NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON, OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED IN MAILING CONTAINER FOR SUCH RETURN. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned. You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscripts to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends Wednesday, November 30, 1938.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept 37C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Did you see our special offer, in True Story for September, to pay from \$1,000 to \$3,500 each for book length and serial true stories (20,000 to 50,000 words)? If not, be sure to write for full particulars. Address your request to Macfadden Publications, Inc. P. O. Box 477, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 37C
P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories."

Name.....

Street.....

Town..... State.....

(Print plainly. Give name of state in full)

Mail stamps or coins to Box RM-43
RADIO MIRROR
 205 EAST 42ND ST., NEW YORK CITY

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.

DEXDIET, Inc., Dept. D-18, 360 N. Michigan, Chicago

Name

Full Address.....

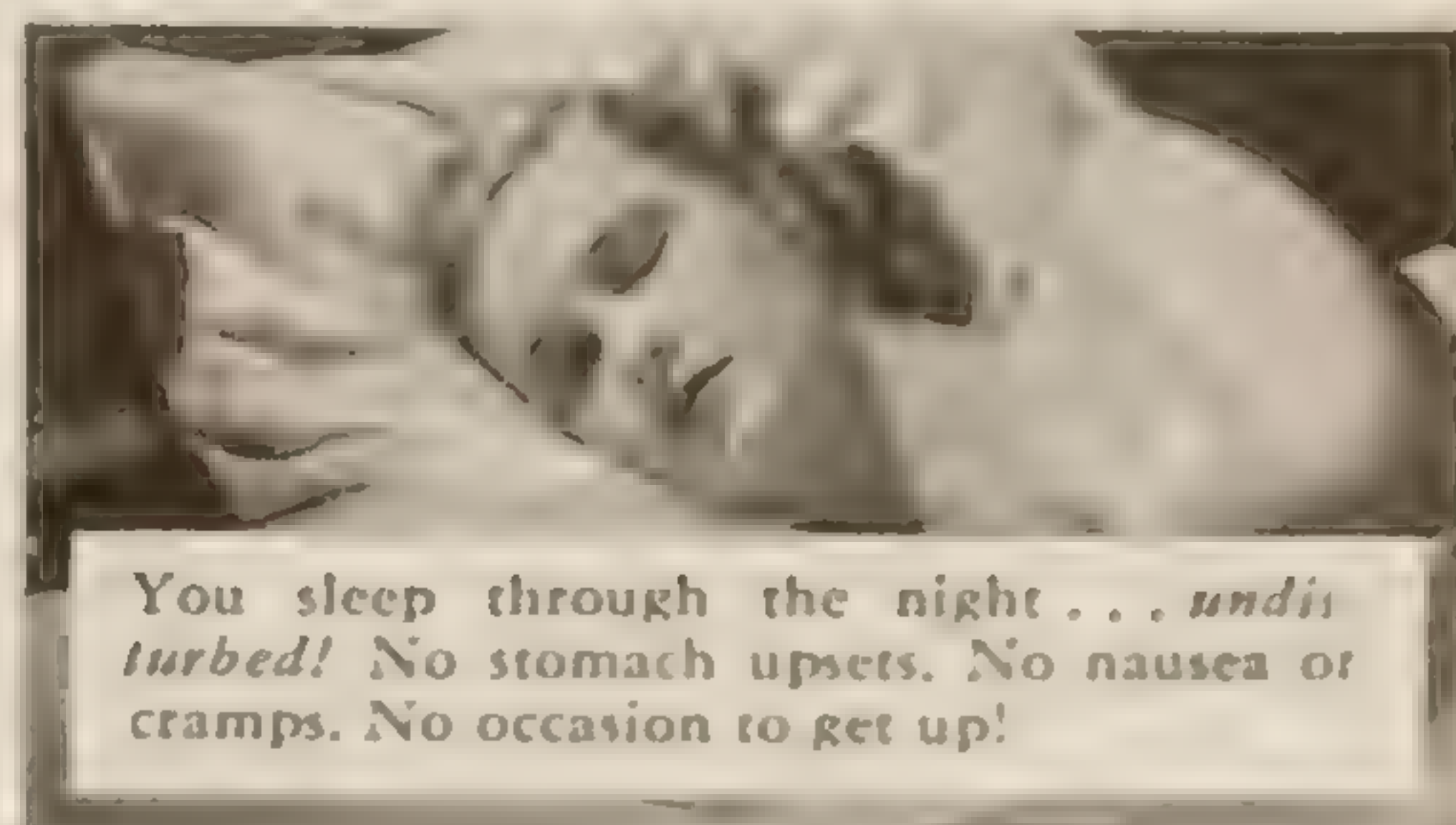
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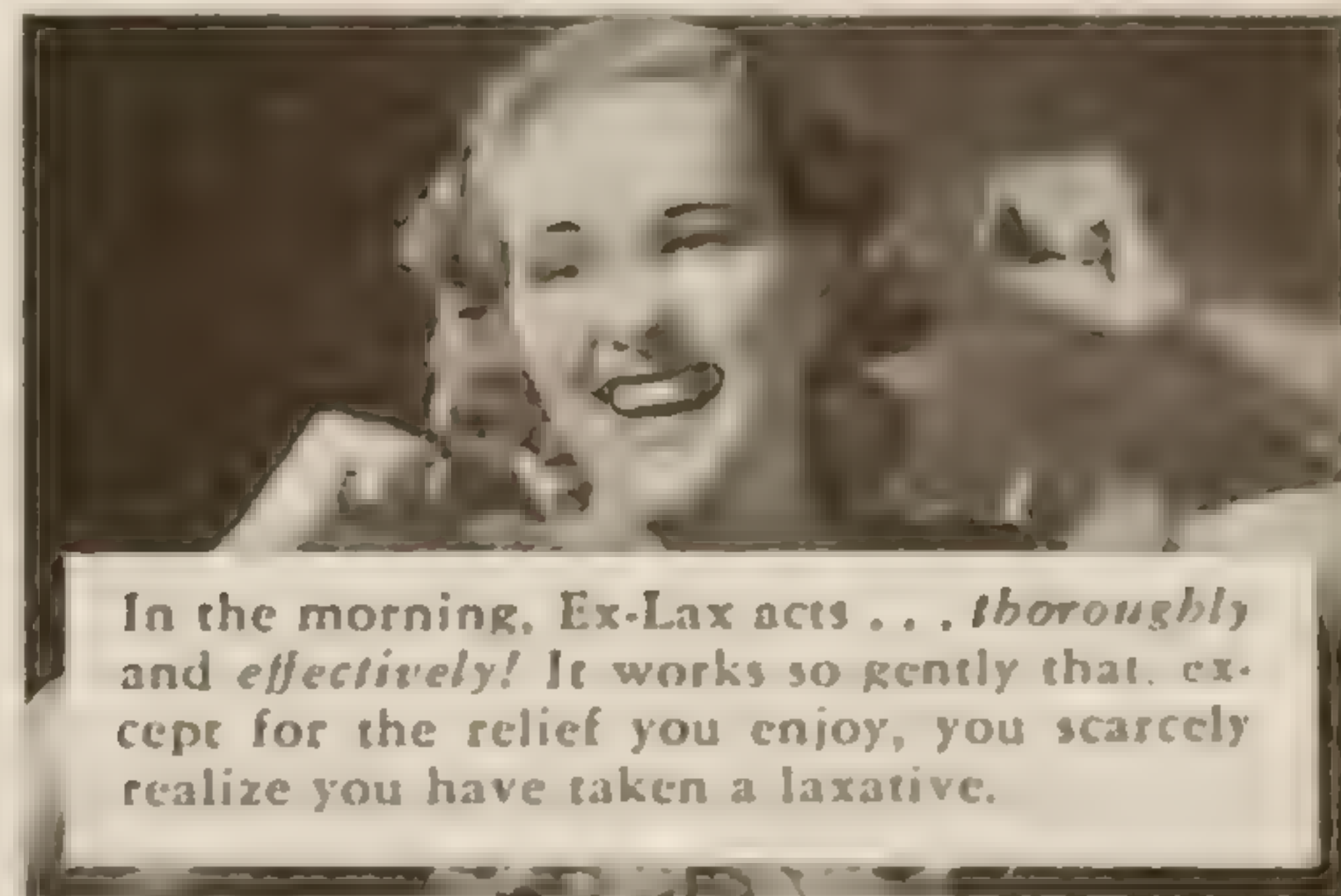
ROMANTIC

"Bring 'em Back Alive" Frank Buck, should have been at Cecil de Mille's Paradise Ranch the other morning. On C.B.'s tennis court a peacock and a rattlesnake came to blows. Nearby de Mille was conducting a conference on his radio hour. At the sound of wild commotion, de Mille hurried to the tennis court, saw his peacock getting the worst of the battle with the rattlesnake. So C.B. bravely killed the snake with a stick . . . thereby protecting his peacock and saving himself and friends from possible serious consequences.

Take one or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. No bottles or spoons to bother with. No disagreeable concoctions to mix. Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.



You sleep through the night... *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up!



In the morning, Ex-Lax acts . . . *thoroughly and effectively!* It works so gently that, except for the relief you enjoy, you scarcely realize you have taken a laxative.

Ex-Lax is good for every member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes.

Now improved—better than ever!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Every pair hand tailored to your measure.
Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before
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[illegible]

J. E. SMITH, President, International
National Radio Institute, Washington, D. C.

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE

What Do You Want To Say?

(Continued from page 4)

Coming from such a noted commentator, more especially since he is of foreign birth, no American can read his article without feeling a greater appreciation for all that our beloved country stands for, and thereby becoming a better citizen. It is indeed gratifying that Mr. Carter can feel so deeply the meaning of good citizenship in the country he has adopted.

I read Mr. Carter's article before a large patriotic society. It was highly appreciated, and I received the thanks of the audience for reading it.

EUGENE DILLINGHAM, Terre Haute, Ind.

FIFTH PRIZE INFORMATION, PLEASE!

The merry company that gathers on WJZ every Tuesday evening at 8:30 to make comedy of error, provides the best half-hour of entertainment on the air. I refer to Clifton Fadiman and the distinguished "board" which out-quip the best radio professionals as they test their learning on questions submitted by the radio audience for the program, Information, Please.

I'd rather hear Franklin P. Adam's asides as one of his fellow master minds fumbles the answer to a mental poser than any of the so-called humor of Messrs. Benny, Allen, etc.

EDITH M. HILDERBRAND,
Schenectady, N. Y.

SIXTH PRIZE VALLEE BECOMES SENTIMENTAL

Congratulations, Mr. Vallee, and thank you for a truly brilliant performance on the Magic Key program. As much as we have enjoyed your singing and your showmanship, I frankly admit that I never suspected your ability at characterization.

You have taken an unpopular figure in our city life, the taxi driver, and, through your deep, human understanding of his mind and heart, his difficulties and struggles, his love for home and family, brought a sympathy into our minds for one who is trying to serve us loyally, with danger to himself and with little hope of gratitude or sufficient remuneration.

There was a lump in my throat, Rudy, and that's a tribute to you and the new Vallee art.

MISS EDITH KOERNER,
Patchogue, New York

SEVENTH PRIZE CONSULT CROSBY'S DICTIONARY

Like all high school girls, we have had our crushes on radio and movie stars. Our latest happens to be Bing Crosby. We would never miss one of his broadcasts, and we nearly swoon when he sings, but here lately we have become quite peeved at Mr. Crosby. We could understand his songs, but that talk and double talk he has been expounding is well over our rattled heads.

But it would seem that RADIO MIRROR has come to the rescue with, "Dr. Crosby's Slang Dictionary" published in the July issue.

So, let Dr. Crosby dribble on, we won't care for we have a dictionary to interpret his bill of fare.

BETTY ROWE, Springfield, Ohio.



Sell 50 Personal CHRISTMAS CARDS
MAKE up to \$5.00 in a Day
Fast, easy seller. 50 beautiful Christmas folders with customer's name inscribed. Big value to sell for \$1. Many other attractive Christmas Card bargains. Write for **FREE Sample Outfit**.
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100% Improvement Guaranteed
We build, strengthen the vocal organs—not with singing lessons—but by fundamentally sound and scientifically correct silent exercises... and absolutely guarantee to improve any singing or speaking voice at least 100%... Write for wonderful voice book—sent free. Learn WHY you can now have the voice you want. No literature sent to anyone under 17 unless signed by parent.
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ASTHMADOR
Asthmatics often find—
"A puff or two will do!"
Asthmatic sufferers write enthusiastically about the ready relief from paroxysms obtained by inhaling the aromatic fumes of Dr. R. Schiffmann's ASTHMADOR. Steadily improved through 3 generations, this famous compound is prepared under strict supervision in a modern scientific laboratory. At your druggist in powder, cigarette and pipe mixture form. Or send for free trial supply of all three. R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, California, Dept. M.

NEW UNDERARM PADS STOP PERSPIRATION
Prevent Wet Underarms and Odor
Now it's easy to make sure underarms are daintily dry and sweet. Simply whisk a 5 DAY pad over both underarms and you go to office, parties or anywhere on hottest days without offensive underarm perspiration odor, wet armpits, or stained dress sleeves. Often effective 5 days or more, depending upon the individual. Easy on clothes too. You see that for yourself... the saturated cloth pads are not harmed by the mild, gentle lotion. Large jar, 55c. Toilet goods counters or direct postpaid. Associated Distributors, Inc. 11 East Hubbard Street, Dept. MF-2 Chicago, Illinois.
5 DAY UNDERARM PADS

NO FRIENDS SINCE PIMPLES CAME?

Get this help in guarding against skin-blotching intestinal poisons

Are ugly skin eruptions spoiling your good times... making others shun you? Find out what the trouble may be—and take steps to help it.

Between the ages of 13 and 25, or even longer, important gland changes often upset the system. The skin often becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons from the intestinal tract may get into the blood stream... and be carried to the skin to cause disfiguring pimples.

Many have been helped by the regular use of Fleischmann's Yeast. Millions of tiny, live plants in each cake of this fresh food act to help keep intestinal waste poisons from the blood... and so help your broken-out skin. Start eating Fleischmann's Yeast now—one cake ½ hour before meals. Buy some today!

FREE ATTRACTIVE CATALOG
Artistic pins, rings and emblems for classes and clubs. Attractive prices. Finest quality, gold plated, silver, etc. Over 300 designs.
Write Dept. J, METAL ARTS CO., Rochester, N. Y. **30¢ PINS**

"BEFORE & AFTER!"
If you are self-conscious about your appearance, read this new book about **Facial Reconstruction**. Tells how easy it is for noses to be reshaped—protruding ears, thick lips, wrinkles and pouches corrected—sagging contours restored. Plastic Science fully explained. Elaborate illustrations. 160 pages. Only 25c. Postage paid. Money-back guarantee. Mail a 25c coin to—
GLENNVILLE PUB., 507 Fifth Ave. (DEPT. A. A.), N. Y. C.

my FEET ITCHED so bad I could... SCREAM!
I got relief from **ATHLETE'S FOOT** with **HAPPEE FOOT BALM**
Greaseless, pure white antiseptic cream.
10¢ SIZE AT 10¢ STORES... FAMILY SIZE AT DRUG STORES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE
Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rinin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.



NBC's Singing Lady, Irene Wicker . . .

ALL you young women whose cry has been, "Oh, I know I should adopt some systematic routine to take care of my skin every day—but it's so much trouble!" Here's the answer to your pleas for a program for skin care that is quick, easy and effective.

With this thought in mind, we interviewed Irene Wicker, the Singing Lady, who is heard Monday through Thursday at 5:30 E.D.S.T. over NBC.

The Singing Lady, whose schedule keeps her a very busy girl, has had to work out a simple routine for the daily care of her fine olive complexion.

"I cleanse my face with cleansing cream and cold water at least twice a day," confides Miss Wicker. "Because of a tendency toward sensitiveness and dryness, I use soap only a few times a week.

"In addition to frequent and thorough cleansing," said Miss Wicker, "I use a fine emollient cream which I leave on for about a half hour while in the bath. Cream of this type keeps my skin lubricated and supple particularly in those areas about the eyes."

Before going out for a very special occasion, the Singing Lady often uses a rejuvenating masque which after a fifteen minute application makes a "new woman" of her. It gives a tingling sensation that drives away any feeling of fatigue.

For a very professional cleansing job and for the sheer luxury of it, Miss Wicker has a facial on the average of once a month.

Most important of all, Miss Wicker points out, is the necessity for fresh air, sunshine and exercise. She believes that if most of us would walk one mile every single day, eat plenty of fruits and vegetables, and sleep a full eight hours every night, and, in addition, cleansed our faces more carefully, using at least one preparation designed particularly to correct our special skin defects, there would be mighty few of us who would have any complexion problem at all. To make use of a popular phrase, I think Miss Wicker has got something there, don't you?

"But I've done all that," you protest,

ABOUT FACE TO

Beauty

By
JOYCE ANDERSON

Here are the right
directions for complexion loveliness



... gives a simple routine for skin care.

"and I have dry skin, or oily skin, or blackheads." But have you really given your complexion the care it deserves, or are you just a bit careless about your beauty routine?

EYE IDEAS

When your eyes are tired, relief may be found in hot compresses, followed by cold. Always lie down when resting your eyes, as it will help to relax the nerve tension.

Ten years ago there were only two or three styles of eye-glasses available for daily wear, as far as frames and shape of lenses were concerned. Today there are over two hundred styles from which to choose. Here's looking at you!

Have you been accused of being a snob, of "cutting" your best friend or neighbor on the street? Are you one of those girls who would rather stumble through life uncertainly than wear glasses? Don't strain your eyes for vanity. Consult a competent eye authority.

Surprising how many young women have those tiny squint lines and crows feet about these eyes. You see, the tissue under the eyes is exceedingly delicate and soon loses its natural oil. To prevent those fine lines from multiplying and deepening, use eye cream every night. Those fine rich oils contained in eye cream are very beneficial to this sensitive area.

The use of two eyeshadows produces an interesting effect. Brown over green gives a bronze shadow to the brown-eyed. Gray over blue does nice things to blue eyes. And try just a touch of silver shadow over violet for evening witchery.

SUPPOSE you do have blackhead, or large pores, or oily skin. The chances are that you are not keeping your skin as clean as you should. Put dabs of cleansing cream on your chin, cheeks, forehead and at the base of the throat. Leave it on for a few minutes, then wipe off with tissue. Next, a good brisk scrub with soap and water. Then tone your skin with skin freshener or toning lotion. Pour a little on a pad of cotton and pat gently.

If your skin has a tendency toward dryness, you will need a slightly different treatment. After the basic cleansing with cream and soap-and-water, you will need a good emollient cream. Spread it from the base of the throat, up over your face. If used during the daytime, let this cream remain on your skin for ten minutes. If before bed-time, then leave a film on all night.

Don't get discouraged, but make up your mind to stick to your program for complexion improvement. Don't skip your routine now and then but keep at it! Experts tell us that few complexions are naturally bad. Most of the blemished faces we see are the result of careless cleansing or lubricating, bad health, incorrect diet or lack of fresh air and exercise.

If your skin is too oily, you will need to vary your routine for complexion care to bring it back to normal, fresh loveliness. You must scrub it often with a mild soap and your complexion brush, giving particular attention to those areas where oiliness is noticeable—around the nose, on the chin and forehead. Choose a cleansing cream of the liquefying type and in addition, you should use a skin tonic or mild astringent.

Make-up for oily skin should include a foundation lotion (not cream); compact rouge; and powder that is light in texture. Remember that while powder has a tendency to appear lighter in color on dry skin, by the same token, it appears darker on an oily skin. It's a good idea to choose a powder a shade lighter than you think you need.

So, about face, in the direction of beauty!

RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

Child Welfare Is Your Welfare

(Continued from page 24)

folded his particular talent up and hid it away is one that all of us need to remember because a great many of us forget that we were given ability and capacities in order to use them, not for ourselves alone, but for the communities in which we live.

We have to consider how we can use our talents for the children who live in our communities. And I hope we will consider the value of all agencies that touch child life in these communities and all agencies that we may lack but which might benefit child life.

I was talking to someone the other day about the value of nursery schools and was very much interested to find that the feeling in that community was that it was pleasant to have nursery schools, but they were not sure as yet what they thought as to the value to the children or whether they were willing to trouble themselves first of all to find out what the value was; and next, to really pay the price for a nursery school if it was valuable. Now, many people do not think that nursery schools are valuable, but there is one very sure thing, and that is that always if things are valuable we must be willing to pay the price for them, and unless we take the trouble to study every agency and know ourselves, not from hearsay but from our own observation, whether a thing is valuable or not, we are not doing our duty to the children of our community.

MANY of us don't really know a great deal about the schools in our community nor what program for the health of school children is being carried on throughout the community. I know of a small community where a doctor was allowed to examine the children year after year, and who took so little trouble because it had become such a routine thing that every child was declared to be in perfectly good health. It wasn't until finally one woman woke up to the fact that every child couldn't be in perfectly good health that there was a change made in the doctor. And then a great many things were discovered in those children that a very small amount of care might have remedied some time before.

So, we have to be active and interested right straight along the line and remember that it isn't always the direct agency like the health program in the school, it is also the indirect method of keeping children well. For instance, in the recreation provided in communities. And this has a bearing also on the mental and moral health of young people, which, after all, is important to us too. Young people cannot be mentally strong and normal in other ways, building up good characters that we can depend on, if they are physically weak. So when we're interested in the full rounded development of the child, we have to see that he is given his proper physical care right through the adolescent period.

This can only be done if every individual carries a part of the burden, and if every individual knows the condition of his community and works on it every day in the year.

Bewise - Alkalize

An Alka-Seltzer Tablet in a glass of water makes a sparkling pleasant-tasting solution. Drink it and it gives quick relief from Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after meals and other common ailments. It also helps overcome excess acid condition so often associated with these troubles.

ESPECIALLY IN THE MORNING, AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

GREAT STUFF, THAT ALKA-SELTZER, TO EASE A HEAD THAT'S SORE.

A GLASS OF ALKA-SELTZER, EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED.

I'VE GOT AN UPSET STOMACH, GUESS SOMETHIN' DISAGREED.

I THINK THAT ALKA-SELTZER MUST HAVE DONE THE TRICK.

I NEVER KNEW A HEADACHE TO DISAPPEAR SO QUICK.

MORNING AFTER

UPSET STOMACH

HEADACHE

Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer AT ALL DRUGGISTS

TUNE IN THE NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT 8-9 P.M. EST. NBC NETWORK

30¢ & 60¢ PKGS. OR BY THE GLASS AT DRUG STORES SODA FOUNTAINS

WRISTWATCH included FREE of any extra charge

SEND NO MONEY

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Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling (U.S. Standard) Rich 1/30, 14k Gold.

Your choice of ladies' smart new Jeweled Wrist Watch or men's curved Gold Plate Front wrist watch included FREE of any extra charge with every ring ordered during SALE and paid for promptly on our easy new two monthly \$2 payment plan (total only \$4). **YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA for the Watch!**

SEND NO MONEY with your order. We gladly trust you. Wear for 10 days Free Trial. Send coupon or postcard today. Your order shipped postage prepaid by RETURN MAIL.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. S-3810, Newton, Mass.

Rush offer. ☐ Ladies' Model ☐ Men's Model

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Do This If You're NERVOUS

Help Calm Jumpy Nerves Without Harmful Opiates



IF you fly off the handle at little things and at times feel so nervous, cross and jumpy you want to scream—if you have spells of "the blues" and restless nights—

Don't take chances on harmful opiates and products you know nothing about. Use common sense. Get more fresh air, more sleep and in case you need a good general system tonic take a TIME-PROVEN medicine like famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—made especially for women from wholesome herbs and roots. Let it help Nature tone up your system—build more physical resistance and thus help calm jangly nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and make life worth living. Give it a chance to help YOU.

Tune in Voice of Experience Mutual Broadcasting System: Mon., Wed. and Fri. See your local newspaper for time. WLW Mondays through Friday.

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VEGETABLE COMPOUND

196-PAGE COOK BOOK for Only 20¢

Ida Bailey Allen's Service Cook Book No. 2, available to readers of this magazine for only 20c in stamps or coin, mailed to Box RM-12 RADIO MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York

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WHY GET IN A JAM OVER JELLIES?

Here's the way to get
more and better pre-
serves—with less work

HAVE you a few spare minutes and pennies to invest this summer for greater eating pleasure next winter? If you have, listen to Aunt Jenny, star of Aunt Jenny's Stories, the popular CBS program.

Her scheme is this. Keep your eyes open for fresh fruit bargains this summer and turn them into mouth-watering jellies for next winter. Now don't bring up that old argument about not wanting to spend all that time over a hot stove. There's a new method in jelly making that gives you more jelly, at less cooking time, than your grandmother ever dreamed of. Its success lies in the use of prepared pectin. Some fruits are deficient in the essential ingredient that makes fruits jell properly, so the wise housewife plays safe with prepared pectin.

The blackberry jelly pictured here is the simplest thing in the world to make if you just follow directions.

BLACKBERRY JELLY

3 cups blackberry juice
4 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare juice, crush thoroughly two quarts blackberries (not black caps). Squeeze juice through cloth or jelly bag. If there is not enough juice, add a little water to pulp in jelly bag and squeeze again. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside. Measure juice into four-quart saucepan and place over hot fire. Stir in powdered pectin and continue stirring until mixture boils rapidly. Add sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Remove from fire, skim and pour quickly

This blackberry jelly is simple to make, says Aunt Jenny, star of Aunt Jenny's Stories on CBS. Just read her directions.

By **MRS. MARGARET
SIMPSON**

JELLIES and jams aren't the only delicious goodies fruit pectin will help you prepare. . . . You'll want to make grape conserve, rich with nut meats. . . . Ginger marmalade, tangy and different. . . . You won't need to depend on fresh fruits, either—dried apricots and dried figs make wonderful jam when prepared the fruit pectin way. . . . And don't forget those old favorites, the relishes—beet, tomato and pepper. . . . There's a fruit pectin recipe for each one of these, too!

into sterilized glasses. Coat hot jelly at once with melted paraffin.

Crabapple jelly is equally delicious and Aunt Jenny recommends it for dessert, too. Using your pet layer cake recipe—she says your most economical one is ideal for this—make the desired number of layers. Spread crabapple jelly (see recipe below) between layers and pastel frosting on top. Serve at once.

CRABAPPLE JELLY

5 cups juice
7½ cups sugar
½ bottle liquid fruit pectin

Remove blossom and stem ends from about three and one half pounds fully ripe crabapples and cut them in



half. Do not peel or core. Add three cups water, cover and simmer ten minutes. Crush with masher and simmer, covered, for five minutes more. Squeeze juice through jelly bag. Mix juice and sugar in large saucepan, bring to boil over hot fire and add pectin, stirring constantly. Bring to full rolling boil and boil hard for one-half minute. Pour into glasses and paraffin immediately.

PASTEL FROSTING

½ cup crabapple jelly
1 egg white, unbeaten
Dash salt

Combine jelly, egg white and salt in top of double boiler. Place over boiling water and beat with rotary egg beater until jelly is free from lumps. Remove from heat and beat until mixture will stand in peaks.

SYRUP AND MOLASSES, TOO

WITH autumn approaching you are probably beginning to dream of waffles and pancakes with your favorite syrup—and right you are, too, for there's no better breakfast, nor better way for starting the day off right, than one of these tried and true combinations.

But don't forget that these good tasting and healthful corn and maple syrups can be used all year 'round.

The rich, pungent sweetness of New Orleans type molasses forms the basis for a sauce to serve with ice cream.

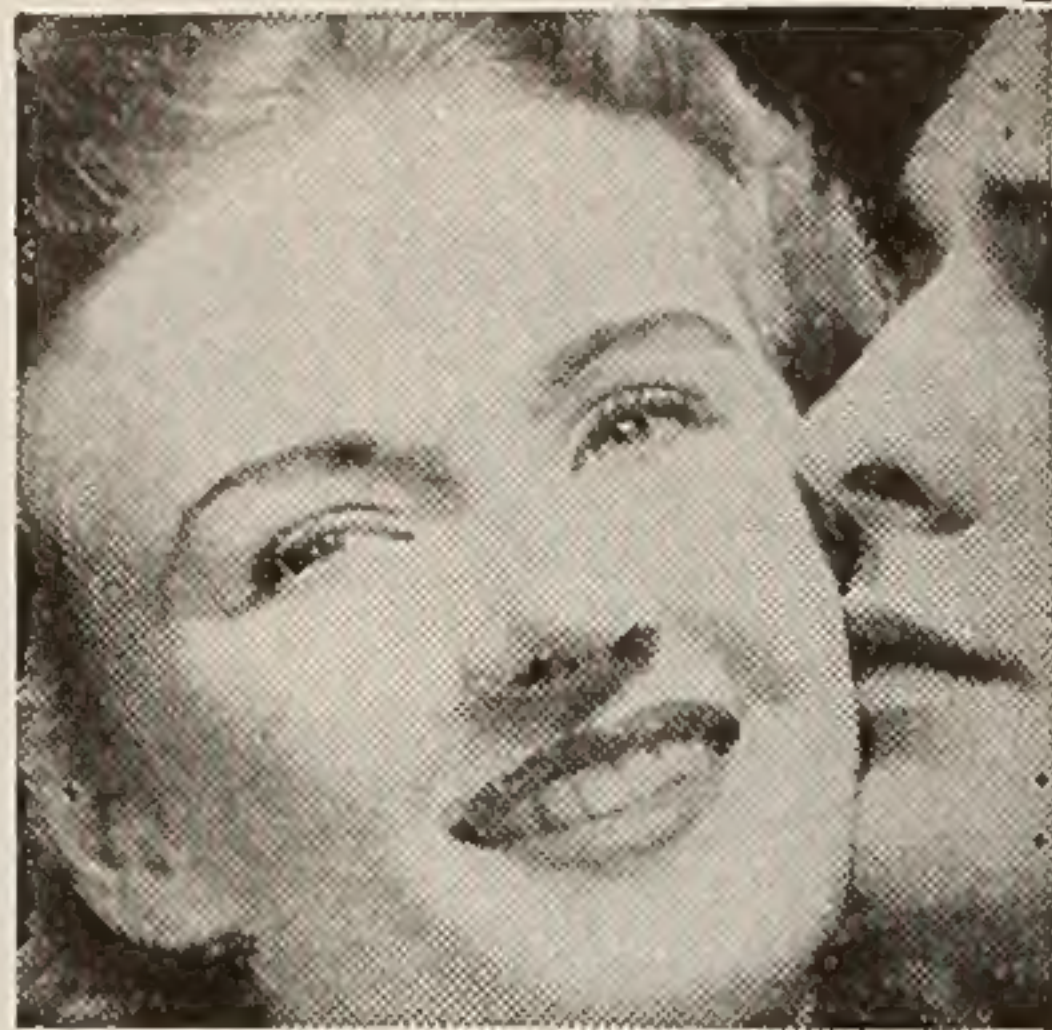
ORANGE MOLASSES SAUCE

½ cup New Orleans type molasses
⅓ tsp. grated orange rind
5 tsps. orange juice
¼ tsp. cinnamon.

RADIO MIRROR
HOME AND BEAUTY

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Hundreds of money-saving cooking suggestions in Ida Bailey Allen's Cook Book, available to readers of this magazine for 20c, stamps or coin, to Box RM-7 RADIO MIRROR, 205 E. 42 St., New York, N. Y.

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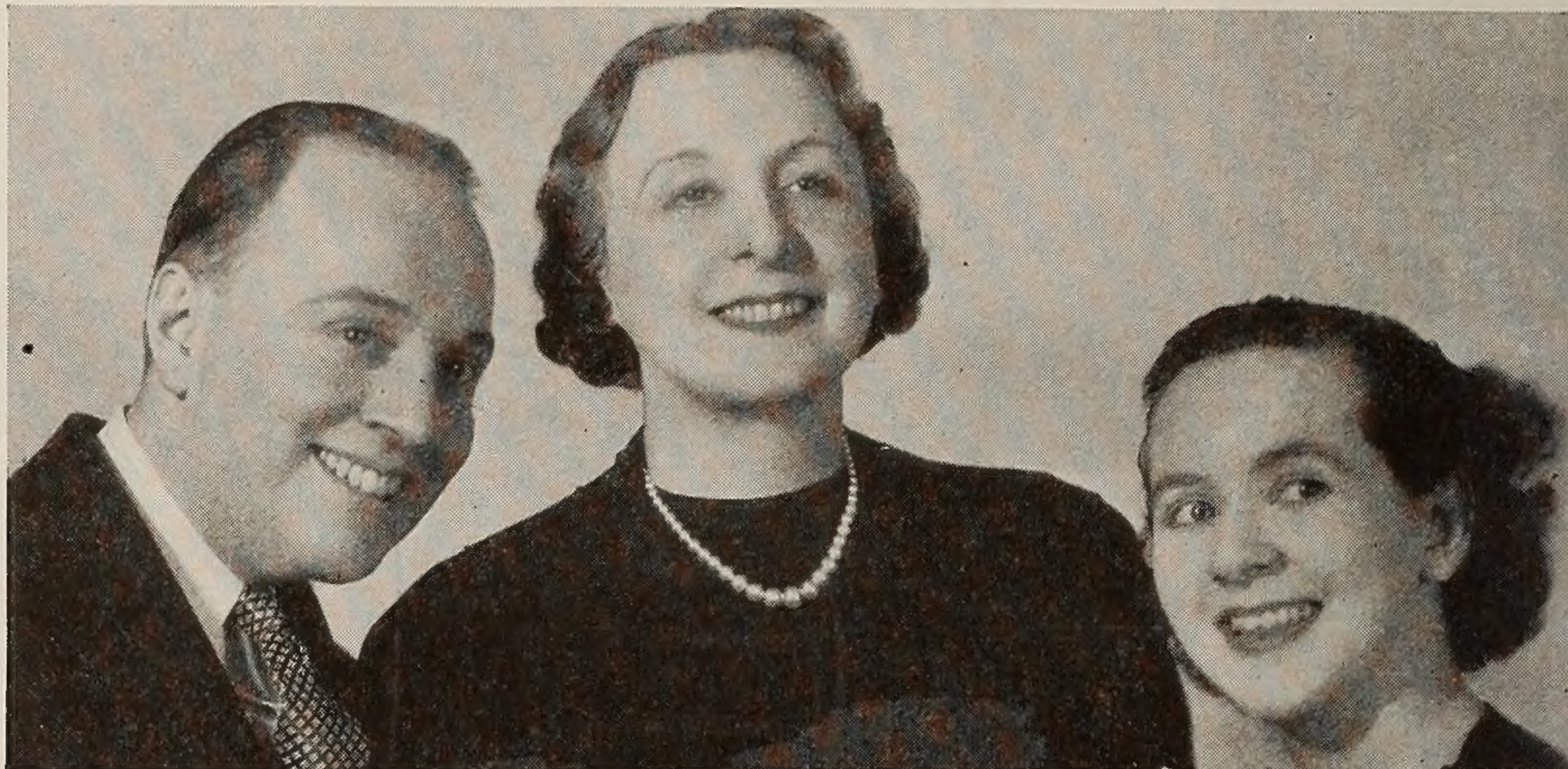
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WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?



The principals in the NBC serial, Dan Harding's Wife—Isabel Randolph, the mother, with Merrill Fugit and Loretta Poynton as Dean and Donna.

HERE'S good news for all those who have been patiently waiting for the story of Dan Harding's Wife, the interesting NBC serial. It won the popularity vote this month and so here is the program's story.

This dramatic serial of a mother who is forced to rear her twin children alone while her husband is on an engineering expedition is heard Monday through Friday from 12:00 to 12:15 P. M. Isabel Randolph plays the title role. She is a native of Chicago and made her radio debut in 1932 . . . Merrill Fugit, one of the teen-aged twins was also born in Chicago and entered radio by writing brief dramatic skits . . . Loretta Poynton, who plays Donna, was born in Jackson, Michigan. She auditioned for NBC and became one of their regular dramatic actresses. Since then she has filled hundreds of radio roles.

Miss LaVerne Klug, Cincinnati, Ohio— Write to the National Broadcasting Company, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, for a picture of the O'Neill cast.

M. K., Chicopee, Mass.—Felix Knight was born in Macon, Ga., on November 1, 1913. On the screen he was juvenile singing lead and featured soloist in the movie features "Babes in Toyland," "The Bohemian Girl," "Down To Their Last Yacht" and in several technicolor specialties . . . To my knowledge, no fan club has been organized for him.

Carmen Branecto, New Haven, Conn.— Following are the real names of Paul, Clifford and Nicky in One Man's Family:
Paul Michael Raffetto
Clifford Barton Yarborough
Nicky Walter Paterson

Marcia Young, Lafayette, Indiana.— Jim Ameche was born August 6, 1915 . . . The life story of Don Ameche called "Rainbow's End" appeared in the July, August and September, 1937, issues of RADIO MIRROR. If you wish to receive these issues, drop a line to our Back Issue Department, Macfad-

den Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. The cost is twenty cents per issue.

Miss Betty Ann Boyer, Drexel Hill, Penna.— Following is a short biography on Gene Krupa. Gene was born in Chicago, January 15, 1909. He attended Bowen High School . . . graduated from St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana . . . worked as a soda clerk in a summer resort at the age of thirteen. He used to sit in for the drummer of the band at least once a night just for the fun of it. The regular drummer took sick and Gene became the drummer of the band. In 1929 Gene joined Red Nichols and his orchestra and remained with him for three years. He then went with Irving Aaronson and his Commanders . . . left Aaronson at the end of a year to play with Mal Hallett . . . played the drums for Russ Columbo and Buddy Rogers . . . then joined his old pal Benny Goodman for the "Let's Dance" three hour show on NBC. Gene married a non-professional girl from Chicago. His hobby is saving postage stamps. He is five feet eight inches tall, weighs 145 pounds, has brown eyes and black hair.

FAN CLUB SECTION
WANTED: Members for the Club Berlette—a fan club in honor of Milton Berle. Members receive an autographed photo of Milton Berle, membership card and club news every two months. If you're interested, communicate with Judy Jasper, active president, at 1366 East Third St., Brooklyn, New York.

To my knowledge, no fan club has been formed honoring Bess Johnson of Hilltop House. If I am wrong and a club has been organized for Miss Johnson, please contact Mrs. John A. Pogue, of St. Louis, Mo., who is anxious to join.

I have been asked to announce that a Newfoundland branch of the Charles Igor Gorin Club has been formed. All inquiries should be addressed to Donald White, 27 West Street, Corner Brook, Newfoundland, P. O. Box 315.

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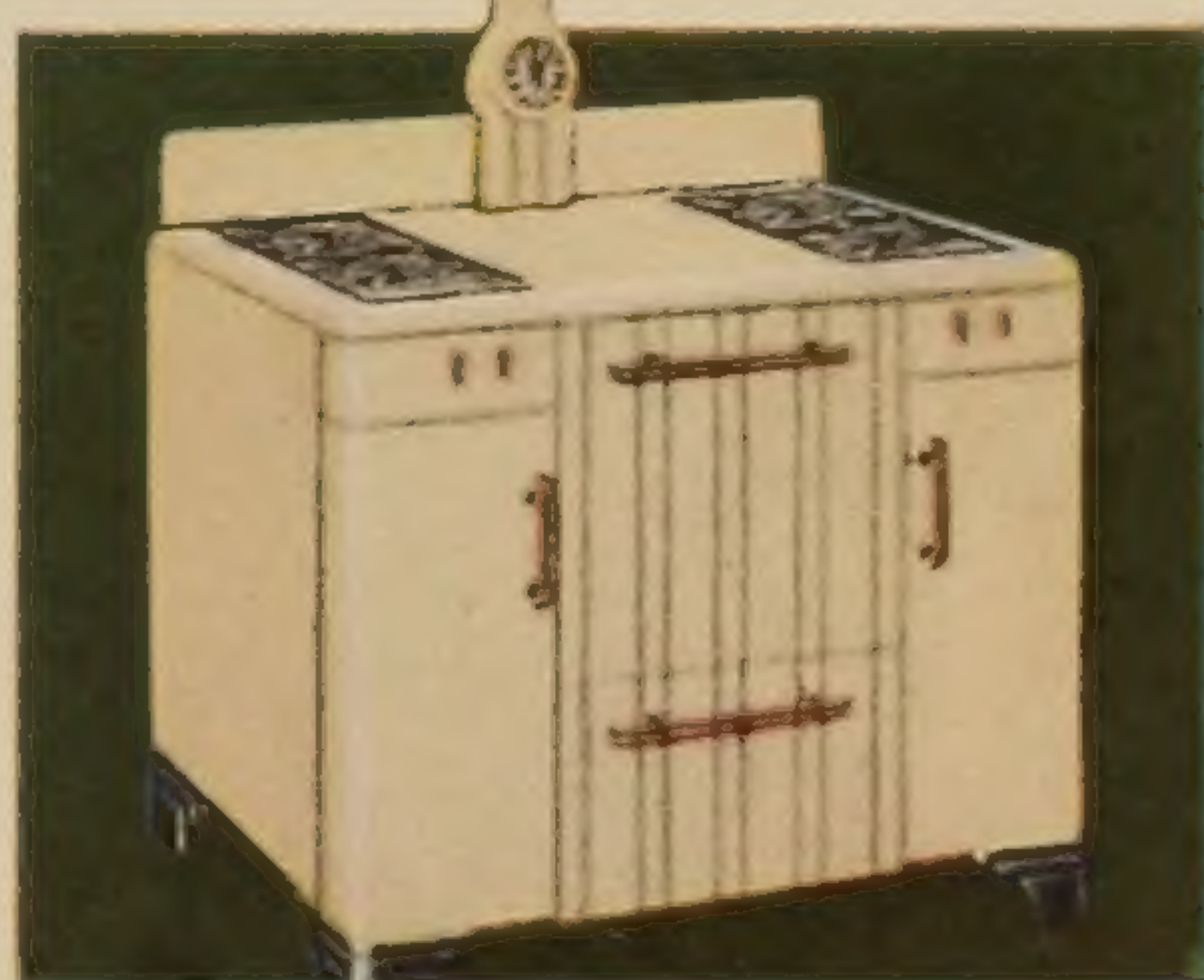
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